EMINENT PERSONS
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BIOGRAPHIES

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CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN

Obituary Notice, Friday, April 21, 1882

Exactly a year to a day has separated the deaths of two of the most powerful men of this century—some have said of any century; and those who care for the task will find some very curious analogies between the progress and the ultimate results of the work of the two men, totally different as were the spheres in which they exercised their remarkable powers. On 19th April 1881 all the civilised world held its breath at the news of the death of Lord Beaconsfield; not less must be the effect upon the most civilised part of the civilised world when the announcement of the death of Charles Darwin flashes over the face of that earth whose secrets he has done more than any other to reveal. All who knew anything of Mr. Darwin know that, massive as he seemed, it was only by the greatest care and the simplest habits that he was able to maintain a moderate amount of health and strength. Mr. Darwin had been suffering for some time past from weakness of the heart, but had continued to do a slight amount of experimental work up to the last. His death took place at about four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon.

Fifteen volumes lie before us and nearly as many memoirs large and small, the product of forty-five years' work—a product which in quantity would do credit to the most robust constitution. But when we consider Mr. Darwin's always feeble health and his deliberately slow method of work, never hasting but rarely resting, the result seems marvellous. But, wonderful as
this is under the circumstances, it is not by mere quantity Mr. Darwin's work will be judged; the quantity is of chief importance in respect of the multifarious channels throughout which his influence has spread.

On the great principle of hereditariness of which he himself was the prophet and expounder, Mr. Darwin could not help being a remarkable man. Through his father descended from Erasmus Darwin, one of the most remarkable and original men of his age, and through his mother from Josiah Wedgwood, a man in his own line of scarcely less originality, Mr. Darwin was bound, under favourable surroundings, to develop powers far beyond the average. Charles Robert Darwin (he seldom used the second name) was the son of Robert Waring Darwin, the third son by his first marriage of Erasmus Darwin, best known to the general reader by his scientifico-poetic work, *The Botanic Garden*. The late Mr. Darwin's father was a physician at Shrewsbury, who, although a man of considerable originality, devoted his powers almost entirely to his profession; his mother, as we have said, was a daughter of Josiah Wedgwood. He was born at Shrewsbury on 12th February 1809, so that he has died in his seventy-fourth year.

Mr. Darwin was educated at Shrewsbury School under Dr. Butler, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield. In 1825 he went to Edinburgh University, therein following the example of his grandfather, where he spent two sessions. Here, among other subjects, he studied marine zoology, and at the close of 1826 read before the Plinian Society of the University two short papers, probably his first, one of them on the Ova of Flustra. From Edinburgh Mr. Darwin went to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1831, proceeding to M.A. in 1837. The interval was of epoch-making importance. We believe that Darwin, like Murchison, was a keen fox-hunter in his youth, and that it was in the field that his great habits of observation were first awakened.

In the autumn of 1831, Captain Fitzroy having offered to give up part of his own cabin to any naturalist who would accompany Her Majesty's ship "Beagle" in her surveying voyage round the world, Mr. Darwin volunteered his services without salary, but on condition that he should have entire disposal of his collections, all of which he ultimately deposited in various
public institutions. The "Beagle" sailed from England 27th December 1831, and returned 28th October 1836, having thus been absent nearly five years. In more ways than one these five years were the most eventful of Mr. Darwin's life. During these five years the "Beagle" circumnavigated the world, and it is not too much to say that single-handed Mr. Darwin during the voyage did more for natural history in all its varied departments than any expedition has done since; much more when we consider the momentous results that followed. No one can read the simple, yet intensely interesting Naturalist's Voyage Round the World, without tracing in it the germs of all that Mr. Darwin has subsequently done in natural science.

Simplicity and freedom from technicality have been the leading characteristics of all Mr. Darwin's best-known and most influential works; and in this volume on the voyage of the "Beagle" there is scarcely a page that will not interest any ordinarily intelligent man, and many pages that must claim the attention of the mere reader of stories of adventure. Full of incident it is, especially during the author's long sojourn in South America and in the vicinity of Magellan's Straits. Mr. Darwin's phenomenal genius as a scientific observer is seen throughout—when watching the method of catching and taming the wild horses of the Pampas, as when investigating the structure of the coral reefs of the Pacific. The first edition was published early in 1845, and the second was dedicated to Sir Charles Lyell, who, with his usual acuteness, early perceived the remarkable originality of the young naturalist, and to whom the latter was indebted for much wise counsel and help, as is evident from the recently-published life and letters of the great geologist.

That was not the only immediate result of this great voyage; under the superintendence of Mr. Darwin, and with abundant description and annotation by him, the Zoology of the expedition was published before the narrative, in 1840, with Professor Owen, Mr. Waterhouse, the Rev. L. Jenyns, and Mr. Bell as contributing specialists. Not only so, but still also before the general narrative Mr. Darwin published his first original contribution to science in his Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs (1842). This work for the first time shed clear light upon the method of work of the tiny creatures whose exquisite
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fabrics are spread over the face of the Pacific. True, quite recently Mr. Murray has broached a new theory, or rather modification of Darwin's theory, which is beginning to find acceptance; but even if universally accepted it will not detract from the original estimate of the work of the "Beagle" naturalist. Still further, we have a direct result of the voyage in a volume, published in 1844, on the Volcanic Islands visited during the Voyage of the Beagle, and in 1846, Geological Observations in South America. Both these works are even now referred to by geologists as classical, and as having suggested lines of research of the highest fertility. In the Transactions of the Geological Society, moreover, other memoirs suggested by the results of the voyage will be found, one as early as 1838. But even that is not the earliest important paper of the great observer. Just a year after his return, in November 1837, he read to the Geological Society a paper, to be found in its Transactions, "On the Formation of Vegetable Mould." This paper gave the result of observations begun some time before, observations only completed in his latest published work, that on Earthworms, reviewed in these columns only a few months ago. Experiments were arranged for, we then pointed out, which took forty years to ripen. Such far-seeing deliberation can only be the attribute of the greatest minds, which can see the end from the beginning. Other results of the voyage in botany and entomology we could refer to were it needful.

But the greatest result of all was probably that on the mind of the naturalist himself. Passing over a generation, the spirit of his grandfather seems to have reappeared in Charles Darwin with intensified power and precision. We need not here enter into the delicate distinctions which exist between the developmental theories of Erasmus, which were prematurely sown in unfruitful and unprepared soil, and those of his greater grandson, which have revolutionised research and thought in every department of human activity. The inherited germ was doubtless rapidly and fully developed during the splendid opportunities presented by the voyage of the "Beagle." Throughout all his subsequent work the influence of this voyage is apparent, and continued reference is made to the stores of observation laid up during those eventful five years.

Mr. Darwin's subsequent life was totally uneventful. Three
years after his return, in the beginning of 1839, he married his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, and in 1842 he took up his residence at Down, Beckenham, Kent, of which county he was a magistrate. There he has lived since, and there on Wednesday he died. It is known to his friends that Mr. Darwin never quite recovered from the evil effects of his long voyage. He himself tells us that during nearly the whole time he suffered from sea-sickness, an affliction which no constitution could altogether withstand. As we have said, it has only been by the quietest living and the greatest carefulness that Mr. Darwin was able to keep himself in moderate health and working order. His habits and manners were of childlike simplicity, his bearing of the most winning geniality, and his modesty and evident unconsciousness of his own greatness almost phenomenal. In sending a letter or contribution to a journal, he asked for its insertion with a doubting hesitancy, rare even in a tiro. His personal influence on young scientific men can with difficulty be calculated; his simple readiness to listen and suggest and help has won the gratitude of many an aspiring observer.

Since he took up his residence at Down, Mr. Darwin's life has been marked mainly by the successive publication of those works which have revolutionised modern thought. In 1859 was published what may be regarded as the most momentous of all his works, The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection. No one who had not reached manhood at the time can have any idea of the consternation caused by the publication of this work. We need not repeat the anathemas that were hurled at the head of the simple-minded observer, and the prophecies of ruin to religion and morality, if Mr. Darwin's doctrines were accepted. No one, we are sure, would be more surprised than the author himself at the results which followed. But all this has long passed. The work, slowly at first, but with increasing rapidity, made its way to general acceptance, and its anathematisers have been bound to find a modus vivendi between their creeds and the theories propounded in the Origin of Species. The revolution in scientific doctrine and scientific method brought about by the publication of this work was ably pointed out by Professor Huxley two years ago in his lecture on "The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species." Mr. Huxley says:

"In fact, those who have watched the progress of science
within the last ten years will bear me out to the full when I assert that there is no field of biological inquiry in which the influence of the *Origin of Species* is not traceable; the foremost men of science in every country are either avowed champions of its leading doctrines, or at any rate abstain from opposing them; a host of young and ardent investigators seek for and find inspiration and guidance in Mr. Darwin's great work; and the general doctrine of Evolution, to one side of which it gives expression, finds in the phenomena of biology a firm base of operations whence it may conduct its conquest of the whole realm of nature."

But it is not only in physical and natural science that the revolutionary influence of the *Origin of Species* is seen. It is not too much to say that the doctrines propounded in this volume, in *The Descent of Man*, and other subsequent works, have influenced thought and research in every direction. It has been said, perhaps prematurely, that one must seek back to Newton, or even Copernicus, to find a man whose influence on human thought and methods of looking at the universe has been as radical as that of the naturalist who has just died. Of course Mr. Darwin's originality has been assailed. Kant, Laplace, Buffon, Erasmus Darwin, and others, and of course Lucretius, have been brought forward as the real originators of the fertile idea which has taken its name from Mr. Charles Darwin. Give these old-world worthies all the credit which is justly their due, and it is not little; let it be granted that Darwin received the first initiative in his fertile career of research from a study of what had been done by his predecessors; and yet how comes it that these old theories fell comparatively dead and bore no substantial fruit? One reason must be that, as propounded by Mr. Darwin, the theory of evolution had a mature vitality which compelled acceptance, and the phenomenal vigour of which is seen in the results. Mr. Darwin's great theory, in some of its parts, may require modification; he himself latterly, we believe, did not seek to maintain it in all its original integrity. As has been suggested, some greater law may yet be found which will cover Darwinism and take a wider sweep; but, whatever development science may assume, Mr. Darwin will in all the future stand out as one of the giants in scientific thought and scientific investigation.

All Mr. Darwin's subsequent works were developments in
different directions of the great principles applied in the *Origin of Species*. Between 1844 and 1854 he published through the Ray and other societies various monographs, which even his greatest admirers admit do not do him the highest credit as a minute anatomist. His next great work, published in 1862, was that on the *Fertilisation of Orchids*; this, with the work on *Cross and Self-Fertilisation of Plants* (1876) and that on the *Forms of Flowers* (1878), and various papers in scientific publications on the agency of insects in fertilisation, opened up a new field, which in his own hands and the hands of his numerous disciples have led to results of the greatest interest and the greatest influence on a knowledge of the ways of plants. Other works belonging to this category are those *On the Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants, Insectivorous Plants*, and *The Movements of Plants* (1881), all of which opened up perfectly fresh fields of investigation, and shed light on the most intimate workings of nature. Mr. Darwin's influence in these, as in others of his works, has acted like an inspiration, leading men to follow methods and attain results which a quarter of a century ago were beyond the scope of the most fantastic dream.

But perhaps the works with which the name of Mr. Darwin is most intimately associated in popular estimation, and indeed the works which have had the deepest influence on the tendencies of modern thought and research in those departments in which humanity is most deeply interested, are those bearing on the natural history of man. Nine years after the publication of the *Origin of Species*, appeared (1868), in two volumes, the great collection of instances and experiments bearing on the *Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication*. We have called this a collection of facts, and the same term might be applied, with greater or less exactness, to all the other works of Mr. Darwin. This is the characteristic Darwinian method. Years and years are spent in the accumulation of facts with open-minded watchfulness as to the tendency of the results. The expressed inferences in Mr. Darwin's works are few; he piles instance on instance and experiment on experiment, and, almost invariably, the conclusion to which he comes seems but the expression of the careful and unbiased reader's own thought. Nowhere is this more signally evident than in the work on *Domesticated Animals and Plants*. 
The results which were brought out in those volumes were full of significance, while at the same time they afforded abundant occasion for the opponents of Darwinism to scoff and pour harmless contempt on the whole line of inquiry, forgetting or wilfully shutting their eyes to the fact that the results which Mr. Darwin showed were possible on a small scale bore no proportion to the gigantic efforts of nature through untold ages. The chapters on Inheritance in this work were full of significance, and seemed a natural transition to the work which followed three years later (1871)—The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex. Even greater consternation was caused in many circles by the publication of this work than by the Origin of Species. And the reason of this is obvious. Not only did it seem directly to assail the amour propre of humanity, but to imperil some of its most deeply-cherished beliefs. With wonderful rapidity, however, did men of all shades of belief manage to reconcile themselves to the new and disturbing factor introduced into the sphere of scientific and philosophical speculation. All sorts of half-way refuges were sought for and found by those whose mental comfort was threatened, and, again, as before, there was little difficulty in finding a modus vivendi between two sets of doctrines that at first sight seemed totally irreconcilable.

After all, what have the highest aspirations of mankind to fear from the investigations and speculations of a man who is capable of writing as Mr. Darwin does in the concluding pages of his Descent of Man? “Important as the struggle for existence has been, and even still is, yet as far as the highest part of man’s nature is concerned, there are other agencies more important. For the moral qualities are advanced either directly or indirectly, much more through the effects of habit, the reasoning powers, instruction, religion, etc., than through natural selection; though to this latter agency may be safely attributed the social instincts which afforded the basis for the development of the moral sense. . . . For my own part I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy to save the life of his keeper, or from that old baboon who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs—as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats
his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstition. Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen instead of having been aboriginally placed there may give him hope for a still higher destiny in the distant future. But we are not here concerned with hopes or fears, only with the truth as far as our reason permits us to discern it; and I have given the evidence to the best of my ability. We must, however, acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men, but to the humblest living creature, with his godlike intellect, which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system— with all these exalted powers, man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his low origin."

Among scientific men themselves, among those who welcomed the Darwinian method and the distinctive doctrines of Darwinism, none of the master's works have probably met with more criticism than that on the Descent of Man. Not that the naturalists of the highest standing have any hesitation in accepting the general principles illustrated in the Descent of Man; the ablest and most candid biologists admit that in that direction the truth seems to lie; but that the various stages are so incomplete, the record is so imperfect, that before stereotyping their beliefs it would be wise to wait for more light. The general conclusion is not doubted, but how it has been reached by nature is by no means evident. And in this connection we cannot do better than quote the words of Professor Huxley in the lecture already alluded to, and which, we are sure, Mr. Darwin himself would have endorsed with all his strength:

"History warns us, however, that it is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions; and, as matters now stand, it is hardly rash to anticipate that, in another twenty years, the new generation, educated under the influences of the present day, will be in danger of accepting the main doctrines of the Origin of Species with as little reflection, and, it may be, with as little justification, as so many of our contemporaries twenty years ago rejected them. Against any
such a consummation let us all devoutly pray; for the scientific spirit is of more value than its products, and irrationally-held truths may be more harmful than reasoned errors. Now, the essence of the scientific spirit is criticism. It tells us that to whatever doctrine claiming our assent we should reply, ‘Take it if you can compel it.’ The struggle for existence holds as much in the intellectual as in the physical world. A theory is a species of thinking, and its right to exist is coextensive with its power of resisting extinction by its rivals.

As a sort of side issue of the Descent of Man, and as throwing light upon the doctrines developed therein, with much more of independent interest and suggestiveness, The Expression of the Emotions in Men and Animals was published in 1872. This is, perhaps, the most amusing of Mr. Darwin’s works, while at the same time it is one which evidently involved observation and research of the most minute and careful kind. It is one, moreover, which shows how continually and instinctively the author was on the watch for instances that were likely to have any bearing on the varied lines of his researches.

To attempt to reckon up the influence which Mr. Darwin’s multifarious work has had upon modern thought and modern life in all its phases seems as difficult a task as it would be to count the number and trace the extent of the sound-waves from a park of artillery. The impetus he has given to science, not only in his own, but in other departments, can only find a parallel in Newton. Through his influence the whole method of seeking after knowledge has been changed, and the increasing rapidity with which the results are every day developed becomes more and more bewildering. To what remote corners in religion, in legislation, in education, in everyday life, from Imperial Assemblies and venerable Universities to humble board schools and remote Scottish manses, the impetus initiated on board the “Beagle” and developed at the quiet and comfortable home at Beckenham has reached, those who are in the whirl and sweep of it are not in a position to say. Under the immediate influence of the sad loss we can only state a few obvious facts and make a few quite as obvious reflections; in time we may be able to realise how great a man now belongs to the past. That Mr. Darwin’s work was not done nor his capacity for work exhausted was well enough seen in his recently-published work on Worms; and with the help of his able and congenial sons, Mr. George
and Mr. Francis Darwin, we might have hoped for one or two more of the familiar green-covered volumes.

Honours and medals were showered upon Mr. Darwin by learned societies all the world over; from Germany, where his disciples, led by Häckel, have out-Darwined Darwin, he received a Knighthood of the Prussian Order of Merit.
GENERAL GARIBALDI

Obituary Notice, Saturday, June 3, 1882

General Garibaldi died at Caprera at half-past six o'clock last evening. The last hero of the heroic age of New Italy is no more—the most popular, the most legendary, the most blameless; the one who, had he, like Cavour, died at the opportune moment, would have been deemed absolutely without fault, and, therefore, superhuman and fabulous. As a consolation to the mediocrity of the common run of mortals, there was a weak side in Garibaldi's nature. There was shade enough enhancing and relieving the light of the picture to make it lifelike. Men have spoken of the "ass's head linked to the lion's heart." Garibaldi could afford to acknowledge the correctness of the taunt; but he was not accountable for the asinine part of his composition. Like all other men, he was the offspring of circumstance. He could not emancipate himself from the influences of his early training. His sympathies were too strong to resist the ascendency of his surroundings. He had all the lion's instincts; not merely the headlong courage, but the far nobler qualities of the magnanimity, the placability, the self-denial attributed to the idealised king of the animals. His impulses were all generous, his judgment naturally sound, his motives invariably upright, his conscience unerring. His deficiency was in good, stout self-reliance. He suffered the blanks which his imperfect education had left in his mind to be filled up by unsafe counsellors. He thought with other men's brains; but he never was misled by bad advice to the extent of blinding himself to better suggestions. He was at all times amenable to reason, always ready, if not humbly to acknowledge an error, at least bravely to repair it.
All his deeds will bear criticism; happy if he had spoken less and written nothing!

Garibaldi has not left the world without some account of his birth, parentage, and early life. Not a little of his great, naïve, and enthusiastic character may be studied in those Mémoires, of which his eccentric friend, Alexandre Dumas, published a free translation. He was born 22nd July 1807. He was a native of Nice, a city inhabited by a mongrel race, but himself sprung from a purely Italian family. The name of Garibaldi, common enough throughout North Italy, betokens old Lombard descent. He first saw light, as he states, in the very house and room where, forty-nine years before, Massena was born. His father, Domenico, had come from Chiavari, in the Riviera di Levante; he gives his mother's name, Rosa Ragiundo. Garibaldi's father and grandfather were seamen, and he took to the sea as his native element, developing great strength and skill as a swimmer, an accomplishment which enabled him to save drowning men on several memorable occasions. For what book learning he had he seems to have been indebted to the desultory lessons of priestly schoolmasters under the direction of his mother. Of this latter he always spoke with great tenderness, acknowledging that "to her inspiration he owed his patriotic feelings," and stating that "in his greatest dangers by land and sea, his imagination always conjured up the picture of the pious woman prostrated at the feet of the Most High interceding for the safety of her beloved."

In early life he embarked in his father's merchant vessel, a brig, and in that and other craft he made frequent voyages to Odessa, Rome, and Constantinople. Soon after the revolutionary movements of 1831 he was at Marseilles, where he fell in with Mazzini, busy at that time with the organisation of "Young Italy" and with the preparations for an invasion of Italy by sea, which, upon Mazzini's expulsion from Marseilles, was attempted at Geneva, and directed against the Savoy frontier. The Savoy expedition turned out an egregious failure, the blame of which Garibaldi, on Mazzini's statement, throws on the Polish General Ramorino's treachery. Garibaldi himself, who had embarked on board the royal frigate "Euridice" to gain possession of that vessel by a mutiny of the crew, being off Genoa, and hearing of a plot to storm the barracks of the Carabinieri, landed in the town to join it; but the attack upon
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the barracks miscarried, and he, not daring to go back to his ship, saw himself irreparably compromised, fled to Nice, and thence crossed the Var and found himself an exile at Marseilles. Here he betook himself again to his sea life, sailed for the Black Sea and for Tunis, and at last on board the "Nageur," of Nantes, for Rio de Janeiro.

In the commentaries before alluded to, Garibaldi gives the fullest particulars of the exploits by which he rose to distinction beyond the Atlantic during the twelve years elapsing from his leaving Europe in 1836 to his return to Italy in 1848. It is the romance of his career, and will some day be wrought into an epic blending the charms of the Odyssey with those of the Iliad—a battle and a march being the theme of the eventful tale almost from beginning to end.

Garibaldi took service with the Republic of Rio Grande do Sul, a vast territory belonging to Brazil, then in open rebellion and war against that Empire. He took the command of a privateer's boat with a crew of twelve men, to which he gave the name of "Mazzini," and by the aid of which he soon helped himself to a larger and better-armed vessel, a prize taken from the enemy. In his many encounters with the Imperial or Brazilian party the hero bought experience both of wonderfully propitious and terribly adverse fortune, and had every imaginable variety of romantic adventure and hairbreadth escapes. He was severely wounded, taken prisoner, and in one instance, at Gualeguay, in the Argentine territory, he found himself in the power of one Leonardo Millan, a type of Spanish South-American brutality, by whom he was savagely struck in the face with a horsewhip, submitted to several hours' rack and torture, and thrown into a dungeon in which his sufferings were soothed by the ministration of that "angel of charity," a woman, by name Madame Alleman.

Escaping from his tormentor by the intervention of the Governor of Gualeguay, Paolo Echague, Garibaldi crossed from the territories of the Plate into those of the Rio Grande, and faithful to the cause of that Republic he fought with better success, winning battles, storming fortresses, standing his ground with a handful of men, or even single-handed, against incredible odds, beating strong squadrons with a few small vessels, giving through all proofs of the rarest disinterestedness, humanity, and generosity, disobeying orders to sack and ravage vanquished
cities, and exercising that mixture of authority and glamour over his followers which almost enabled him to dispense with the ties of stern rule and discipline. At last, after losing a flotilla in a hurricane on the coast of Santa Caterina, where he landed wrecked and forlorn, having seen his bravest and most cherished Italian friends shot down or drowned, he fell in with his Anita—not, apparently, the first fair one for whom he had a passing fancy—with whom he united his destinies, for better for worse, in life and till death, in some off-hand manner, about which he is reticent and mysterious. Anita turned out almost as great and daring and long-enduring a being as her heroic mate, and was by his side in all fights by land and sea, till the fortunes of the Republic of Rio Grande declined, when, after giving birth to her first-born, Menotti Garibaldi, 16th September 1840, she went with that infant and his father through unheard-of hardships and dangers in the disastrous retreat of Las Antas; when at last Garibaldi, beginning to feel the responsibilities of a growing family, and despairing of the issues of an ill-conducted war, took leave of his Republican friends at Rio Grande and went for a short respite in his adventurous career to Montevideo.

After trying on the journey to find employment as a cattle drover, Garibaldi settled at Montevideo in the capacity of a general broker and teacher of mathematics; but, war having broken out between the Republic of the Uruguay and Buenos Ayres, the Condottiere was solicited to draw his sword for the former State which afforded him hospitality, and was trusted with the command of a little squadron destined to operate on the Parana river against a largely superior Argentine force. This expedition was contrived by enemies high in power in the Montevidean Government, who, jealous of the reputation won by Garibaldi at Rio Grande, vainly plotted to have him assassinated with his friend Anzani, and hoped to rid themselves of him by exposing him to dangers from which it seemed impossible that he could extricate himself. Garibaldi, however, made the best of his desperate position, and escaped, not only with his life, but also with “honour—the only thing that was not lost.”

Presently, danger pressing sorely on the Republic, he organised his Italian Legion, which behaved well through a new series of land and sea combats, its band of only 400 combatants often beating the enemy's corps 600 men strong, at the close
of which exploits its soldiers refused grants of land offered to them by a grateful State, "the stimulus of their exertions," as their commander said, "being only the triumph of the Republican cause." The Legion was afterwards, as a mark of honour, allowed precedence over all the other troops of the Republic. The war continued, and under the auspices of their commander the soldiers of the Italian Legion rose to such distinction that at the affairs of the Boyada and of Salto Sant' Antonio, February 1846, Garibaldi was empowered to write to the Government of the Republic that the brilliant successes of those deeds of arms were entirely due to their gallantry.

Meanwhile, however, news from Europe came to turn the attention of Italian patriots to the momentous events which were rapidly changing the conditions of the Peninsula. Years had passed. Pius IX. was Pope; Sicily had risen in open and successful revolt; a Republic had been proclaimed in France; Constitutions were being wrested from the reluctant hands of most European despots. Austria was convulsed with insurrectionary attempts; the Milanese drove Radetzky from their city after five days' fighting, and Charles Albert unfurled the national standard and crossed the Ticino.

The theatre of the exploits of the hero of Montevideo was soon changed. All who had a heart and soul in Italy were up and doing, and could Italy's greatest heart and soul remain beyond seas? Garibaldi, on the first reports of the Pope's liberal leanings, wrote to the Nuncio Bedini at Montevideo, 17th October 1847, offering the services of the Italian Legion to His Holiness, who was now almost on the eve of a war with Austria, "although," the letter said, "the writer was well aware that St. Peter's throne rests on a solid basis proof against all human attacks, and needing no mortal defenders." The Nuncio returned thanks and praises and referred Garibaldi's tender to the Pontifical Government at Rome. But Garibaldi, never well disposed to losing time, after vainly waiting for further communication from Pope or Nuncio, brooked no longer delay. With incredible difficulty he scraped together money and means, and embarked with his brave friend Anzani (who died at Genoa soon after landing), having with him only eighty-five men and two cannon, and leaving the remainder of his Legion to follow when and how it could. He crossed the ocean, landed at Nice, proceeded to Genoa and Milan, and when Charles Albert, de-
feated at Custozza, withdrew from the Lombard city and accepted an armistice which saved Piedmont from invasion, August 1848, Garibaldi passed over to Mazzini, and at the head of a volunteer force, of which Mazzini was the standard-bearer, issued a manifesto in which he proclaimed the Sardinian king a traitor, and declared that "the royal war was at an end, and that of the people was now to begin." That proclamation was, however, only an idle bravado. Mazzini, even if he had the spirit, lacked the physical strength of a fighting man. The Garibaldians, on hearing the news of the fall of Milan, lost heart, and many crossed over the frontier to Switzerland. With thinned and dispirited bands, Garibaldi, aided by his friend Medici, ventured on a few desultory fights near Luino, on Lake Maggiore, but soon fell back and withdrew to Lugano in the Canton Ticino, his health, it is said, breaking down, and his immediate followers being reduced to some 300.

A few months later, Pius IX., fallen from his popularity and pressed hard by his disaffected subjects, who murdered his Minister and almost stormed him in his palace at the Quirinal, ran away to Gaeta, and a Roman Republic was proclaimed, of which Mazzini, in a triumvirate with two others, mere men of straw, became the head. Attacked by the French in flagrant violation of all rights of nations, Rome undertook to defend itself, and whatever Italy could boast of generous hearts, regardless of party differences, rallied round Garibaldi, who drove back the French from Porta Pancrazio, 29th and 30th April 1849, defeated the Neapolitans in that campaign of Velletri, which was like the farce contrasting with the tragic drama soon to be acted at Rome, and withstood a three months' siege in which many of the noblest champions of the Italian cause lavished their lives in a hopeless, yet, as it proved, not a fruitless struggle.

The French having gained possession of the city, 13th July 1849, Garibaldi left it with a band of devoted volunteers, retired via Terni and Orvieto, gathering together about 2000 men in his progress, crossed the Apennines, pressed by the Austrians with overwhelming forces, sought a refuge at San Marino, gave the enemy the slip in the night, embarked at Cesenatico for Venice, which was still withstanding the Austrian siege, was met by four Austrian men-of-war, which compelled him to put back and land on the coast near Ravenna, and wandered ashore
in the woods, where Anita, his inseparable companion in this disastrous march, though in the same interesting state as she was on the retreat of Las Antas at Rio Grande, succumbed to the fatigues of the journey, and expired in the hero’s arms. Garibaldi’s devoted friends Ugo Bassi and Ciceruacchio, falling into the hands of the Austrians, were shot by them without any forms of trial and by an act of barbarism which no human or divine law could justify. The heartbroken hero, with a few trusty men, made his way from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean, was arrested by the Sardinian Carabinieri at Chiavari, conveyed to Genoa, where La Marmora was in command, and there embarked for Tunis; hence, finding nowhere a refuge, he proceeded to the Island of La Maddalena, off the shore of Sardinia, and hence again to Gibraltar and Tangier.

Our theme is Garibaldi, and we have neither time nor leisure to do more than sum up those pages of Italian history in which his name occurs almost at every line. Up to the close of this first dolorous episode of 1848-49, Garibaldi had shown himself a patriot rather than a partisan. His first application was to a Pope and a King, and he had evinced no relentless enmity to the monarchic principle. He arrived in Lombardy when Charles Albert had been overpowered, not so much by Radetzky as by Mazzini, a monomaniac, who though himself at first showing no reluctance to come to terms with a King, never forgave that King his unwillingness to attempt impossibilities, and who was determined that there should never be an Italy unless it could be made into a Republic with a Mazzinian dictatorship. That Republic was proclaimed at Rome, and Garibaldi joined it; but even at that juncture he himself, and Medici and Bixio, and others, were Italians before they were Republicans; and among the noblest combatants, Manara, the Dandolos, and others, who lavished their blood like water, made no parade of their democracy, and would have looked upon any bigoted political exclusiveness as arrant treason to the national cause. With the exception of Mazzini himself and of some obscure men anxious to shine by such lurid light as emanated from him, the Italians soon proved that they were of one mind on the subject.

With respect to Garibaldi himself, there is ample evidence that it was, in his sane moments, his country and not his party that was uppermost in his thoughts. Some letters of La
Marmora lately published in the Italian papers bear witness to the mutual esteem and sympathy that sprang up between those two brave men, when Garibaldi, soon after the fall of Rome and the loss of Anita, was brought before the General then in command of that city by the Carabinieri to whom he had in his helplessness surrendered as prisoner. La Marmora received the heartbroken fugitive as a brother, supplied him with ample means for his journey to Tunis, and obtained for him from the Turin Government the assignment of an honourable pension, which Garibaldi did not in his straits disdain to accept. But, in his opinion, all seemed now over for Italy; Charles Albert's son, Victor Emmanuel, after the defeat of Novara, had made his peace with Austria in March 1849. Venice had succumbed after heroic sufferings in August, and Garibaldi, again crossing the ocean, settled at New York as a tallow chandler, and only came back to Europe in 1855.

When Garibaldi returned from America he did not look out for Mazzini or his Republicans in England or Switzerland, but sought a home in Piedmont, a Constitutional State, which allowed him an obscure but peaceful retreat in his hermitage at Caprera, an island rock on the Sardinian coast near the Maddalena, conveying to him a hint that the time might soon come in which his country's cause would summon him from his retirement. And, truly, four years later (1859) the destinies of Italy were nearing their fulfilment. France and Piedmont took the field against Austria. Garibaldi, leaving his island home, swore fealty to Victor Emmanuel as the best of Republics, took the command of the Chasseurs des Alpes, aided the royal army in its defence of the territory previous to the arrival of its great French auxiliary, and, following in the upper region a line parallel to that kept in the plain by the conquest of Palestro, Magenta, and Solferino, beat the Austrians at Varese and San Fermo, bewildered his adversary Urban by the rashness of his movements on the mountains above Como, advanced upon Bergamo and Brescia, and pushed on to the Valtellina up to the very summit of the Stelvio Pass. Here the peace of Villafranca put an end to the struggle, and Garibaldi, afflicted by the arthritic pains to which he was a martyr all his life, travelled for a few days' rest to Tuscany and Genoa.

At Genoa, during the autumn and winter, Garibaldi, hospitably entertained by his friend Augusto Vecchi outside the city,
busied himself with that expedition of "the Thousand" which made one State of the South and North of Italy. He embarked on the 11th of May 1860 at Genoa, landed at Marsala, beat the Neapolitans at Calatafimi, followed up his success to Palermo, and, aided by the insurgent city, compelled the garrison to surrender. He again routed the Bourbon troops at Milazzo, and had soon the whole island at his discretion, with the exception of the citadel of Messina. He then crossed over into Calabria, and, almost without firing a shot, drove the Neapolitan King's troops before him all over the mainland, compelled the King to abandon the strong pass of La Cava and to withdraw his forces from his capital, where Garibaldi, with only a few of his staff, made his triumphal entry on the 7th of September 1860.

After a few days' rest Garibaldi followed the disheartened King to Capua, obtained new signal successes on the Volturno, at Santa Maria, and Caserta; but would probably have been unable to accomplish the enterprise had not the Piedmontese, whose Government had aided Garibaldi's expedition while pretending to oppose it, overrun the Marches, beaten Lamoricière and the Papal forces at Castel Fidardo, and, crossing the frontier and the Apennines, besieged and reduced the strong places of Capua and Gaeta. Garibaldi, who, as dictator, had with doubtful success endeavoured to establish something like rule in the Two Sicilies, aware of the arduousness of a task which would have exceeded many wiser men's powers, met the King at Naples, delivered the two kingdoms into his hands, and, declining all the proffered honours and emoluments for himself, took leave of his Sovereign and embarked for the solitude of his rock-farm at Caprera.

This was the hero's crowning glory, and had he been wrecked on the voyage or landed with an unshaken determination never to revisit the mainland, his achievements would have gone down to posterity as a myth, hardly second to the deeds of the ancient demigods; and he would have been free from the alloy of the earthly passions which in almost all cases degraded their divine nature. But Garibaldi was elected a Deputy, and was over-persuaded to meet in Parliament adversaries of a different nature from those he had been wont to encounter in the field. The discussion on the cession of his native city, Nice, to France, and the Bill for the amalgamation
of his volunteer forces into the royal army with a confirmation of the rank which he had in his sore need often too recklessly lavished on them, seemed to him to establish the necessity of his appearing in his place in the Chamber of Deputies. But a wrestling match with Cavour, or even with Ciniselli, was no task for the debating powers of the blunt hero of Calatafimi. Overwhelmed by the strong logic of the Minister and by the less generous sarcasm of the rival warrior, Garibaldi withdrew to his lodgings, where more rational and trusty advisers prevailed upon him to give up the contest and go back to the solitude which he should never have quitted.

But Cavour died; Ricasoli forfeited the King's good graces, and the slippery Rattazzi acceded to power. Confronted by a hostile majority, he came to terms with the revolutionary party of the Left by engaging to supply Garibaldi with one million francs for an expedition against the Austrians at Venice. The Venetian enterprise turned out hopeless, and Garibaldi, abandoning it, listened to schemers who suggested a rescue of Rome from the French. Garibaldi landed with some partisans in Sicily, collected a few bands of *picciotti*, or raw youths, in the island, and crossed to Calabria, hoping soon to find himself at the head of a force sufficient to drive the French garrison from Rome. Rattazzi, who could not blind himself to the disasters which awaited so foolhardy an enterprise, sent the royal forces against its projector under Pallavicini, who attacked, wounded, and seized Garibaldi at Aspromonte, 29th August 1862, and sent him a prisoner for a few days to the fort of Varigliano at Spezzia, whence he was conveyed to Caprera. Great sympathy was felt for him in England, and he was attended in his illness by Mr. Partridge, the English surgeon, sent to Italy for the purpose. In April 1864 he paid a visit to the country which had manifested so keen an interest in his career, and was welcomed with enthusiasm alike by the English people and the English aristocracy, his reception culminating in a grand banquet given in his honour by the Lord Mayor and City of London.

Aspromonte led to Rattazzi's downfall. A Ministry succeeded which, by the September Convention of 1864, removed the seat of government to Florence and seemed to have renounced all Italy's pretensions to Rome, from which France engaged to withdraw her garrison. Two years later a war
between Prussia and Austria led to the deliverance of Venice. During this campaign of 1866 Garibaldi again appeared in the field as the King's soldier, and, at the head of several thousand volunteers, vainly attempted to force his way into the gorges of the Southern Tyrol. Beaten by the superior skill of the Austrian marksmen, wounded, and overcome by ill-health, he fell back soon after the disaster of Custozza, and was again fain to seek his retreat of Caprera.

But, in the following year, the La Marmora-Ricasoli Government having been compelled to yield to the hostile feeling of the deeply-humiliated country, Rattazzi was again in the ascendant, and, refining upon Cavour's cunning, laid the plan for an attempt upon defenceless Rome, and, while forwarding it with all his might, pretended to combat it by all the means at his disposal. Rattazzi, a mere frog of a statesman, trusted he could swell himself up to the size of the ox, Cavour. He hoped either that his manœuvres could hoodwink the Emperor Napoleon or that the sympathies of that vacillating monarch could be easily won over to the fulfilment of Italy's last wishes. Enlistments of men and distributions of arms were carried on throughout Italy and in the capital under the very eyes, with the connivance and, indeed, the co-operation of the Government. Volunteers gathered on the borders of the shrunken Pontifical State under command of Garibaldi's son, Menotti. Garibaldi himself landed at Genoa, travelled about the country, came to Florence, and addressed the multitude in language of which the Government affected to condemn the violence and which led to the farce of the General's arrest at Sinalunga and his removal to Caprera, where his movements were watched by royal cruisers, which, however, he was allowed to evade, when the great blow was to be struck and his assistance was needed. Garibaldi again landed at Leghorn, joined the volunteer force on the Papal frontier, advanced upon Monterotondo, and there and at Mentana succumbed to the superior forces of the Pontifical army aided by a few French battalions landing to the Pope's rescue under De Failly, 3rd November 1867.

Sick at heart and wounded in spirit, Garibaldi was sent back to Caprera, where, three years later, upon the French garrison being again removed from Rome in consequence of the disasters of the Franco-German war, which led to the Emperor
Napoleon's overthrow at Sedan, he had the mortification of seeing Rome broken into by the royal Italian army, and the dream of his youth, the completion of a united, free, and independent State in Italy, achieved without his having a hand in the final exploit. By a strange revulsion of feeling the revengeful ill-will he had long harboured against all-powerful Imperial France was changed to enthusiastic interest in the fate of fast-sinking, Republican France; and, appealing to the ready sympathies of adventurers used to follow him without questioning, he again issued forth from his island solitude, joined Gambetta at Tours on the 9th of October 1870, and was by him sent in command of Francs-Tireurs and Gardes Mobiles to the Vosges. He betook himself to Besançon, fought the Germans at Autun, was beaten back by Werder at Montbard, and finally altogether bewildered and out-generalled at Dijon. In return for his devotion to the cause of a country which had twice beaten him at Rome and robbed him of his native Nice, the good man was treated with insult and scorn by the Retrogradist party, then in the ascendant at the Bordeaux Assembly, to which he had been returned a Deputy, and, shaking the dust from his feet, he went back a sadder if not a wiser man to Caprera, 20th February 1871.

Three years later he reappeared on the political stage at Rome, where a seat in the Chamber of Deputies was always reserved for him, and where his friends of the Opposition, even after Rattazzi's death, looked up to him as the champion who should grapple with the strength of the majority supporting the Minghetti Administration and determine its fall.

The Italian cause had by this time achieved its complete triumph, and pure, enlightened, honourable patriotism could well afford to retire from business. The country was rid of the foreigner from the Alps to the sea, and at Rome the Pope had been brought to that condition of a mere High Priest which modern civilisation clearly assigned to him. There were, properly speaking, no political parties in Italy, for an overwhelming majority in the country had from beginning to end unanimously agreed in their wishes for the emancipation of the country and for its unity as far as it seemed practicable. Even the most sincere and devout Catholics were so far anti-Clerical that they looked on the combination of the attributes of a Pope with those of a King as something out of date,
abnormal, and monstrous. In the Chamber of Deputies neither the absolute Retrogradists nor the Ultra-Democrats had any place, nor could any have lawfully been allowed to them, for the representatives of the people swore their oath to the King and the Constitution, and it could not be assumed that any one of them would perjure himself, though a few of them were certainly guilty of unworthy equivocation and mental reserve.

There was, nevertheless, or there grew up at an early period, a division in the Italian Parliament. There were a Right and a Left, and in time, also, the usual subdivisions of Right and Left Centres; a tendency to splitting, an agreement to disagree, being, indeed, inevitable and far from undesirable in all deliberative Assemblies. The Right in Italy was under the leadership of Cavour so long as the great statesman lived, and after his death of the most distinguished disciples of his school, Ricasoli, Farini, etc., many of whom were carried away by premature death, but some of whom, like Lanza, Sella, Minghetti, Visconti, Venosta, maintained the ascendency of their party, and governed, or, as their adversaries contended, “misgoverned,” the country for sixteen years (1860 to 1875).

The Opposition acknowledged as its chief Rattazzi, a man who had begun life as Cavour’s friend, and had only seceded from him from personal motives, having, indeed, absolutely no policy, but who, when Cavour was no more, contrived, as we have seen, to snatch power by associating himself with the impatient patriots of the tout ou rien school. These set up the cries of “Roma e Venezia!” and “Roma o morte!” disdaining the temporising conduct of the Cavour school, which, while aiming at the same ends, still troubled themselves about the efficiency and adequacy of the means. Rattazzi’s strength lay in his insincere and unavowed alliance with the Garibaldians, men like Crispi, Nicotera, Cairoli, and others, who like most Italians had been Mazzinians in their own time, but who, upon the annexation of Italy to Piedmont, had rallied round the standard of Victor Emmanuel and repudiated Republicanism, protesting themselves Monarchists and declaring that, whether by legal or illegal means, they were only acting with and for the King. With the support of these men Rattazzi attempted what his adversaries denounced as impossibilities, and the results were Aspromonte and Mentana, all those tragic episodes in which Garibaldi was called to play the protagonist, and which ended
with his sorrowful retirement to Caprera, and with the ignominiuous downfall of the Rattazzi Administration, leaving the work which they had bungled to be accomplished by the moderate followers of the Cavour policy, who attempted nothing impracticable, inspired greater confidence, and were more constantly favoured by fortune.

But Rattazzi died in 1874, and his party, left to the guidance of Depretis and aware of its impotence, hoped to recover some strength by troubling Garibaldi's repose, bringing him to Rome, and reawakening the enthusiasm of the multitude by the prestige of the hero's name. Garibaldi, however, at this juncture disappointed both friends and foes. Like a political Balaam, eventually blessing those he had gone to curse, he declared that Italy was free and his work was done, that he renounced politics, and intended to spend his remaining days in works of public utility, and, to begin with, in an embankment of the Tiber and the drainage of the Campagna. He was, of course, immediately pounced upon by an army of sharp contractors and dreamy projectors, and bewildered by plans and schemes, for the very survey of which the funds were not forthcoming, he turned his back upon them all and revisited his rocky hermitage, whence it was fondly hoped that in later years no seductions of false friends would have any longer the power to move him.

These sanguine anticipations were, however, doomed to fresh disillusion. The blunders of the Minghetti Administration, and the necessary instability of all Parliamentary institutions, led to a crisis, in which the Left party, availing itself of a split in the majority, managed to wriggle itself into office, under the presidency of Depretis, in March 1876. Depretis, at the head of a feeble Left Centre, sought his strength in men of more advanced opinions, and especially in the so-called men of action, Crispi, Nicotera, Cairoli, and others, who had sided with Garibaldi in all his enterprises, and had either prepared the ground for his exploits or powerfully contributed to his successes. The various Ministerial combinations which followed one upon another under Depretis were soon discredited by their want of ability and energy, and by their despotic tendencies. They were hampered by the popular outcry for Radical measures, which they had favoured while in Opposition, but of which they found the fulfilment impracticable when in power. Unable to hold their ground on any intelligible policy, they endeavoured to win
popularity by timidly and hypocritically countenancing a vague patriotic agitation, and courting a half-hearted alliance with the worn-out and almost extinguished Mazzinians.

Great and important events had occurred in the interval. Mazzini had ended in 1872, consistent with himself, conspiring in death against that Italy for which he had always conspired in his lifetime. The catastrophe which in January 1878 carried off Victor Emmanuel a few days before the decease of Pope Pius IX. had given full demonstration that the Savoy dynasty and the monarchic principle were based in Italy on a rock of popular gratitude which neither Clerical Obscurantism nor rampant Republicanism had power to shake. Between Garibaldi and Mazzini no great cordiality had existed even at Rome during the Republic of 1849, as Mazzini, jealous of the hero's popularity, had unjustly placed Roselli above him in command of the Velletri expedition, a preference to which Garibaldi had not been insensible, although he professed in his Memoirs that he was "inaccessible to all such questions of amour propre," and that "had he been allowed to draw his sword even as a mere soldier against his country's enemy, he would gladly have served in the ranks of the Bersaglieri," and that he, therefore, "accepted with gratitude the rank of a General of Division."

Since then the two great patriots had followed a diverging course; Garibaldi, though still professing himself a Republican, faithfully followed the royal standard, while Mazzini held up the red flag till the merest shred of it was left. Garibaldi, besides, in the hopeless confusion through which he strove to solve to his satisfaction social problems which puzzled the best-organised brains, had happened to clash with some of the views entertained by the no less perplexed but ultra-mystical Mazzini, with respect to the definition of the various tendencies of Socialism and Communism; so that some sharp skirmishing had gone on between them and between their respective partisans, which, without interfering with the mutual esteem of the leaders, had widened the estrangement long existing between them.

The Mazzinian party, now reduced to a few scribblers in the Dovere and the Unità Italiana—poor creatures who clung to the great man's coat-skirts, and hoped to shine by his reflected light—to a few transcendent enthusiasts like the highgifted Aurelio Saffi, the upright-minded Nicola Fabrizi, and the hot-headed Bertani, Cavallotti, and others,—after vainly trying to
interest the public on such subjects as universal suffrage, right of meeting, and other democratic measures, set up a clamour for the Italia Irredenta, a matter on which such Garibaldians as Cairoli, Crispi, and Nicotera were compromised by all their precedents. That Italian unity was incomplete so long as any territory geographically or nationally belonging to the Peninsula was in the foreigner's hands was a notion scouted by all men of sense; and even the highly-respected Garibaldian, Nino Bixio, was invariably "coughed down" in the Chamber whenever he ventured to touch on that dangerous topic. That Trent and the valley of the Adige were purely Italian, and that the possession of this district would considerably add to the strength of the frontier, no one would deny; but the same principle would be equally applicable to the Canton Ticino, which belongs to Switzerland, and to Mentone and Roccabruna, which France usurped in 1860, when Napoleon III. declared that the crest of the Alps should define the boundary line between his own empire and Victor Emmanuel's kingdom. To go to war for such mere slips of land as these would be too great a stretch of insanity for even the most reckless Radical government, while, as to Trieste, neither local interests nor practical geographical expediency, nor even ethnical considerations, could ever advise the separation of that city and of the Istrien Peninsula from the Slavic and German States to which those districts are of vital importance and the annexation of them to Italy, with which they have no community of interests whatever.

Such were the views of all the most sincere, but rational patriots in Italy, and the subject was allowed to drop, especially as the advisability of cultivating the goodwill of Germany and keeping on friendly terms with Austria became apparent even to the most blind. But lately, in the complication of Eastern affairs, there arose in weak minds a notion that the dignity of Italy had been compromised and her interests sacrificed by the Depretis Government and the diplomatists representing Italy at the Congress of Berlin. The Mazzinian agitators, now finding sympathies among the Garibaldians, hoped to turn the situation to their purposes by bringing forward what remained of the broken-down idol of the uncompromising party.

Garibaldi once more was seen in Rome, April 1879. He made his usual silly speeches and put forth his oft-repeated senseless proclamations; he was supposed to be proposing great
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purchases of arms, to be enlisting hosts of volunteers, to be
planning thorough reforms and preparing formidable expeditions. But Garibaldi, away from Caprera, could not fail to have his
good as well as his evil angels about him. He saw the King;
he listened to General Medici, his own right arm in so many
campaigns, and now first aide-de-camp to King Humbert, as he
had before been to King Victor Emmanuel. He listened, and,
though not convinced, he was silenced. Although too proud to
acknowledge the absurdity of his schemes in words, he was too
wise not to give them up in deeds. He withdrew from the vain
popular acclamation; shut his door against the crowd of his
visitors, and, although he announced his intention to take up
his domicile in Rome, he pleaded indisposition as an excuse for
inaction and retirement. Unfortunately there was only too much
ground in the plea. The arthritic pains of which symptoms
had manifested themselves as early as during the Lombard
campaign of 1849, which had almost crippled him before his
ill-advised intervention in behalf of the French Republic in
1871, had been seriously aggravated by its toils, and the sight
of his helplessness in Rome, as he hobbled up the steps of Monte-
citorio in 1874, was saddening to all beholders, and prepared his
friends for that end which, however, was to be put off for
several years. The fatigue of the voyage from Caprera in 1879,
and still more the excitement of incessant calls, objectless con-
feries, and endless exhibitions, soon utterly prostrated the
hero, and before the backward spring had fully set in it became
evident that Garibaldi’s life could only be a lingering agony.

His life, if life it may be called, and at all events his suffer-
ings were prolonged yet a few years. He left home in the
spring of last year on a mad scheme of liberating, “by force if
necessary,” his son-in-law, Canzio, who had been arrested as a
plotter for the Republic. But, having obtained the man’s release
from the King’s Government, as a favour, he went to Milan,
and there, as everywhere else, he met with the usual enthusiastic
reception. But weary, as always happened, of all vain clamour,
he once more sought the peace of his hermitage. He left it
again a few weeks since for Palermo to attend the 600th anni-
versary of the Sicilian Vespers.

Garibaldi is dead. The spell attached to his name has partly
been broken by the prolongation of his life beyond its sphere of
possible usefulness; but the worth of his character will bear
inspection, even when sober criticism had done its utmost to strip it of all the glitter with which popular enthusiasm had invested it.

In the first place, this hero of a hundred fights has been made almost too much of as a warrior, but justice has hardly, perhaps, been done to his abilities as a leader. Garibaldi was no strategist. He knew little and cared less about organisation, equipment, or discipline; never looked to means of transport or commissariat, but simply marched at the head of a few officers, hardly turning to see how the troops would follow. He never had a competent head of the staff. He thought he had found one in his friend Anzani, at Montevideo, a man of whose abilities and actual genius Garibaldi had the most transcendent ideas, who had often brought order in the Legion where before his arrival all was confusion, and of whom Garibaldi said that "had such a genius as Anzani's conducted the Lombard campaign of 1848 or commanded at the battle of Novara or the siege of Rome, the stranger would from that moment have ceased to tread with impunity the bones of Italy's bravest combatants." But Anzani died, as we have seen, on his landing at Genoa in 1848, and Garibaldi was left only with valiant and heroic but inexperienced and incapable men. The army which conquered Naples in 1860 trailed up a long straggling line from Reggio to Salerno, picking up the arms with which the fugitive Neapolitans strewed the fields, living as they could on the grapes and fruits providentially at that season ripening everywhere on the roadside. At Varese and Como, in the previous year, the Italian guerrillero astonished Urban by appearing before him where the Austrian was sure Garibaldi could not be, and where, indeed, the volunteer chief was almost alone; "his 2000 volunteers," as he said, "straggling behind, while his adversary had 14,000 men at hand." What was mere rash confidence of the Italian struck the Austrian as deep stratagem, and he was put to flight by a mere trick of audacity, analogous to that which had served the purposes of Bonaparte and compelled the Austrian commanders of his own time to surrender, sixty-two years before, in those same North Italian districts and only a little more to the east.

Garibaldi, however, was a tactician, and would have creditably handled an army had a ready-made one, well armed and trained and led, been placed under his orders on the eve of battle. He
had the sure glance, the quick resolution, the prompt resource of that *Enfant gâté de la victoire*, his townsman, Massena. As the Lombard volunteer, Emilio Dandolo, quoted by Dumas, graphically paints his chief—"On the approach of a foe, Garibaldi would ride up to a culminating point in the landscape, survey the ground for hours with the spy-glass in brooding silence, and come down with a swoop on the enemy, acting upon some well-contrived combination of movements by which advantage had been taken of all circumstances in his favour."

And he possessed, besides, in a supreme degree that glamour which enslaved his volunteers' minds and hearts to his will. Though there was no order or discipline in his army, there was always the most blind and passive obedience wherever he was. Even with his crew on board his privateer sloop at Rio Grande he tells us he had ordered the life, honour, and property of the passengers of a vessel he had captured to be respected—"I was almost saying under penalty of death," he adds, "but it would have been wrong to say that, for nobody ever disputed my orders. There never was anybody to be punished." A great craven must he be who would not fire up at sight of that calm and secure lion face. Garibaldi had faith in himself. He looked upon that handful of "the Thousand," who had been a match for 60,000 Neapolitans, as equally fit to cope with all the hosts of France and Austria, singly or conjointly. To make anything possible he had only to will it, to order it, and he never failed to find men ready and willing to attempt it. He called out in one instance in Rome for "forty volunteers wanted for an operation in which half of them would be sure to be killed, and the other half mortally wounded." "The whole battalion," he adds, "rushed forward to offer themselves, and we had to draw lots." On another occasion, also at Rome, he "called all well-disposed men to follow him." "Officers and soldiers instantly sprang up as if the ground had brought them forth." At the close of the siege, when, upon the surrender being voted by the Assembly, he had made up his mind to depart, he put forth this singular order of the day:—"Whoever chooses to follow me will be received among my own men. All I ask of them is a heart full of love for our country. They will have no pay, no rest. They will get bread and water when chance may supply them. Whoever likes not this may remain behind. Once out of the gates of Rome every step will be one step nearer to death."
Four thousand infantry and five hundred horsemen, two-thirds of what was left of the defenders of Rome, accepted these conditions.

And it was in peace as in war. In leisure hours in his wanderings, and more in his solitude at Caprera, Garibaldi read a good deal, and accumulated an ill-digested mass of knowledge, of which the Utopian mysticisms of Mazzini and the paradoxical vagaries of Victor Hugo constituted the chief ingredients. But in politics as in arms his mind lacked the basis of a rudimental education. He rushed to conclusions without troubling his head about arguments. His crude notions of Democracy, of Communism, of Cosmopolitanism, of Positivism, were jumbled together in his brain and jostled one another in hopeless confusion, involving him in unconscious contradiction notwithstanding all his efforts to maintain a character for consistency. In sober moments he seemed to acknowledge his intellectual deficiencies, his imperfect education, the facility with which he allowed his own fancy or the advice of dangerous friends to run away with his better judgment; but presently he would lay aside all diffidence, harangue, indite letters, preside at meetings, address multitudes, talk with the greatest boldness about what he least understood, and put his friends to the blush by his emphatic, trenchant, absolute tone, by his wild theories and sweeping assertions, as he did at Geneva at one of the Peace Society Congresses, when, before a bigoted Calvinistic audience, he settled the question whether St. Peter ever had or had not been in Rome—"a futile question," he said, "for I can tell you no such person as Peter has ever existed."

But with a heart like Garibaldi's a man may well afford to allow his brain to go a-woolgathering. As an earnest patriot—as all Italians were while a country was denied to them—Garibaldi never went wrong, or his error was repaired and atoned for before he had to rue its worst consequences. Let even his worst enemy write Garibaldi's biography and he will always appear the most single-minded and disinterested, the least self-conscious of all men. Not only did he for many years with unshaken consistency refuse all rewards and distinctions, but he shunned and dreaded popular clamour, and was worried and revolted, as well as confused and dismayed, at the abject worship paid to him by high and low wherever he appeared. He stood or sat stern and sullen as women, men, and even priests
in Calabria hailed him as "Our Messiah! our Redeemer!" as in Lombardy mothers held up their new-born infants to be christened by him, "no other hand being so sure to bring God's blessing with it"; or as in London, where, in 1864, he fairly ran away from the fine ladies who seemed at a loss to know how a true lion should be lionised.

Garibaldi had the ideal lion nature in him, all the dignity and gentleness, the sudden flash of anger, the forgiveness, the absence of all rancour, malice, or uncharitableness. Even the brute Leonardo Millan, who had struck, racked, and imprisoned him without reason, when he fell into his power and trembled for his life was suffered to go unscathed, the only vengeance of Garibaldi being limited to fixing his look into his face so as to give him to understand that he was recognised but deemed utterly beneath a man's resentment. He was the most loving, the least hating of men. Whatever follies or even crimes may have been committed in his name, one may freely defy the world to trace an act of meanness or a deed of cruelty, or even a deliberately unkind word, to the man himself. However madly he dabbled in Republicanism, his devotion to Victor Emmanuel was proof against all slight or ill-treatment on the part of the King's Government. Whatever progress he made in the modern school of philosophers, his faith in God was unshaken.

Unfortunately, his trust in men—and women—transcended all discretion. It is painful, but just, to record how his facile credulity entrapped him into a mock marriage with the Countess Raimondi, a young lady of rank, at Como, during the campaign of 1859; it is melancholy, but instructive, to recollect the spectacle he exhibited in Rome in 1874, when he made, for the first time, his appearance with a newly-wedded wife and babies in his suite, the results of his domestication with the nurse of his daughter's children, the only one of her sex, probably, besides his Teresita herself, who soothed the weary hours of the almost heartbroken Hermit of Caprera. It was with a view to benefit this offspring of his late marriage that Garibaldi, departing from that rule of heroic disinterestedness which had made him reject all rewards, honours, and distinctions decreed by the King's Government and Parliament, accepted in these latter years an annuity for himself, with reversion to his widow and orphans. In order to establish the legitimacy of this union, he applied to the tribunals at Rome for the annulment of his
previous marriage with the Countess Raimondi—a suit only too likely to drag to a wearisome length and to bring into light passages in the hero’s career which might with greater wisdom have been buried in oblivion.

The photographs of Garibaldi have reached so far and have been so long before the world that a description of his personal appearance may be deemed superfluous. Indeed, neither words nor mere lights and shadows could give a satisfactory idea of that stately and commanding figure as it was before years and intense arthritic sufferings had contracted and, as it were, doubled it up. Garibaldi was a middle-sized man and not of an athletic build, though gifted with uncommon strength and surprising agility. He looked to the greatest advantage on horseback, as he sat in the saddle with such perfect ease and yet with such calm serenity, as if he were grown to it, having had, though originally a sailor, the benefit of a long experience in taming the wild mustangs of the Pampas. But his chief beauty was the head and the unique dignity with which it rose on the shoulders. The features were cast in the old classic mould; the forehead was high and broad, a perpendicular line from the roots of the hair to the eyebrows. His mass of tawny hair and full red beard gave the countenance its peculiar lion-like character. The brow was open, genial, sunny; the eyes dark gray, deep, shining with a steady reddish light; the nose, mouth, and chin exquisitely chiselled, the countenance habitually at rest, but at sight of those dear to him beaming with a "caressing smile, revealing all the innate strength and grace of his loving nature."

There was both taste and simplicity in the costume to which he gave his name, and to which he adhered, on his return from America, with a fondness which was imputed to foppery, and with which Cialdini, with questionable discretion, taunted him when the volunteer chief appeared clad in it in the House of Deputies, where a military uniform was rarely seen except in the pageantry of a royal sitting. The garb consisted of a plain red shirt and gray trousers, over which he threw the folds of the Spanish-American poncho, an ample upper garment of thin white woollen cloth with crimson lining, which did duty as a standard, and round which his volunteers were bidden to rally in the thick of the fight, as did the French Huguenot chivalry round Henry of Navarre’s “panache blanche.” His sword was a fine
cavalry blade, forged in England and the gift of English friends, and with it he might be seen at his early breakfast on the tents field cutting his bread and slicing his Bologna sausage, and inviting those he particularly wished to distinguish to share that savoury fare. The sabre did good slashing work at need, however, and at Milazzo, in Sicily, it bore him out safely from the midst of a knot of Neapolitan troopers who caught him by surprise and fancied they had him at their discretion. Garibaldi carried no other weapons, though the officers in his suite had pistols and daggers at their belts; and his negro groom, by name Aguyar, who for a long time followed him as his shadow, like Napoleon's Mameluke, and was shot dead by his side at Rome, was armed with a long lance with a crimson pennon, used as his chief's banner.

His staff officers were a numerous, quaint, and motley crew, men of all ages and conditions, mostly devoted personal friends—not all of them available for personal strength or technical knowledge, but all to be relied upon for their readiness to die with or for him. Some of the most distinguished, like Nino Bixio, Medici, Sirtori, Cosenz, and others, had all the headlong bravery of their General—more than that no man could boast—and were his superiors in intelligence and in professional experience, ably conducting as his lieutenants field operations to which he was, from some cause or other, unable to attend. The veterans he brought with him from Montevideo, a Genoese battalion whom his friend Augusto Vecchi helped to enlist, and the Lombard Legion, under Manara, were all men of tried valour, well trained to the use of the rifle, inured to hardships and privations, and they constituted the nucleus of the Garibaldian force throughout its campaigns. The remainder was a shapeless mass of raw recruits from all parts of Italy, joining or leaving the band almost at their pleasure—mere boys from the universities, youths of noble and rich family, lean artisans from the towns, stout peasants and labourers from the country, adventurers of indifferent character, deserters from the army, and the like, all marching in loose companies, like Falstaff's recruits, under improvised officers and non-commissioned officers; but all, or most of them, entirely disinterested about pay or promotion, putting up with long fasts and heavy marches, only asking to be brought face to face with the enemy, and when under the immediate influence of Garibaldi himself or of
his trusty friends seldom guilty of soldierly excesses or of any breach of discipline. The effect the presence of the hero had among them was surprising. A word addressed to them in his clear, ringing silver voice electrified even the dullest. An order coming from him was never questioned, never disregarded. No one waited for a second bidding or an explanation. "Your business is not to inquire how you are to storm that position. You must only go and do it." And it was done.

There was nothing more providential in the combination of favourable circumstances to which the triumph of the Italian cause was owing than the opportune production of this singular, this "mysterious conqueror," as he was called, and the almost mythical prestige he threw on deeds of arms so amazing in their success as to disarm criticism and to present them to the startled world in the light of superhuman achievements. When even the steady valour of the Piedmontese army, owing to bad generalship, was succumbing to the Austrian invader at Custozza and Novara, in 1848-49, it was something to say that mere citizens, under Garibaldi, were gloriously giving the lie to the old taunt that "Italians don't fight" by not only standing their ground behind stone walls at Venice and Rome, but also crossing bayonets with the best troops of the French Republic outside the gates of the latter-named city, and giving their lives with a lavishness worthy of the ancient warlike race whose dust lay beneath their feet. Garibaldi and Rome were all that survived as a hallowed memory out of the wreck of Italian hopes at that gloomy period; and Garibaldi and what remained of the heroes of Rome were what stood foremost in that more auspicious trial of 1859-60, in which the old errors were retrieved and the former disasters repaired. With the final emancipation of the country the three names of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi will be for ever associated; but if the characters of the first and second of that triumvirate are sure to be deeply studied, thoroughly weighed, and rated at their just value as realities, the last-named will appeal to the imagination as something unauthenticated, like William Tell—a mere undemonstrable episode—a legend.

It was also by a favourable dispensation of heaven that, while on any prospect of a warlike struggle neither Garibaldi's confidence in himself nor his countrymen's faith in him ever belied itself for one moment, whenever any difficult political
question arose by which the destinies of the country might be compromised, the sane part of the nation fell away from the rash hero; and he himself, never very sure of his own judgment and soon mistrusting the guidance of the designing partisans or crazy fanatics who played upon his sanguine imagination, allowed himself all at once to be sobered by more rational and trustworthy advisers, and, without recanting his opinions or deserting his party, went quietly back to his solitude, and made, by abandoning the execution of his intended action, an implicit confession of all the erroneousness of his conception. For, after all, Garibaldi was not deficient in intelligence or plain common sense, and his faculties, had they received timely cultivation and development, would have been of no mean order. He told us himself that his attendance on the lessons of his priestly instructors was extremely desultory, and that his father’s wishes to train him to some sedentary profession too early clashed with the son’s restless disposition and adventurous spirit. When in later life he became aware of the shortcomings of his education and of the narrow range of his reading, while yet, in the leisure of his island home, he aspired to literary distinction, he was unable to perceive how hopelessly his sphere of thought was vitiated by the mysticism of Mazzini and his style tainted with the bombast of Victor Hugo. Yet, even in his most deplorable vagaries, his judgment was always more correct than that of the editor of Young Italy and his logic more sound than that of the author of Notre Dame de Paris.

All the popularity of the Hermit of Caprera failed to procure the novel which he was tempted to publish a very extensive number of readers at home or abroad, and it is not likely that any unkind friend will outrage poor Garibaldi’s memory by undertaking the publication of his letters and speeches. The saying of the old Roman tyrant, “Would I had never learnt to write,” must at many periods of his life have occurred to Garibaldi, though from different motives and altogether in a different sense. Yet that the Condottiere of Marsala was not without some aptitude as a writer, that he was not without considerable graphic power, and even a certain dry, grim humour, one may gather from many passages in those Commentaires à la Jules César which he jotted down without any pretensions to art, only for private circulation among his friends, and of which he was with great reluctance prevailed upon by his
French guest at the Chiatamone to sanction the publication. In
those scanty and imperfect fragments not a little may be learnt,
not only of the great man's doings, but also of the ins and outs
of his mind and of the best and worst traits in his character.

He had, he tells us, towards the close of the siege of Rome,
in June 1849, chosen his headquarters at the Villa Savorelli,
the very focus of the artillery fire from the advancing French
parallels, and appointed Manara his chief of the staff. From
the house one had a wide view of the Campagna and of the pro-
gress of the operations of the siege. It was an interesting spot,
and everybody crowded on the General, anxious to enjoy the
singularity of the scene. Garibaldi says:

"It is true that this diversion was not free from danger, for
it was known that the Savorelli Villa was my headquarters, and
balls and bullets and shells rattled all day on my windows.
Especially when, to obtain a better view, I went up to the bel-
vedere above the roof of the house, the matter became rather
curious. It was a regular hail of bullets, and I have never
heard a more incessant hissing of winged lead. The house,
shaken by the cannon-balls, trembled as if in an earthquake.
Often, to give the French artillerists a more brisk employment,
I had my breakfast served up on the belvedere, which had no
other protection than a wooden parapet. Then, I can tell you, I
had such a music as dispensed me from summoning that of the
regimental bands. But matters became even worse when some
practical joker of the staff amused himself by hoisting to the light-
ning-conductor above the little terrace a banner, on which were
written in large letters the words, 'Bonjour, Cardinal Oudinot.'

"On the fourth or fifth day in which I thus amused the
enemy's gunners and sharpshooters, General Avezzana (the War
Minister) came to see me, and, not finding the parlour window
sufficiently high, asked whether there was not some elevated
spot on which the view of the plain might be more unlimited.
I took him to the belvedere. Doubtless the French intended to
do him especial honour, as on our first appearance the usual
music burst out. The General very coolly surveyed the enemy's
position, then went downstairs without saying one word. On
the morrow I found my belvedere blindé with earth-bags. I
asked by whose order that had been done. The answer was,
'The War Minister's!'

"This rage of the French artillerists about riddling my
poor headquarters with shot gave rise now and then to amusing scenes.

"One day—the 5th or 6th of June, I think—my friend Augusto Vecchi, who was both actor and author in the drama we were representing, paid me a visit at dinner-time. As I had some guests, I had got a dinner ready-made from Rome in a tin case. I saw that the sight of our bill of fare was tempting Vecchi, and I asked him to sit down with us. General Avezzana and Costantino Reta were of the party. We sat on the ground in the garden. The bullets shook the house so violently that to eat on a table we would have required such an apparatus as is used on board ship in foul weather. Just as we were halfway with our dinner a shell burst. Everybody vanished. Vecchi was about to follow, but I seized him by the wrist, and, compelling him to sit down, I told him laughing (he was a member of the Assembly), 'Father Conscript, leave not thy curule chair.' The shell burst, as I had correctly foreseen, on the opposite side to where we sat; we escaped with a cloud of dust, which covered both ourselves and our dinner...

"Strange to say, it was always Vecchi who was the hero of similar adventures. Another day he came on business and found me at table. On this occasion MM. les Artilleurs were so obliging as to allow me some rest. Before me smoked a most appetising risotto. I made room for Vecchi on my right and bade him fall to. But just as he was about to sit down Manara stopped him. 'Do not do that, Vecchi,' he said; 'this is the third day in which the officers invited by the General have been killed one after the other on that very spot, and no time left them for digestion.' And, in fact, Davio, Rozat, and Panizzi had fallen exactly as Manara described. But the savour of the rice had more weight with Vecchi than Manara's omen. 'All right,' said Vecchi, 'that fits admirably with a prediction which was made to me.' 'What prediction?' asked Manara. 'When I was a child,' replied Vecchi, 'a gipsy consulted the stars and foretold that I should be buried at Rome, thirty-six years old, and very rich. And again, in 1838, on a pedestrian trip to Naples, being at Sarno, near Salerno, I was pursuing in a cotton plantation a gipsy girl, eighteen years old, whose bright black eyes I was determined to kiss. She defended herself with her knife; to her offensive weapon I opposed as defensive armour a beautiful brand-new scudo. The girl
took the crown, seized and examined my hand, and made out from the lines that I should be buried in Rome, at thirty-six, very rich. I am now in my thirty-sixth year, and, though not very rich, I am only too much so for one doomed to die. But I am as strong a fatalist as any Mahomedan; what is written, is written. General, hand here the rice.'

"We laughed at the story; but Manara looked grave, and said, 'All very well, Vecchi; but I shall not be easy in mind till this day is over.' Then, addressing myself, he added, 'General, in God's name, do not send him on any errand to-day.'

"This suited Vecchi very well, for he was dreadfully tired after two nights' watching, and, after dinner, he asked leave to withdraw and take some rest. 'Lie down on my bed, if you like,' said Manara, whether in jest or in earnest; 'I will not allow you to go out to-day.' Vecchi threw himself on the bed.

"An hour later I saw some Frenchmen placing gabions on the trench open just in front of our bastion. I looked about me for an officer to point the fire of a dozen of our sharpshooters at them. I forget how I had disposed of them all, but found myself alone. I thought of Vecchi, who was sleeping with tight-closed fists; I felt some qualms of compunction about waking him, but the balls made a dreadful ravage. I seized him by the leg; he opened his eyes. 'Come,' said I, 'you have slept twenty-four hours. Manara's prediction has lost its spell. Pick me out a dozen of our best shots, and tickle me the sides of those fellows down yonder.' Vecchi, who is very brave, did not wait for more words. He chose twelve Bersaglieri, and placed himself in ambush behind a barricade of gabions which a lieutenant of engineers, named Pozzio, was rearing. Hence he opened so murderous a fire against the French that these returned the rifle fire with cannon-shot. Half an hour later somebody came to tell me, 'Do you know, General, poor Vecchi has been killed?' I felt a sharp twitch in my heart. I had been the cause of my friend's death, and I loaded myself with reproaches; but before an hour had elapsed, to my great joy, I saw him come back safe and sound. 'Ah, by God, let me hug thee to my heart; I thought you had been killed.' 'Only buried,' he answered, and related how a cannon-ball had cut in twain an earth-bag, which had thrown its contents upon him; that at the same instant this bag in its
collapse had determined the fall of the other bags, ten or twelve, which had fallen at once upon him, and literally interred him.

"But in the meanwhile something had happened far more picturesque than even Vecchi's real death would have been. The same cannon-ball which buried him had struck against the wall, and by rebound had come back to wound a young soldier in the back, shattering the spine. The young soldier had been placed on a hand-barrow with his arms crossed on his breast, and his open eyes turned heavenwards, having breathed his last. They were about to remove him to the ambulance, when an officer threw himself on the body and covered it with kisses. The officer was Lieutenant Pozzio, of the Engineers, and the young soldier was Colomba Antonietti, his wife, who had followed him to Velletri and had fought beside him on the 3rd of June."

Such dramatic power, such talent for blending the humorous with the pathetic, Garibaldi displayed at least in his translator's hands. That the charm of the naïve and graphic narrative belongs entirely to the original, and that it is a perfectly correct picture of the events it records, it would seem for any one conversant with the scene and the actors represented absolutely impossible to doubt. Such tenderness of heart, such unaffected attachment to a friend, such minute seizure of all the salient points that can give a narrative piquancy and effect, are evidence of a sympathetic imagination, which could not be compatible with a selfish nature. Napoleon I., and perhaps Prince Bismarck, could never write such a touching scene.

We shall conclude with the account of the share Garibaldi took in the last fight at Villa Spada, on the walls of Rome, 30th June:

"The night of the 29th settled on Rome like a winding-sheet. To prevent the repairs in our breaches the French artillery thundered all night. It was a terrible night. The storm of heaven blended with that of the earth. The thunder growled, the lightning met the shell in mid-air, the thunder-bolt fell in two or three places as if to hallow the doomed city. In spite of St. Peter's Day, the two armies continued their mortal duel. At nightfall, as an attack in the dark was expected, the whole town was lighted up; all, even the dome of St. Peter's. Such illumination, in fact, is the custom in
Rome on St. Peter's Eve. Any man throwing on that evening a glance on the Eternal City would have seen one of those sights which can be viewed but once in the lapse of centuries. At his feet he would have seen a grand valley of churches and palaces, cut in twain by the winding Tiber, dark at that moment as Phlegethon. On the left a mound, the Capitol, upon the tower of which waved the standard of the Republic. On the right, the dark outline of Monte Mario, where flaunted, in antagonism to ours, the French and Papal flags. Below it the dome of Michael Angelo, rearing itself to the clouds, a blaze of light; and, finally, as a frame to the picture, the Janiculum and all the line of San Pancrazio also lighted up, but by the flashes of the artillery and musketry fire. . . .

"At midnight the sky cleared, the thunder and the cannon were hushed, silence followed upon all that infernal roar, and the French profited by it to draw nearer and nearer to the walls and to take possession of the breach opened into bastion No. 8. At two in the morning we heard three cannon-shots fired at equal intervals. The sentries called to arms, the trumpets sounded. The Bersaglieri, always ready, always unweary, sallied from the Villa Spada and ran to the San Pancrazio gate, leaving two companies as a reserve in defence of the villa. They sank to their knees in the soaked earth. I placed myself at their head, with my sword drawn, intoning the Italian popular hymn. At this moment, I confess, I had only one desire—to get myself killed. I threw myself with my men upon the French. What happened then? I know nothing about it. For two hours I struck without intermission. When the day dawned I was all covered with blood. I had not a single scratch. It was a miracle."
A great and venerable name that now for half a century has been a living power in the Church of England is to-day of the past. The world-renowned Dr. Pusey, after a life of incessant labour, after his full share of those provocations of which even the best are known to be sensible, and after long suffering, to the special sorrow of those whom the poet describes as standing by while their sons are placed on the funeral pyre, is gone to his rest. So prolonged a career of unremitting industry, under some circumstances unfavourable to health, is an example of the intimate connection between mental vigour and physical vitality often found at our old universities.

Dr. Pusey was a member of one of those numerous families that our neighbours could find no place for in their own political system, and drove to find shelter and welcome in ours. The first appearance of the Bouveries gave little promise of the distinguished position they now occupy. In 1568 a Fleming of that name, with his young wife from Frankfort, settled at Canterbury, and no doubt worshipped in the undercroft of the cathedral granted to the French Protestants by Queen Elizabeth. The family rose to wealth and eminence in the City of London as Turkey merchants. In due time it acquired a baronetcy and a peerage, the former just before the first Jacobite rebellion, the latter just after the second. The Earl of Radnor, the thorough-going Liberal and rigid economist, by the strength of his convictions and his frequent appearances gave prominence and power to the family name. But it was only known to those who were personally acquainted with both him and his half-
cousin, Edward Bouverie Pusey, how much they resembled one another both in person and in character.

The Pusey branch of the family, however, residing at Pusey, a mansion surrounded by a dozen or two cottages twelve miles from Oxford, in a region of sand-hills and fir-trees, were a modification of the Bouverie type. It is possible that local circumstances, as they certainly gave a turn to the life's work of the elder brother, may have had their influence on the younger. Edward Pusey spent his youth here in the immediate neighbourhood of the old Roman Catholic family of Throckmorton, and in a district that had long been remarkable for extreme though not violent religious divisions. Under the shadow of the Throckmortons of Buckland there had grown up a large Roman Catholic community, side by side with an Independent congregation that had lapsed into Socinianism. Shute Barrington, who came to be Bishop of Durham, and others of his family, had been members of this congregation in its better days. It was here, a mile from Pusey House, that Berington, the Roman Catholic historian, passed away in 1827, with an old nurse and the clergyman's wife, suddenly called in, at his bedside. Philip Pusey, the elder brother, was an accomplished literary man, who was considered by some of his friends to live in the clouds, and who certainly knew more of agriculture than anybody else, though he paid very dearly for it.

Edward Pusey, a hard student, and something of a recluse from his early years, went to Christ Church, and took a Classical First at Easter in 1822, together with Edward Denison, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and some others less known to fame. Two years after he gained the Latin essay prize for a comparison of the Greek and Roman colonies, and was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel. Here he found himself immediately junior to John Henry Newman and in the society of William James, John Keble, Tyler, Whately, Hawkins, soon to be Provost, and Jelf, afterwards Principal of King's College, London. To these were added, two years after, Robert Wilberforce and Richard Hurrell Froude, both of them undergraduate members of the College at the date of Pusey's election. Barring a few of those personal peculiarities which are to be found in all gentlemen, especially scholars, coming from different circles and schools, and which cause sometimes a difficulty, but much oftener a smile, there never was a set of men more bound
together by mutual admiration and affection, more willing to appreciate one another's powers, or more conscious of a great common cause. The formation of such a group speaks well for the discernment and also for the liberality of men like Copleston, then Provost, who could not but have an almost preponderating part in these elections.

It was unavoidable that there should be some singularity in Pusey's position, whether in the College or in the University. Though now in Oriel, he was not quite of it, for he was more of Christ Church. He had a position in the neighbouring county society. The "Pusey horn," by which the estate was held and transmitted, was a bit of antiquarian romance known to most undergraduates in Oxford. Not the least he was a German scholar, a rare thing in those days. A man cannot expel or even much control his instincts, and Pusey, from the first, could not help an involuntary recoil from the sort of men who in those days claimed the monopoly of spiritual religion. Some of them were Christians and gentlemen too, but Pusey was fastidious; and, as he could not join in the merriment which religious pretensions associated with awkward manners and unprepossessing appearance sometimes occasioned, he confined himself to holding aloof from those people. His attitude to all sides of the Church of England was almost necessarily one of reserve. He could not go along with the "Evangelical" party, nor yet with the "High and Dry," as it had already come to be called. As little could he give his heart to the new school of speculative philosophy, which had already given a name to Oriel, and which proposed to submit all creeds, all opinions, all systems and institutions, to the test of logical analysis. The "Noetie" school it was styled in the University at large, from these critical pretensions, and from the substitution of intellect for faith which the school seemed to pride itself on.

Germany was supposed in those days to be the manufactory of opinions, and it was said all these battles had been fought there with one result. So Pusey went to Germany, and before long produced the results of his inquiries and studies, soon followed, as all his publications were, by a second and a fuller instalment. The book was singularly impartial, almost indifferent in its tone. It introduced to the English reader as veritable personages, who had once lived in the flesh and done
their work and had their influence, the Rationalists and Pietists known here only as names. Such criticisms as there were in the theological world—for there were not many—were founded on a general feeling that the Germans nowadays were not much to us, that it did not much matter what they believed or did not believe, that we were not likely to share either their criticism or their philosophy or their sentimentalism, and that, upon the whole, Mr. Pusey had wasted his time and made a mistake. Yet there was no denying it was a considerable work, and out of Oxford there were those who perceived, if not its value, at least the capabilities of the writer. It would not surprise any Oxford man of that standing to find Cardinal Newman dating his intimacy with Pusey no farther back than the year 1827 or 1828.

In those days the Fellows of Oriel, immediately upon their election, were requested to give up their rooms for the use of undergraduates, and thus they lost one inducement to residence. Pusey had his home, his study, and his library a dozen miles off. After the completion of his probationary year, therefore, he was very little in Oxford, and, as appears, sometimes abroad. But the time came when all Oxford grieved to hear that Dr. Nicoll, after holding the Regius Professorship of Hebrew for six years, had died, some said of the dust of the Bodleian, some of the unwholesome air of his residence. Coming after White and Lawrence, Nicoll was chiefly remembered for one of the longest sermons ever preached at St. Mary's, proving, from Genesis iv. 7, the primitive institution of sacrifice. This was in the year 1828, when the Tories were still in the ascendant. Everything pointed to Pusey for the vacant Chair. Not to speak of his connections, nor yet of his attainments, which had to be seen through a veil of modesty, nor yet of his publications, which it required learning and labour to appreciate, there was immense promise in both the man and his work, especially in the audacity with which he had invaded at so early an age so difficult a region as German theology, and exhibited the spoil, as it were, to the English public.

Almost as a matter of course Pusey entered the house he was never to quit. It is the south-west angle of the famous "Tom Quad," and rises like a bastion over the dismal and dirty districts stretching to the Isis, and to the once sacred, now desolate Isle of Osney. Peter Martyr was one of the first
occupants of the house; but, a wanderer all his days, he was not to find rest there. His wife, and his obstinate refusal to wear the surplice, provoked the Catholics, who broke his windows and kept him awake with loud abuse. So he had to move to the heart of the College under the walls of the Cathedral. Dr. Pusey has been more fortunate in his cause and in his antagonists. They have thrown plenty of stones, but without breaking his windows; and if they have disturbed his sleep it is because he has been only too happy to spend nights in replying to them.

At the date of his appointment his Chair was of no great significance. Very few read Hebrew. Bishop Burgess had in vain been urging the study on all the clergy who came to him for institution. It was only here and there that a clergyman in some remote parish beguiled his solitude with this unearthly, unfathomable, incommunicable tongue, and got quizzed accordingly. Hebrew was supposed to have to do only with the Jewish dispensation, and hardly to concern a Christian. But the Professor was a Canon of Christ Church, and this was a very substantial thing, besides being a good standing-point for a great deal more. Except that the Tests and Corporation Acts had just been repealed in a very quiet way to save the trouble of an annual indemnity, there was then hardly a note of the coming storms. All the general public expected from the new Professor was that he would save the credit of Oxford for learning, and add some bulky volumes to the numerous Oxford libraries. About the time of his preferment to the Canonry, Dr. Pusey married a lady in every respect qualified to adorn his new position and to assist him in turning it to the best account. The next year came Catholic emancipation, followed rapidly by all the events which, at home and abroad, changed the aspect of human affairs, making it certain that no institution would remain what it had been, and that, consequently, people had better not concentrate all their powers in vain attempts to keep things as they were.

Dr. Pusey entered as little as he could into the controversies of the day, which could not but be painful to him, not to say embarrassing. He devoted himself to the work of his Chair. He had classes in Hebrew—senior and junior—taking the former himself, and engaging for the latter a gentleman of Hebrew extraction who did his work well. But Dr. Pusey did
more. The Regius Professors of Hebrew have, as a rule, been theologians as well as scholars, and have sometimes been best known in the former capacity. Dr. Pusey had weekly gatherings of clergy in his house for the reading of papers and for discussions—that is, if they could be provoked. The papers were generally his own, and when the time came for discussion he was the chief talker. The most capacious dining-room is inadequate to an assemblage of thirty or forty gentlemen, sitting in their cumbersome academical vestments, after dinner, under gas, to hear compositions presumed, not unjustly, to require close and undivided attention.

Few who attended could call these meetings a success. Possibly it was a gain that people were thus familiarised with names, with controversies, with events and histories hardly realised before. Theology needs self-assertion like any other science. But the attempt laboured under special difficulties. Dr. Pusey had read more than anybody there, and it is hard to join issue with a man who knows, so to speak, more of the country to be fought over. Then he had not that ready, free, and fluent utterance which is necessary for a lead in conversation. His was the not uncommon case of the man becoming inseparable from his writing. Pusey without the book, and the book without Pusey, could alike give no idea of the immense power of both combined. The habit of writing had formed the course of his thoughts, and he had to speak as he wrote—that is, from a manuscript, and in the seat of authority. Once in the pulpit, with a well-prepared discourse, and himself deeply impressed with the gravity of what he had to say, Dr. Pusey was a preacher of the grand old school—the School of Fathers and Divines. He held overflowing congregations in breathless attention, they never lost a word. The longest and most complicated sentence easily unfolded its meaning to their willing intelligence. They left the church with the solemn tone sounding still in their ears, and as long as they were under the spell they did not venture to criticise what they were called on to feel and believe. Such was Dr. Pusey in the pulpit; out of it he could only write or talk. As to the former, his works, unaided by his delivery, even in the disguise of a pamphlet, severely taxed the patience and the intelligence of ordinary readers. As to the latter, his hesitations and continual corrections prevented that flow which is necessary to ensure eloquence.
But these weekly musters were only one of several attempts at what may be called restoration—attempts in which Dr. Pusey anticipated some of the recent University changes. He was very early an advocate for an examination in "Arts" at the end of two years, and examinations in special subjects, including theology, in the place of what was then the final examination for the degree.

There was, too, in those days, as there is now, a serious want. When a man had passed his final examination and taken his degree, may be with great honour, with the greatest wish to continue his studies, and with every promise of doing so with good effect, he suddenly lost the University at the very time when it promised to be most useful to him. What are libraries, what are lecturers, what are societies of learned men made for, if not to assist scholars, no longer under daily instruction and tied to a curriculum, but free to study what they pleased? Yet there was, and there is, no place for them in Oxford, unless they had the rare, and now still rarer, luck to get a fellowship, or would put their hands to the grindstone again, and take the chance of private pupils. So he took some theological students into his house. This developed into a "Hall." In conjunction with John Henry Newman, he took a house nearly opposite Christ Church, and furnished it with mediæval simplicity for the use of graduates wishing to reside for study. It cannot be set down as an utter failure, when it is considered that one of the inmates, both of Dr. Pusey's house and of the hall, was the late Regius Professor of Divinity, who remained there till his election to a Fellowship at Magdalen. Meanwhile, without any view of forming a party, as it might afterwards have been interpreted, Dr. Pusey extended the range of his hospitality, giving different generations of University men the valued opportunity of meeting on social terms.

There had now come a time when everything seemed going by the board, when all things, in the quaint words of a college foundation deed, tended visibly not to be, and then he was thought the best and cleverest who was for the most sweeping changes. As early as 1832 there was hardly anybody of note in the country who had not delivered himself on Church Reform, and it had become a necessity for a man to speak out now or for ever hold his tongue. In all these utterances there was one common supposition, and it was that great changes were inevit-
able, and the only question was what they were to be. There were those who would not wait for the change, or thought the case hopeless. They were leaving the Church, right and left, discharging Parthian shots of denunciation and invective. "Set your house in order" was the universal cry.

Then came the Tracts for the Times, first anonymous, but after a few numbers understood to be issued chiefly on the responsibility of Newman, Pusey, and Keble. Everybody knew that it was scarcely possible to find three more different men, none more so than themselves. They contributed their several quotes to the undertaking. Pusey gave his great learning, his solidity, his unchangeableness, his position, his family name, and last, but not least, his having been a nominee of the Conservative party. The antagonists, who were a legion, showed a due sense of Pusey's share in the new combination by giving his name to the movement. People do not like to fight with shadows. They look for an opponent whom it will be a distinction to have to measure swords with. The Tracts, too, were rather flimsy things, in a publishing point of view—mere litter on any table and rubbish on a counter. They were as the frogs of Egypt in the eyes of the booksellers. They wanted weight, and therefore required something in the nature of paper-weights to prevent them from being carried off by the first gust of wind.

Pusey could never do anything under thirty pages, followed by sixty, and in due time by three hundred. His contributions to the Tracts are very good reading, but we doubt whether they were ever much read, or ever will be. They helped the volumes to goodly dimensions, and qualified them for a place on a gentleman's shelves. But while Dr. Pusey was thus performing the part of ballast, he accepted with a certain excess of gallantry the reckless course of the craft to which he had committed himself. He went even farther in some points, as if anxious to draw the fire upon himself, confident of his power to reply. After the lapse of a whole generation, any record of personal relations must be in the nature of a monograph, and no two accounts of this period are found quite to agree. Even the contemporary narratives are evidently from very different points of view. Cardinal Newman, in his history of his religious opinions, published in his Apologia in 1864, reduced to the smallest possible compass his carefully-elaborated account of Dr. Pusey's part in the Oxford movement. Its brevity allows of its insertion here:

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"It was under these circumstances that Dr. Pusey joined us. I had known him well since 1827-28, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. I used to call him ὁ μέγας. His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholarlike mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion overcame me; and great of course was my joy when, in the last days of 1833, he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. His Tract on Fasting appeared as one of the series with the date of 21st December. He was not, however, I think, fully associated in the movement till 1835 and 1836, when he published his Tract on Baptism and started the Library of the Fathers. He at once gave to us a position and a name. Without him we should have had no chance, especially at the early date of 1834, of making any serious resistance to the Liberal aggression. But Dr. Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christ Church; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his Professorship, his family connections, and his easy relations with University authorities. He was to the movement all that Mr. Rose might have been, with that indispensable addition which was wanting to Mr. Rose—the intimate friendship and the familiar daily society of the persons who had commenced it. And he had that special claim on their attachment which lies in the living presence of a faithful and loyal affectionateness. There was henceforth a man who could be the head and centre of the zealous people in every part of the country who were adopting the new opinions; and not only so, but there was one who furnished the movement with a front to the world, and gained from it a recognition from other parties in the University. In 1829 Mr. Froude, or Mr. Wilberforce, or Mr. Newman were but individuals; and, when they ranged themselves in the contest of that year on the side of Sir Robert Inglis, men on either side only asked with surprise how they got there, and attached no significance to the fact; but Dr. Pusey was, to use the common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form, and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob; and when various parties had to meet together in order to resist the liberal acts of the Government, we of the movement took our place by right among them.

"Such was the benefit which he conferred on the movement externally; nor was the internal advantage at all inferior to it. He was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine
mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities. People are apt to say that he was once nearer to the Catholic Church than he is now; I pray God that he may be one day far nearer to the Catholic Church than he was then; for I believe that, in his reason and judgment, all the time that I knew him, he never was near to it at all. When I became a Catholic, I was often asked, 'What of Dr. Pusey?' When I said that I did not see symptoms of his doing as I had done, I was sometimes thought uncharitable. If confidence in his position is (as it is) a first essential in the leader of a party, Dr. Pusey had it. The most remarkable instance of this was his statement, in one of his subsequent defences of the movement, when, too, it had advanced a considerable way in the direction of Rome, that among its most hopeful peculiarities was its 'stationariness.' He made it in good faith; it was his subjective view of it.

"Dr. Pusey's influence was felt at once. He saw that there ought to be more sobriety, more gravity, more careful pains, more sense of responsibility in the Tracts, and in the whole movement. It was through him that the character of the Tracts was changed. When he gave to us his Tract on Fasting he put his initials to it. In 1835 he published his elaborate Treatise on Baptism, which was followed by other Tracts from different authors, if not of equal learning, yet of equal power and appositeness. The Catenas of Anglican divines which occur in the series, though projected, I think, by me, were executed with a like aim at greater accuracy and method. In 1836 he advertised his great project for a translation of the Fathers. But I must return to myself. I am not writing the history either of Dr. Pusey or of the movement; but it is a pleasure to me to have been able to introduce here reminiscences of the place which he held in it, which have so direct a bearing on myself that they are no digression from my narrative.

"I suspect it was Dr. Pusey's influence and example which set me, and made me set others, on the larger and more careful works in defence of the principles of the movement which followed in a course of years—some of them demanding and receiving from their authors such elaborate treatment that they did not make their appearance till both its temper and its fortunes had changed. I set about a work at once; one in which was brought out with precision the relation in which we
stood to the Church of Rome. We could not move a step in comfort till this was done. It was of absolute necessity and a plain duty to provide as soon as possible a large statement which would encourage and reassure our friends and repel the attacks of our opponents."

Dr. Pusey might have been slow to join the movement, but, once in, he showed no wish to be out. The work was thoroughly congenial—meat and drink to him, it might be said. He took his part in the controversy, or rather theological warfare, which ensued upon the appointment of Mr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity. He first published a comparison of Dr. Hampden's theological statements with the Thirty-nine Articles; and upon the appearance of the new Professor's inaugural lecture he published a sequel, comparing Dr. Hampden's past and present statements. The last pamphlet showed a rather milder tone than what was prevalent in those days. Apart from the true gentleness of Pusey's character, it is to be considered that, while up to that time he had had little personal acquaintance with Hampden, he was now doomed to live in some degree of companionship with him. He did his best to save Hampden's faith at the cost of his principles.

Hampden might be a Christian, and a good one, but he was no theologian. He did not speak the language of the Church. Hampden probably knew this already; indeed, it was just what he wished, and therefore, there was no reason why he and Pusey should not be as good friends as any two persons can be who speak different languages. "Many are the tongues of men," says Homer, "but there is only one in heaven." Dr. Pusey's own cautious tone was justified by the result. The campaign against Hampden could not but be a failure. The new Professor of Divinity, in due time a Bishop, forgot all his anti-scholastic lore as quickly as he had acquired it, and preached and charged very much as most bishops preach and charge. It was of no use then to attack him for what he had once been supposed to be. The whole feeling of this country is against a succession of trials and a continual ripping up of old charges. Hampden had won the day, fighting as he did under the aegis of the royal supremacy. British philanthropy can take even bishops under its protection; but the fact of the warfare and the bold defiance of the supremacy, hitherto
supposed to whitewash the favourite object from all suspicion of heresy, terrified the holders of place and power and all the aspirants for them in the country. Something must be done to abate this evil, which threatened ostracism all round. Already there were skirmishers, here, there, and everywhere; but henceforth the war was universal. After all the irregular forces of the Church, or not of it, had done their very worst, the bishops formed themselves into line, and delivered double-shotted charges against the disturbers of the general peace.

Dr. Pusey was all the while looking out for something utterly unpalatable, and a bar to all reconciliation. As if to bring every baptized Christian on his knees before him, he preached a sermon from a well-known startling text in the Epistle to the Hebrews, drawing from it the doctrine, so at least he was understood, that willful sin after baptism is never wholly forgiven. The burden of the sermon was the word "irreparable." The text admits of a different interpretation; but Dr. Pusey, in his anxiety to bring his hearers to the very verge of the pit of destruction, seemed to be pushing them into it without a way of escape. The Evangelical party proclaimed it a downright heresy. The High Church did not take it so much amiss. They did not usually care to go out of their way in quest of storms, rocks, shoals, and quicksands; but in this particular instance the blow seemed to be directed against the prevailing way of regarding the sacraments as outside and purely emblematic ordinances, the reception of which did not materially alter a man's case as regards his hope of salvation. The London church people, the bishop there, and the leading societies looked on Dr. Pusey as a powerful and comparatively safe agency, whom it was well to tame, to put in harness, and to utilise. He had to write a pamphlet in defence of the plan of the Metropolis Churches Fund, in which a well-known religious journal had begun to see flat rebellion against its own lines—churches no longer purchasable, and clergy at liberty to interpret the Church as they pleased.

In the year 1838, about midway between the beginning and the end of the Oxford movement, in the strict sense of that term, Dr. Pusey preached on the 5th of November in the University pulpit. The sermon, of which the real text was in the title-page—"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength"—was on the providential government of the world,
as asserted and illustrated by Scripture, and as proved by the course of human affairs. It was full of the preacher's lifelong thoughts and feelings; but it might have been preached from any Protestant pulpit in Ireland, where the preacher's remarks on the national deliverance effected by the arrival of the Prince of Orange would have been more appreciated than in this island. If it was not a thoroughly Orange demonstration—if the preacher admitted, with Macaulay, that the Great Revolution was not glorious in its means and agency, and that there are things about it to be a little ashamed of—yet he held it a great blessing, justified by circumstances and by results; while the act of the Prince could not be considered guilty, inasmuch as he started with fair intentions, but was driven on to take the crown by a course of events over which he had no control. He allowed that there was nothing meritorious about the event, nothing for the nation to be proud of; but held that on that very account it was the more plainly a blessing from heaven that we should be thankful for. The sermon was reviewed in the periodical then under Newman's editorship, when due praise and prominence were awarded to the leading thoughts, while the passages that might touch the political susceptibilities of the "Oxford party" were alluded to and omitted, with much regret, as too long for quotation.

If this sermon were intended to be a sop to Cerberus, it had but a partial and temporary effect. St. Mary's itself became the scene of eager competition and rival demonstration. Every Sunday morning and afternoon the University had the use of the pulpit, while at four o'clock the vicar—the present Cardinal—entered into possession and preached to crowded graduate and undergraduate congregations. As he was always at his post, this seemed to leave him and his friends the lion's share of the coveted rostra, and all that his antagonists could do was to establish as close a monopoly of the pulpit as they could for the morning and early afternoon services. There arose a Vice-Chancellor who helped them. The pulpit blazed like an active volcano with "anti-Puseyism." All the authorities privileged to preach, the select preachers—selected, indeed, for the purpose—and the unselect, and the commonalty of M.A.'s coming up to take their turn, kept up an incessant fire of vituperation. Of course they had something to say, but they were not the men to stop there; indeed, it is a way of polemical theologians to go on.
When several good men had been passed over in the choice of preachers, as too much of the new school, Dr. Pusey came to the resolution to absent himself from the University sermons. He preferred, as well anybody might do, the parish sermons preached from the same pulpit by Newman. It was a strong measure, for the laws of the University required attendance from every member of the University, but as the same laws required every Doctor of Divinity to take his place in the procession before the service, and this rule had long been in abeyance, Dr. Pusey could claim the general licence of a negligent age. The heads of houses did not like seeing Brutus always conspicuous by his absence, and looked out for their revenge. They had it. In 1843 Dr. Pusey's own turn for preaching came round. What a prudent man would have done in the circumstances it is needless to ask. Several times has it occurred in the memory of man that when all the University had assembled at St. Mary's in the hope of hearing something very surprising, or very obnoxious, they have been mildly rebuked by a sermon such as they might have heard from any village pastor. Dr. Pusey had improved the rare opportunity by an exposition of the high sacramental theory in the utmost strength of language that had ever been allowed to English Churchmen. The Vice-Chancellor, the head of the Evangelical school, sent for the sermon, with an intimation that action would be taken upon it.

No doubt Dr. Pusey immediately set to work elaborating his defence, and adding to his pile of testimonies from all ages of the Church. Soon, however, he heard that the Vice-Chancellor had revived for the occasion a long-forgotten statute empowering the Vice-Chancellor to create a tribunal of six doctors for the trial of any person preaching or teaching contrary to the received doctrines of the University. What was more, he was informed that the sermon was all they required; they had it, and therefore did not want the presence of the writer. Dr. Pusey remonstrated publicly, officially, and through one who claimed to be a friend in the Board of six doctors. The statute had been disinterred from arbitrary times, but not even in the most arbitrary times—the days of the Star Chamber—had there been denied to an accused person the right of making an appearance and saying what he had to say in his defence. Laud is frequently charged by Puritan writers with overbearing
and even outrageous conduct in the Star Chamber, but this itself proves that there was a trial, and that the accused was allowed a hearing. The terms of the statute implied a trial, and by English usage a public trial. The six doctors, however, took the ground that this was a matter of domestic discipline; they had to preserve the peace of the University and the fate of young men not well able to take care of their faith themselves. A public trial, they said, would be worse than the sermon itself, and would spread the mischief and interrupt all other studies. This was something like treating the University as a large boarding-school, a very natural result of the Laudian or College system, but one which Laud could hardly have anticipated. For a week, therefore, Dr. Pusey had the pleasure of knowing that a Board, carefully composed of men more or less hostile to his opinions, was sitting with closed doors, considering how far they could venture to go in condemnation and punishment.

The Board, however, had its difficulties. The sermon was guarded from the Romish doctrine. It savoured not of Transubstantiation, but of Consubstantiation, and one of the members of the Board reminded his colleagues that Consubstantiation was preached in the precincts of St. James's Palace to the German members of the royal household, and was, in fact, the creed of Luther, and of such as still hold to him, including some of the reigning German families. The Board must therefore take care what it was about. It did. It said not a word about the sermon, but suspended Dr. Pusey from the use of the University pulpit for two years. Had it been a trial of strength and skill between two factions of schoolboys, this would have been a happy hit. As Dr. Pusey would not hear the six doctors preach, so they would put themselves out of the way of having to listen to him. Yet the actual result was to put the six doctors and their adherents in the wrong, and make a martyr of Dr. Pusey, who went on writing and publishing more than ever, and was now much more read than he had ever been. He went on contributing to the Tracts for the Times, though, if he ever read those which he did not write himself, he would have seen things to stagger him. It is not unlikely, however, that the only Tracts he read were his own. Writers are not always good readers, except for their own uses. There was from the first the understanding of a general joint responsibility
not to be too exactly interpreted. But the theology of the
Tracts was not inexact. The critics, in fact, were very anxious
to write, and were accordingly in the mood of mutual toleration.

Meanwhile Dr. Pusey was contributing largely in writing, in
translating, in editorship, and in funds to several series still
occupying much space in the shelves of University men of that
period, and contributing largely to the profits of the enterprising
class of tradesmen who undertake "removals." The Library of
the Fathers, the English translations of them, the Anglo-Catholic
Library are some of the portentous results of that tremendous
incubation. The other side, not to be beat, brought out the
English Reformers, quite as voluminous, unreadable, and unread
as the poison of which they were to be the antidote. They
still occupy upper shelves, their backs paler year by year, the
dust thickening upon their edges, uncut, practically not worth
the cutting; for they speak not to the heart, or mind, or soul
of these days. It is lamentable to reflect on the immense
absorption of energy, opportunity, and resources of all kinds
involved in these mountains of useless toil. Men qualified to
take important parts in the Church, or in the world at large,
became bookworms, antiquaries, hair-splitters, and disputants
ready to rise at any fly, and to pick a quarrel with any fancied
antagonist, high or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned.
When they should have been emerging into the work of life,
they went back to their cells. Men of simpler aims, though
may be less mental calibre, were filling the open positions and
accepting ordinary duties, thereby becoming acquainted with
the world, and winning useful and honourable fields of exertion.
The result is that not a few who started with the vision of
turning the Church upside down, or rather taking it off its
existing basis, and planting it anew on the early centuries, have
found themselves nowhere, while the humble drudges they once
contemned are masters of the situation. It is difficult to
conceive that the estimable men who began this movement, and
carried it on for many years, ever gave a serious thought to the
consequences to the innumerable lesser men working as rank
and file in the great army under their orders.

Meanwhile, the movement had ramified according to the
special taste of the converts or the demand of circumstances.
Dr. Pusey himself was neither a poet nor an ecclesiologist, nor
a ritualist. He wrote no verses, he translated none; he designed
no churches, he planned no painted windows; he wore no peculiar vestments, except those of his degree; he practised no genuflections, gestures, or other novelties. Like Keble and Newman, he always performed the service as country clergymen had been accustomed to do, only with a deeper reverence and possibly more significance. A world of art—nay, several worlds of art—now sprang into existence. Of religious poetry, it might almost be said, up to this time there had been none. The critics of the day, if they chanced to perceive the least element of worship in a copy of verses, put it down as a forced and impossible hybrid. What could fancy and duty have to do with one another? Churchgoers had to choose between "Tate and Brady" and the hymns which drove Cowper mad, in which state he wrote more of them. Nowadays, in spite of many reasonable objections which have to be felt rather than expressed by old-fashioned Churchmen, "Hymns Ancient and Modern" have taken possession of the land, forcing themselves into churches where it is evident the pulpit and the choir are as much at variance as Ebal and Gerizim. We have no choice but to use them and interpret them as best we can, though criticism and devotion are apt to part company.

As to ecclesiastical architecture, no doubt Dr. Pusey had to go along with the current. But in 1832, when he preached and published a sermon at the consecration of a church he had been chiefly instrumental in raising at Grove, in the parish of Wantage, he dwelt on the Spiritual Church, not after our own devices or in fond rivalry of old Jewish magnificence, and he dropped not a word that could be considered prophetic of the visible change he lived to see. There has been an absolute resurrection of Gothic architecture, no longer called Gothic. We have revived a dead art at the very point where the most graceful and poetic style was suddenly abandoned for the more practical and exclusively English "Perpendicular." The earlier style now lives and grows, and develops into new forms, as if it were but a stripling in years after a death-sleep of five centuries.

Cambridge is apt to take up a challenge from Oxford and win. So it did now by a length or two. It is true that Mr. J. H. Parker, a veritable Colossus of architectural and antiquarian literature, has sustained the credit of Oxford almost single-handed; but Cambridge has sent out, on the whole, the greater number of publications and of propagandists for carrying out what came
to be called Puseyism into the details of worship and religious life. A very natural comparison has sometimes been made. On the one hand, the leaders of the movement, who professed to revive the Primitive Church, worshipped as the English parsons and squires had done till the other day. On the other hand, the followers, who only carried this teaching to its legitimate consequences, clothed the restored worship with its own proper vestments, appliances, forms, and ceremonies. Which are right, or least wrong? For the former it must be said that people change more easily their opinions than their practice; but it must be claimed for the Ritualists, as they are called, that they are logical and consistent. They think so themselves, and others think so too.

Dr. Pusey was not strictly logical or consistent when in defence of his teaching he appealed to his own simplicity of practice in the performance of Church service. It is an appeal to mercy and no more, and the world always will have a tenderness for the simple folk who go on doing as they and their fathers have done before. The time has not arrived for a break. Nobody knows when the first Christian ceased from joining in the services of the temple, and observing the great feasts, as well as the routine of smaller ordinances. In the somewhat parallel case of our days, Dr. Pusey, to the end, remained in his practice a Berkshire country clergyman, while his disciples have thought nothing too quaint or too recondite for revival. Not long ago he claimed special weight for his advice to Mr. Pelham Dale to resist the judgment of the court given against him, and petitioned the Queen to override the authority of the judge and let him go without the required submission, on the very ground that he was not himself a Ritualist, and therefore, presumably, an impartial adviser.

It is true enough Dr. Pusey has ever been apt to let things about him go on as they are. It would be worth the while of a tourist to look in at Pusey Church and see whether baptism is still administered from an earthenware basin, with a large cat, the crest of the family, depicted inside, for so it was half a century ago. Nothing will now satisfy the true Churchman, in the absence of a baptistery, but a font of marbles and mosaics, ascended by steps, and surmounted with a towering cover. On the other hand, indifferent as Dr. Pusey might be to these matters of detail, he has always stood by his adherents, often as
he must have lamented their zealous indiscretion. They have always found in him the deepest sympathy in respect of the grievances which are apt to take most hold on clerical natures. The Church of the Fathers was his province; and had he concerned his taste or his reputation, we will venture to say he would not willingly have gone out of it. He would cheerfully have devoted the whole of his life to the mysteries of the Real Presence and the Eucharistic Sacrifice; the inspiration of Scripture; the hidden meanings of the Sacred Text, especially where the significance has hitherto evaded exact determination.

But he found himself the head of a great and even powerful party. The chance, for such it was, that gave his name to it was prophetic. Newman retired and seceded. Keble retired into country life and died. Many of the second rank retired, or passed away. Pusey remained—strong, energetic, glad to be challenged, not a pleasant customer for the most adroit logomachist, and beginning to be tolerably wide in the range of his interest. The cessation of his part in the Tracts for the Times and subsequently of his relations to Newman, in respect of the movement, has been briefly stated by the latter in the celebrated publication already quoted, and could have been stated in even fewer words. Dr. Pusey just held his ground and remained what he had been, as Newman, indeed, always expected he would do. He refused to believe, what at length he was told by all about him, that Newman was merely meditating a sacrifice to Rome. The latter wished him to be told it, as a fact; but somehow, it is not very clear why, shrank himself from telling him. Strange it was, that the greatest master of the English language, living or even dead one might almost say, could not tell a very intimate friend and fellow-worker a truth then most important to both of them. At last he wrote some letters with an expressed wish that they should be shown to Pusey. The rest must be in Newman's own words:

"On receiving these letters, my correspondent, if I recollect rightly, at once communicated the matter of them to Dr. Pusey, and this will enable me to state, as nearly as I can, the way in which my changed state of opinion was made known to him.

"I had from the first a great difficulty in making Dr. Pusey understand such differences of opinion as existed between himself and me. When there was a proposal about the end of 1838 for a subscription for a Cranmer Memorial, he wished us both to
subscribe together to it. I could not, of course, and wished him to subscribe by himself. That he would not do; he could not bear the thought of our appearing to the world in separate positions in a matter of importance. And, as time went on, he would not take any hints which I gave him on the subject of my growing inclination to Rome. When I found him so determined, I often had not the heart to go on. And then I knew that, from affection to me, he so often took up and threw himself into what I said, that I felt the great responsibility I should incur if I put things before him just as I might view them. And, not knowing him so well as I did afterwards, I feared lest I should unsettle him. And, moreover, I recollected well how prostrated he had been with illness in 1832, and I used always to think that the start of the movement had given him a fresh life. I fancied that his physical energies even depended on the presence of a vigorous hope and bright prospects for his imagination to feed upon; so much so, that when he was so unworthily treated by the authorities of the place in 1843, I recollect writing to the late Mr. Dodsworth to state my anxiety lest, if his mind became dejected in consequence, his health would suffer seriously also. These were difficulties in my way; and then, again, another difficulty was, that, as we were not together under the same roof, we only saw each other at set times; others, indeed, who were coming in or out of my rooms freely, and as there might be need at the moment, knew all my thoughts easily; but for him to know them well, formal efforts were necessary. A common friend of ours broke it all to him in 1841, as far as matters had gone at that time, and showed him clearly the logical conclusions which must lie in propositions to which I had committed myself; but somehow or other, in a little while his mind fell back into its former happy state, and he could not bring himself to believe that he and I should not go on pleasantly together to the end. But that affectionate dream needs must have been broken at last; and two years afterwards, that friend to whom I wrote the letters which I have just now inserted, set himself, as I have said, to break it. Upon that I, too, begged Dr. Pusey to tell in private to any one he would that I thought in the event I should leave the Church of England. However, he would not do so; and at the end of 1844 had almost relapsed into his former thoughts about me, if I may judge from a letter of his which I have found. Nay, at the Commemoration of 1845,
a few months before I left the Anglican Church, I think he said about me to a friend, 'I trust after all we shall keep him.'"

The truth is, these two men, from the beginning of the movement to the memorable year 1846, were working with unremitting industry and extreme concentration of mind on two divergent lines. It is not impossible that each was so absorbed in his work that he could not, or at least did not, address himself to the problem how long their surviving shadow of agreement and co-operation could last. It is not too much to suppose that each of them was pursuing his own course quite as uninterruptedly and unwaveringly as if the other had no existence at all, Newman as if there was no Pusey, and Pusey as if the Cardinal had been one of the wonders of the seventeenth century instead of the nineteenth. Newman's secession, however, when at last he took a sorrowful parting with Pusey and other friends at the residence of the Radcliffe Observer, made a great difference in Pusey's position. He was now the head of the movement, the champion of the doctrines for which Laud died and the non-jurors gave up all their portion in this life. It was he, now, and he alone, that had to be consulted at every emergency, and that had to advise the numerous class that flock to every oracle to be encouraged in their own ways. The system had been binary; there now was but one centre of attraction. Dr. Pusey gladly accepted all the responsibilities and all the labours of the new situation. His works, in the massive and voluminous sense of the word, show days and nights of incessant toil. Nevertheless, he was always prepared when "called on" to do battle for his cause and opinions. Our own columns have borne testimony to his constant readiness to join issue on fit occasion and with meet foe. Any such question as Church and State, royal supremacy, marriage after divorce or with a deceased wife's sister, was sure to bring him out. His letters to this journal extended over all the latter part of his life and were continued to its close. It was only the other day that, with the hand of death upon him, he claimed in our columns sympathy for an imprisoned ritualist.

He seems to have taken care, at the beginning of the great movement, to ascertain the points on which he could and would make a stand—thus far and no farther. He never surrendered ground once grasped for more than he could hold. People
forget the battles he has had to fight while they see the triumph of his cause in some thousand churches in this land. There was a period when Miss Sellon's case filled the papers—examination after examination, letter after letter, bulky pamphlets and bulkier replies. Few people would now be able to recall what it was all about, and we have no wish to help them. Dr. Pusey has always stood to the lady, who naturally enjoyed persecution under such patronage, and he has continually acted as director, if not chief supporter, of Miss Sellon's establishment.

Young England of the clerical type is sure to do even more than justice to the chivalrous, obstinate, and thorough-going. Twenty years ago Dr. Pusey had become the most popular man in the Church of England. He was not a bishop, and had to keep nobody in order; nay, for the matter of that, he might be allowed to enjoy a little disorder. He was not a Church Commissioner and had to mulct nobody, and deny nobody's prayer. He was not a great patron, and had not to make ten men enemies and one man ungrateful. He was known to care nothing for money. Such was Pusey's hold upon the heart of thousands. He had only to show himself at any meeting of clergy, and all rose as to a patriarch. At the Church Congresses his name elicited vociferous welcomes. The Englishman, whether he be lay or clerical, is not much in the habit of calculating what a course will lead to. He likes it, and takes his chance of the sequel. Mediaevalism pushed to the utmost extent of toleration, and evidently minded to go farther if possible, has won innumerable hearts among the wealthy, the intellectual, the young, and the fair; but it is plainly a divergence from the prevailing taste of the country, and incompatible with the state of things implied in the union of the Church with the State. It can only lead to great troubles of one kind or another, which the successes and triumphs of the hour may hide from the gaze, but cannot avert in the end or stave off very long. Such has been the career of an undoubtedly good and great man. The public feels a commendable interest in knowing in what circumstances such a man has fought his life's battle. It may be still said that in this country we are men first, theologians or politicians afterwards.

Dr. Pusey became a widower in 1839. Besides two daughters he had a son, who for many years seemed likely to succeed to the Pusey estates. Though infirm of body, the younger Pusey
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was a person of considerable ability and learning. Besides some independent authorship, he largely assisted his father in his works. He died a few years since. Dr. Pusey has had several severe illnesses, almost unto death, recovering seemingly more by mental energy than by any of nature's resources, for he was immediately at his work again. Private life and even official duty yield many long and unchanging careers. Dr. Pusey's home has been the seat of a working laboratory at high drive and the centre of a raging warfare for more than half a century, and he has been the same all through to the end. From his castle-like eminence he has seen the nineteenth century passing by, himself as great a figure as any in the pageant. If Cranmer was the most conspicuous ecclesiastical personage in the sixteenth century, Laud in the seventeenth, and it is hard to say who in the eighteenth, then no one could dispute with Dr. Pusey the honour of giving his name to the great Anglican reaction of the nineteenth. Nomenclature is apt to be precarious and even haphazard. Our continents, new or old, are not so much named as misnamed. Yet named they are, and there is now no help for it. By the concurrence of an infinite number of witnesses, Dr. Pusey is the nominal founder of the existing phase of the Church of England. As Regius Professor of Hebrew, he has seen every English see filled and filled again. He has seen an incessant warfare of controversy, litigation, and rival demonstrations. He has heard of more hostile charges than man could remember or read. But he has seen all sides agree in acknowledging Dr. Pusey to be the author of this restoration or of this corruption. It is he that has scattered blessings over the land, or curses. Half the English theological world has reverenced him as a saint, risen whenever he has shown himself, and pronounced even his name with bated breath; half have found no charge or insinuation too bad for him. It is Dr. Pusey who has been the Reformer or the Heresiarch of the century.
By the death of the Primate, the Church of England, as well as the whole Anglican community scattered throughout the world, has lost something more than a titular chief. It has lost the example of a genial and lofty character united to the mature powers of a keen and cultivated intellect; it has lost the leadership of one who was untiring in all good works, comprehensive in charity, tolerant in opinion, and singularly fair to all opponents; above all, it has lost the guidance of a firm and temperate judgment, never vehement, never hasty, and very seldom at fault, such as is oftener, perhaps, associated with eminence in civil affairs than with the Primacy of the Anglican Communion. Dr. Tait will long be remembered as a worthy occupant of the archiepiscopal throne, not because he magnified his office, but because he administered it with unfailing good sense, never pandering to ecclesiastical pride, and always striving to infuse his own mitis sapientia and judicial moderation into the government of the Church.

Dr. Tait was a Scotchman of Presbyterian parentage, and the fact has a direct bearing on his ecclesiastical character and career. To it he doubtless owed that broad comprehensiveness which some narrow theologians were inclined to censure as latitude, but which, at any rate, enabled him to do justice and to extend his sympathies towards the religious communities of the United Kingdom which do not recognise the authority of the Established Church. Probably no Primate ever lived on such friendly terms with Nonconformity—terms which, though they fostered charity and good feeling, never did anything to
compromise his own position or that of his Church. Certainly no Primate ever realised so fully the essential unity of the greater Anglican communion and its catholic function in the modern world, and none ever strove more earnestly to compose and adjust the minor differences of parties within his own immediate jurisdiction. Such a man can ill be spared and will be not at all easy to replace. His character and qualities would have marked him for eminence in any calling in life. They enabled him to succeed Arnold at Rugby and Blomfield in the See of London and not to suffer by the comparison. In the See of Canterbury it was, perhaps, more easy to surpass his immediate predecessors. For the last century and a half the Archbishops of Canterbury have, with a few exceptions, been men of moderate abilities and commonplace qualities. But over the See of London have presided a Gibson, a Compton, a Porteus, a Lowth, and a Blomfield, and with each of these, as well as with our Howleys, Summers, and Longleys, the late Archbishop’s name will be handed down as one who has not only helped to keep up the dignity of the Episcopal and Archiepiscopal office among us, but even to render it illustrious.

In the early years of George III., when Lord Bute was Prime Minister, it would have seemed nothing strange to see a Scotchman walk southwards from Edinburgh and rise by rapid steps to the See of London or even of Canterbury. But Archibald Campbell Tait was born long after the time when the star of the Butes was in the ascendant; and he has afforded a rare instance of a man born north of the Tweed, and of Presbyterian parentage, taking his seat on the Bishops’ Bench in the House of Peers. He was born in Edinburgh on the 22nd of December 1811, the youngest son of the late Mr. Craufurd Tait, of Harviestoun, in the county of Clackmannan, a gentleman who did good service in his day as the fosterer of education and of scientific agriculture in his neighbourhood; his mother was Susan, fourth daughter of the late Sir Islay Campbell, sometime Lord President of Scotland.

Like most of the sons of the gentry of Scotland, he received his early education in “Modern Athens” at the Edinburgh Academy, then under the charge of the late Archdeacon Williams, a man of a very wide range of learning and scholarship, who is still remembered for his contributions to Homeric literature. Removing thence about the year 1827 to the University of
Glasgow, he completed his youthful education, and obtained in 1830 a “Snell” Exhibition, with which he went to Balliol College, Oxford. A story is told, we believe on the authority of the late Dean of Westminster, that when young Tait first went up to Balliol and called on Dr. Jenkyns, at that time Master of the College, the Master said to him, “Well, Mr. Tait, what have you come to Oxford for?” “To improve myself, sir, and to make friends,” was the reply of the future Archbishop of Canterbury. The answer was prophetic, for Tait’s career at Oxford was a brilliant one, and many of his Oxford friendships lasted throughout his life, and retained a singular warmth of affection on both sides. He was elected to an open Scholarship at Balliol, and he took his B.A. degree in 1833, when he obtained a first class in the School of Literæ Humaniiores, one of his examiners being Dr. Moberly, the present Bishop of Salisbury. Shortly afterwards he was elected to a Fellowship at Balliol and in due time he became Tutor and Dean, taking his M.A. degree in 1836. He examined twice in the School of Literæ Humaniiores, in 1841 and 1842, and in 1843, shortly after he had quitted Oxford for Rugby, he was appointed a Select Preacher. His eminence and success as a Tutor of Balliol—a college which Jenkyns and an able staff were pushing to the foremost place, which it still occupies, in the University—were considerable, as measured by the academical standard of his time. His “Logic Lectures” especially, as well as his “Catechetical Lectures” delivered in chapel, were, and are, gratefully remembered by many an old Balliol man who had the privilege of hearing them delivered.

Tait was a man who always rose to the requirements of the post he occupied. In the old days of Oxford, when a gentleman and a good Churchman was considered fully qualified for any academical post, it was something of an experiment to appoint a young Scotchman of Presbyterian extraction to the Tutorship of an important college. He had not then acquired that bland geniality of address and demeanour which gave him in later life so strong a hold on all persons with whom he was brought into contact, and his Scottish stiffness placed him at some disadvantage in comparison with older tutors who were certainly his inferiors in intellect and attainments. At Rugby, again, he had to follow Arnold, and neither his colleagues nor his pupils were disposed at first to regard him as the equal of his great
predecessor. But both at Oxford and Rugby Tait succeeded, in spite of such disadvantages, by dint of earnestness and industry, by straightforwardness and good sense, and by his national habit, early acquired and never abandoned, of doing to the utmost all that he had to do. It was not merely at Oxford, but throughout his whole life, that he strove "to improve himself and to make friends." At Oxford, Rugby, Carlisle, London, and Canterbury he was always improving himself, always advancing to the height of the positions he was successively called upon to occupy; and he never lost the friends whom he made throughout each portion of his career.

In the spring of 1841 the name of Mr. Tait, who at that time had become Senior Tutor of Balliol, was brought somewhat prominently before the world as one of the "Four Tutors" who publicly protested against the principles of interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles laid down by John Henry Newman, in his celebrated Tract for the Times No. 90, and so threw down the gauntlet to the Tractarian party, then just at the zenith of its power and popularity at Oxford. The publication of Tract 90 marked the crisis of the "Oxford Movement." It created a storm in the Church and the nation at large, the like of which has not been witnessed since, and though the movement itself was one which strove, as its leader avowed, to stem the tide of "Liberalism," it may be doubted whether a stroke more powerful in its indirect and ultimate results was ever struck in favour of freedom of thought than the publication of Tract 90. Dr. Newman's object was to show that the Thirty-nine Articles were susceptible of a Roman or quasi-Roman interpretation; in many points he was successful, in others his subtle dialectical skill overshot the mark.

But the net result of the whole controversy has been to bring to light and lay stress upon the historical fact that the Thirty-nine Articles are, and were originally meant to be, articles of peace, conciliation, and inclusion rather than a dogmatic and exclusive statement of the differences between England and Rome. Whether by inadvertence or intention, the framers of the Articles had given to them this ambiguous character. "Mr. Newman," says Mr. Oakeley, one of the historians of the movement, who was himself carried by it to Rome, "appeared to avoid all imputations on the honesty of the English Reformers. He supposed them to have been rather diplomatic
than dishonest. He spoke of the Articles as the same sort of compromise as would result from two very different parties having to draw up a petition to Parliament, or other such public document, in which each side would have to secure a certain recognition of its own views by insisting largely upon the use of an ambiguous phraseology." "Rather diplomatic than dishonest"—the expression aptly defines the purpose of the writer of Tract 90. He would economise, minimise, and strictly define. Whatever of Romish doctrine was not excluded in set terms he would show to be constructively included. His purpose was poles asunder from that of the Jesuit writers who had treated the Articles in something of the same fashion. They strove so to interpret the formulæ as to gain a clandestine entrance into a community they were sworn to destroy; his endeavour was to retain within the Church to which they belonged, and to which they would fain be loyal, men whom the bare letter of the Articles seemed to exclude. His primary purpose failed; he succeeded only in showing the way to Rome, and before long he was treading it himself. But once for all he destroyed the exclusive character of the Articles and demonstrated the insufficiency of traditional methods of interpreting them. By a singular irony of fate, the liberty which he had conquered—for he was never formally condemned—was, before many years had passed, claimed and claimed in vain by one of his earliest assailants.

All this we can see clearly enough now. But the whole matter showed itself in quite another aspect to those among whom Tract 90 was thrown like a bombshell in the spring of 1841. "It is a fact," says the writer whom we have already quoted, "though almost an incredible one, that Mr. Newman was totally unprepared for the reception which this most remarkable essay encountered both in the University and throughout the country. . . . He most conscientiously believed that the interpretation of the Articles which he proposed, however new and however little consistent, in some parts at least, with their prima facie aspect, was yet fairly attributable to them; and he expressed the greatest surprise when a friend, to whom he showed his Tract previously to publication, gave it as his opinion (entirely borne out by the result) that it would completely electrify the University and the Church. . . . Tract 90 had not been out many days
before the University of Oxford was in a fever of excitement. It was bought with such avidity that the very presses were taxed almost beyond their powers to meet the exigencies of the demand. Edition followed edition by days rather than by weeks; and it was not very long before Mr. Newman, as I have heard, realised money enough, by the sale of this shilling pamphlet, to purchase a valuable library. If, during the month which followed its appearance, you had happened to enter any common-room in Oxford between the hours of six and nine in the evening, you would have been safe to hear some ten or twenty voices eloquent on the subject of Tract 90. If you had happened to pass two heads of houses or tutors of colleges strolling down High Street in the afternoon, or returning from their walk over Magdalen Bridge, a thousand to one but you would have caught the words 'Newman' and 'Tract 90.' Nor was it many days before action was taken upon the question. Four gentlemen, tutors of their respective colleges, came forward as the representatives of the great body of their order with a manifesto, in the course of which they stated that they were at a loss to see what security would remain were the principles of the Tract generally recognised; that the most plainly erroneous doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome might now be inculcated in the lecture-rooms of the University and from the pulpits of our churches.'

Such is the story narrated by a contemporary witness and actor. The four tutors were Mr. Churton, of Brasenose; Mr. H. B. Wilson, of St. John's; Mr. Griffiths, of Wadham; and Mr. Tait, of Balliol. Their protest was followed within a few days by a formal declaration of the Hebdomadal Board, which at that time consisted exclusively of the heads of houses, together with the two proctors as the representatives of the body of residents. But the author of the Tract was never formally condemned for writing it. The protest of the four tutors was personal and individual, and derived whatever public character it had from the statutory obligation then imposed upon all tutors of giving their pupils instruction in the formularies of the Church of England. The declaration of the Hebdomadal Board had no executive validity; it could only have taken effect if the Board had followed up its issue by proposing in Convocation that Mr. Newman should either be deprived of his degree or be suspended from his academical
functions of teaching and preaching. But this machinery of condemnation, which was subsequently set in motion against Dr. Pusey and Mr. Ward, was never applied to the author of Tract 90. Dr. Bagot, the easy-going Bishop of the diocese in which Newman was a beneficed clergyman, sent him a message, stating that in his opinion the Tracts for the Times were doing mischief and ought to be given up. Newman promptly obeyed his ecclesiastical superior, and Tract 90 was the last of a memorable series.

With the subsequent history of the Tractarian movement Dr. Tait had no very direct relations; he left Oxford for Rugby in the following year, and by the time he became Bishop of London, Tractarianism was practically dead and Ritualism had taken its place. In Macmillan's Magazine for October there was published a graceful essay from his pen, suggested by Mr. Mozley's Reminiscences, and written very shortly before his last illness, which contains reflections on the movement and its results, softened, no doubt, by the lapse of time, and certainly mellowed by the growth of experience. Of the four tutors, Mr. Churton is long since dead; Mr. Griffiths became Warden of Wadham in succession to Dr. Symons, a conspicuous Evangelical leader, and though he resigned the Wardenship a year ago he is still resident in Oxford, where he holds the post of Keeper of the Archives. Mr. Wilson — whose Bampton Lectures were long remembered in Oxford for their reach of thought and grandeur of style — was afterwards a contributor to Essays and Reviews. It is one of the revenges of time that the tutor whose pen may have drafted the protest against Newman's latitude — at any rate, it was he who subsequently explained and defended it in a published letter addressed to Mr. Churton — was many years afterwards himself the defendant in a prolonged prosecution for heresy.

In June 1842 the sudden death of Dr. Arnold caused a vacancy in the Headmastership of Rugby School, and Mr. Tait was chosen as Arnold's successor against a very formidable field of competitors. The appointment at the time was regarded as about the best that could be made; for, although Mr. Tait was not a great "scholar" in the narrow and restricted sense in which that term was formerly understood at Oxford, yet he was well known for his broad and powerful attainments in the almost more important field of "science"; in his knowledge of
"logic" and "rhetoric," and in acquaintance with the Ethics of Aristotle, he was surpassed by none in the University. Besides this, he had shown great administrative capacities as Dean and Tutor of his College; while his experience of young men was as great as his knowledge of the world—a point in which Oxford Dons are not always pre-eminent. The appointment was fully justified by its results. A list of his pupils at Rugby would include many eminent names; among them may be mentioned the present Earl of Derby and M. Waddington, late Prime Minister of France, who entered at Rugby in 1841. To follow after a master so efficient and so liked as Thomas Arnold was in itself no easy task; but to have succeeded, as Dr. Tait did, in the management of Rugby School was a sufficient proof of his possession of that practical wisdom and those elements of personal popularity which justified his subsequent advancement to still higher posts.

Shortly after his appointment to the Headmastership of Rugby, Dr. Tait became engaged to be married to Miss Catharine Spooner, daughter of Archdeacon Spooner, vicar of Elmdon, and niece of Mr. Richard Spooner, for many years one of the members of Parliament for Warwickshire. The marriage took place in the summer of 1843 and the union was one of singular happiness, but also of the severest trial. Mrs. Tait was the partner of all her husband's labours at Rugby and at Carlisle, in London, at Lambeth, and at Canterbury. Her life has been written partly by her own hand, in the touching and tragic account which she wrote for her surviving children of the deaths of five of her daughters at Carlisle in the spring of 1856, partly in the brief and feeling memoir written by the Archbishop himself, and partly in the memorials collected at the request of the Archbishop after her death in 1878 by the Rev. William Benham and published in the well-known volume entitled Catharine and Craufurd Tait. The domestic life of the Archbishop was one of singular beauty both in its joys and in its sorrows, and the latter, which were heavy, were borne with manly fortitude and Christian resignation. He has survived his only son by a little more than four years, and his own death has occurred within a day or two of the fourth anniversary of that of his wife. The heavy bereavement of his later years never interfered with the faithful discharge of the duties of his high station; but since the death of Mrs. Tait his
advancing years and growing infirmities had compelled him to husband his failing strength and to live in comparative retirement, as if he was patiently waiting his own release. He always felt that his life hung by a slender thread, and therefore when his last illness came he was the least surprised and the least disconcerted of all the inmates of his palace.

At Rugby Dr. Tait was an intensely hard worker—so hard, indeed, that before he had been there more than six or seven years his work began to tell seriously on his health, and brought on a dangerous attack of rheumatic fever, from the constitutional effects of which he never entirely recovered. His disregard of personal ease and his eager love of labour were known and felt powerfully among old and young Rugbeians, who, like all other Englishmen, and especially public-school men, are apt to honour and respect "thoroughness" in those who are set over them far above all mere intellectual qualities. In 1850 he accepted from the Government of Lord John Russell the Deanery of Carlisle, a post which it was thought and hoped would afford him some rest and respite after his labours at Rugby.

But rest and indolence were not to the taste of Dr. Tait. No sooner had the fair northern city welcomed his arrival than its people became aware that a real hard worker had come to it. The establishment of a daily service, the increased efficiency of the schools of the place, and the frequent presence of the new Dean in the abodes of the poor made it evident that, whatever might be the opinion of other men, at all events Dr. Tait did not regard a Deanery as only another name for a well-paid sinecure. For six years he remained at Carlisle; and there he lost within a few weeks five of his young children from scarlet fever, the infection of which he was supposed to have carried to the Deanery from the bedside of some sick man or woman whom he was visiting.

From the Deanery of Carlisle to the Bishopric of London was a great step. But the promotion had not been unearned. While holding his Deanery, Dr. Tait had taken an active part in the proceedings of the first Oxford University Commission, and it is well known that next to the late Bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Jeune) he had the largest hand in the preparation of the Commissioners' Report. In the summer of 1856 Dr. Blomfield obtained leave to resign the See of London, and a Royal congé d'élire was issued recommending the Very Rev. Archibald Camp-
bell Tait as a fit and proper person to be elected by the Chapter in his room. The offer of the see was conveyed to Dr. Tait by Lord Palmerston, who was Prime Minister at the time; but it is understood that the appointment was made at the direct suggestion of the Queen.

No sooner was his consecration over than he made it plain to all men that he had but enlarged his sphere of usefulness. The hard-working Dean did not settle down into an easy-going Bishop of the dilettante or drawing-room type. To the astonishment of all that loved respectability and routine, he made his presence felt in various out-of-the-way places, now preaching in omnibus yards, now visiting the sick wards of some metropolitan hospital, now penning a summons to the faithful, both clergy and laity, to make a noble and united effort on behalf of the spiritual destitution of that great city which is the centre of his diocese. For his spirited efforts to carry the light of the Gospel into the dark dwellings of the poor of London, and to secure the erection of at least one place of worship in each district of every parish of London, and, above all, for the plain-spoken zeal with which he placed this work as a duty—neither more nor less—before the wealthy classes of this great metropolis, he deserved and secured the gratitude of all religious men, whatever their opinions might be, excepting, perhaps, a few hot-headed partisans of the extreme High Church School. The result of his Lordship's appeal to the wealthier classes of the metropolis was the commencement of a large annual subscription called the Bishop of London's Fund, which in the first five years of its existence had raised a sum of nearly £350,000 for the erection of churches, schools, and parsonages in the poorer suburbs of the metropolis; had called into being above seventy new districts, which have rapidly developed into separate and endowed parishes; and, to say nothing of a whole army of scripture readers and "mission women," had the effect of adding some hundred clergymen to the permanent working staff of the diocese, before the elevation of its author to the archiepiscopal chair.

The episcopal duties of hospitality were not forgotten amid the sterner occupations of the See of London. Mrs. Tait, who shared and seconded all her husband's labours as only a true woman can—never putting herself unduly forward, never interfering in matters that did not concern her, but making her life a part of his and filling it with occupations congenial to her
character and station — was indefatigable in her efforts to promote a kindly social intercourse between the Bishop and his clergy. Her garden-parties at Fulham, at which the clergy of the whole diocese were wont to assemble, were made by her the pleasantest and not the least valuable characteristics of Dr. Tait’s episcopate. They were thoroughly friendly gatherings, where every one was made to feel at ease, and where gaiety and wit were not unwelcome even if bishops themselves were sometimes taken for a butt. The story of the emu which was sent to the Bishop from Australia is no doubt well known, but it is good enough to bear repetition. At one of these pleasant gatherings, says Mr. Benham, the emu was turned out into the meadows to be inspected by the guests; but the cows resented the intrusion and gave chase to the unfortunate bird. “Halloa,” exclaimed Dean Milman excitedly, “there goes Colenso, and all the bishops after him.” It was on the same day that the Dean saw Bishops Wilberforce and Villiers into a cab together as they drove off to attend some meeting. He approached them as they started, and with much solemnity of manner whispered, “See that ye fall not out by the way!”

In 1868 Archbishop Longley died and the Bishop of London was appointed his successor. In 1862 he had been offered the Archbishopric of York by Lord Palmerston and had declined it by the advice of his wife. “This,” says the Archbishop himself, “was before the organisation of the Bishop of London’s Fund, and at that time I was in more vigorous health, and much work in London to which my strength was equal seemed to lie before me. The offer of the Archbishopric of Canterbury presented none of the difficulty which must have attended a migration from London to York.” The offer was made by Mr. Disraeli during his first brief tenure of the Premiership, and the selection has always been held to have done great credit to his sagacity and freedom from party predilections in the exercise of ecclesiastical patronage. It is probable, moreover, that the Queen’s personal preference was again exercised in favour of Dr. Tait. In any case, Mr. Disraeli made a good choice, as the career of the Archbishop has abundantly proved. He chose a man who was well fitted to guide the Church with unfailing moderation and good sense, even though he might often be found voting on the side opposed to the Premier who appointed him.

The first measure of importance on which, after his installa-
tion as Archbishop of Canterbury, the new Primate had to give counsel was the disestablishment of the Irish Church—a measure of which he reluctantly acknowledged the political necessity and in respect of which he accordingly strove to act as mediator between the two parties, though he considered that it was not politic to oppose it. A hasty visit to Scotland, where the first Scottish-born Archbishop of Canterbury received a hearty welcome, and a sudden and sharp illness were notable incidents in the first year of his archiepiscopal life. There was no "Suffragan Bishop" then for him to rely upon, and hard work told with terrible effect on a constitution which the labours of the See of London had seriously impaired.

One of the first works of the new Archbishop, aided by his noble-hearted wife, was the erection of St. Peter's Orphanage, in the Isle of Thanet, where his Grace had lately purchased a country residence. In 1870 the Archbishop was relieved of some portion of his heaviest duties by the appointment of a Suffragan Bishop of Dover, in the person of Archdeacon Parry; and a winter spent in the North of Italy contributed largely to the re-establishment of his health.

The rest of the career of the Archbishop, though his lot was cast in troublous times of controversy, was, for the most part, uneventful. Its history is recorded in his three quadrennial charges, the last of which was delivered in 1880. In his place in the House of Lords or in Convocation, he was always the same consistent advocate of all necessary toleration in lesser matters, the same censurer of harsh and irritating measures, whether against Roman Catholics or Nonconformists, and the constant counsellor of charity and peace. When the religious world was convulsed by the appointment of Dr. Temple to the See of Exeter, the Archbishop used all his influence to calm the storm which arose. It will also be remembered to the credit of his goodness of heart that, much as he disapproved the semi-Romanism of the ultra-Ritualistic school, he did his best to promote legislation which would give a loophole of escape to Mr. Green from his durance in Lancaster Gaol. His charges and pastoral letters sufficiently show the man, advocating as they did a large comprehension of those who would agree to accept the broad principles of the Gospel without insisting on debatable points as essentials. On one subject, however, he wrote plainly, if not sternly—namely, in the cause of temperance. One of the
latest acts of the Archbishop before his illness was to send, through his chaplain, a small contribution to the Salvation Army; whose services he was probably all the more anxious to utilise, in the cause of the poor, on account of the great support which he felt that they gave to the temperance cause, which he had deeply at heart.

In the House of Lords, and in the Upper House of Convocation, too, Archbishop Tait was not an infrequent speaker; and on most practical subjects which bore in any way on the interests of the Established Church he was always listened to with respect. He took a keen interest in the universities, and he spoke with sagacity and authority in the debates of the House of Lords on Lord Salisbury's measures of University reform. In theological controversy he was always moderate and conciliatory, and when he engaged in polemic, as he did in some of his charges, he was careful to state the views of his opponents with rare precision and singular fairness. He had been one of those clergy who published their satisfaction at the decision of the Privy Council in the Gorham case, and from the time when he became a Bishop he exhibited that breadth and liberality of sentiment of which he had given such proofs while Headmaster of Rugby and Dean of Carlisle. The Church of England, he well knew and felt, was designed to be, not narrow, but largely comprehensive, and to embrace within its fold two powerful parties, or, at all events, all men of moderate opinions belonging to two rival schools of thought and teaching, with, perhaps, a large infusion of a third school of religious opinion, men who are inclined to "broad" views and a rigid neutrality. To the extreme Ritualistic school, indeed, he always showed himself a firm opponent, and more than once he had occasion to rebuke with some severity the wearing of coloured stoles and other attempts at gorgeous vestments, the use of which he considered incompatible with an honest adherence to the formularies of the Established Church. In his well-known work on The Dangers and Safeguards of Modern Theology, he laid down earnestly the principle that all controversy ought to be conducted in a Christian spirit of forbearance; and, while strongly and firmly attached to the Articles of the Church, he enforced upon his readers his conviction that "the truths of a living Christian faith can never be made to find their way into reluctant minds through mere protests and negations, far less by the mere
attempt to inflict pains and penalties on those whom we think to be in error."

To these broad and tolerant principles Dr. Tait was true from first to last through his archiepiscopal career, and in the paper to which we have referred above, he speaks with affectionate remembrance of his lifelong intimacy with two of the Tractarian converts to Romanism. The truth is that under a singularly cold and stern exterior the Archbishop wore a very warm and affectionate heart, and this fact was known and appreciated by all who knew him, from the Queen on the throne down to the humblest of the curates in his diocese. Strong as were his convictions against the Romish Church and all Romish and even Romeward tendencies, he never erred against Christian charity in their practical application; and a future age will respect him as no unworthy successor of those who have sat in the chair of St. Augustine before him. The deaths of his son, the Rev. Cranfurth Tait, not many months after his appointment to the vicarage of Notting Hill, and afterwards of Mrs. Tait, who had been for more than a quarter of a century the partner of all his cares, and, it may be said, of half his labours, told terribly on the health of the affectionate and home-loving man, whose heart beat so warmly and tenderly under the archiepiscopal purple. He never recovered the blow, and during his last illness, which he bore with patience and composure, as he had borne the heavy trials of his life, he more than once expressed his weariness of life and his perfect readiness to obey the final summons.

Dr. Tait was the ninety-second occupant of the See of Canterbury, reckoning from the first arrival of St. Augustine, and the twenty-third in succession from the first Protestant Archbishop, Matthew Parker. According to Sir Harris Nicolas, "the Archbishop is accounted Primate and Metropolitan of All England and is the first Peer in the realm, having precedence of all Dukes not of the Blood Royal and of all the great officers of state. He is styled 'His Grace,' and he styles himself officially Archbishop of Canterbury Divinâ Providentia, whereas the prelates of his province are styled bishops Divinâ Permissione. At coronations it is his duty and privilege to place the crown upon the Sovereign's head; and, wherever the Court may be, the King and Queen are the proper domestic parishioners of the Archbishop. The Bishop of London is accounted his Provincial
Dean, the Bishop of Winchester his Sub-Dean, the Bishop of Lincoln his Chancellor, and the Bishop of Rochester his Chaplain." It may be added, on the same authority, that the See of Canterbury has given to the Church no less than eighteen saints; to the Church of Rome nine Cardinals; and to the civil state of England twelve Lord Chancellors, four Lord Treasurers, and one Chief Justice.

The see is generally said to be valued in the King's books at £2816 a year; but in the good old days, before the Ecclesiastical Commission, the income was probably ten times that amount, though it varied from year to year. It is now fixed at £15,000 with the palaces of Addington and Lambeth. The diocese of Canterbury includes nearly the whole of Kent, except the Deanery of Rochester and a few suburban parishes, and also the parishes of Addington and Croydon, in Surrey. The Archbishop, as such, enjoys the patronage of between 180 and 190 livings. The province of Canterbury includes twenty-two diocesan sees, exclusive of suffragans—namely, London, Winchester, Bath and Wells, Bangor, Chichester, Ely, Exeter, Gloucester and Bristol, Hereford, Lichfield, Lincoln, Llandaff, Norwich, Oxford, Peterborough, Rochester, St. Albans, St. Asaph, St. David's, Salisbury, Truro, and Worcester.

The late Prelate was a Privy Councillor, an Official Trustee of the British Museum, a Governor of the Charter House, Visitor of All Souls, Merton, and Keble Colleges, Oxford, of Sion College, of Harrow School, and of Highgate School; President of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and of the National Society; and President of the Council of King's College, London, and of St. Mark's College, Chelsea. For many years he was Visitor of Balliol College, Oxford, a society which enjoys the singular privilege of electing its own Visitor, and exercised it in favour of its former Tutor and Dean.
LEON GAMBETTA

OBITUARY NOTICE, TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1883

Léon Michel Gambetta was born at Cahors on the 3rd of April 1838. His father, who still lives, was a tradesman dealing in crockery; his mother's maiden name was Massabie. Léon's grandfather was a Genoese, who emigrated to France at the beginning of this century; and as his name signifies, in the dialect of Genoa, a liquid measure of two quarts' capacity, it has been supposed that it was conferred upon one of his forefathers as a sobriquet. Léon Gambetta's grandfather was a poor man of no education, and his only son, Léon's father, thought he had done very well for himself when he set up a shop with the small dowry brought him by his wife, Mlle. Massabie. The mother of Léon died while he was a child, and he was indebted for his early teaching to his maternal aunt and to her brother, a priest, who held a small benefice in a village near Cahors.

It was at first intended that Léon should follow his father's trade; but, as he was a boy very apt at learning and fond of books, his uncle and aunt decided that it would be better to put him at the seminary with a view to his ultimately taking holy orders. Léon's father does not seem to have much liked this scheme, for he had no second son who could succeed to his business; but he had a great love for his bright-witted boy, and, having conceived a high respect for his talents, yielded to the pleasing idea that he would some day become an ornament to the Church. This belief may be explained by the fact that Léon was, as a child, ardently religious. When twelve years old, he wrote an ode dedicated to his "patron, St. Léon, and to all the Popes called Léon," and this composition was printed in
the Catholic journal of the diocese. In after years some of his political enemies tried to get hold of a copy, but failed, and published a spurious one, which they gave out for his. It may be remembered that M. Henri Rochefort also began his career as a writer by an ode to the Virgin Mary, published when he was seventeen. In M. Rochefort's case the ode was found and reprinted by Bonapartist journals, to the great indignation of the author, who tried to explain away his youthful opinions, with much unnecessary vituperation of the critics who had recalled them. But M. Gambetta was never so weak. When Cardinal Pecci was elected Pope and chose the title of Leo XIII., M. Gambetta, who was dining with some friends when the news arrived, remarked with a smile, "I ought to be in luck now, for that makes me a new patron; I daresay I should have turned some fine verses on him while I was my uncle's pupil."

The career of Léon Gambetta must continue to exercise over young advocates and journalists the same kind of fascination as that of Napoleon I. does over young officers; and, indeed, the fact that Bonaparte and Gambetta were both of Italian origin, and came to sudden and great power while they were very young, was often quoted to draw a parallel between the two. But there is this difference between Bonaparte and Gambetta, that whereas the latter made his mark in life later by some three or four years than the former, brilliant destinies were prophesied for him, by others besides his relations, when he was still a child. While Bonaparte was a pupil at the school of Brienne, his masters predicted that he would make a poor officer, because he had no aptitude for mathematics; when Gambetta was at the seminary, his tutors foretold that he would make a great figure in life, "but never," they regretfully added, "as a Churchman." The boy began well, but he had evidently no vocation for the strict discipline of the Church; he was too disputatious, not meek enough about taking blows without returning them, and, in short, too headstrong. Anticipating the judgment which M. Grévy passed upon him when he was thirty-three years old, his ecclesiastical masters reported of him that he was un esprit rebelle, turbulent, and they advised his removal to another school.

Young Gambetta was accordingly sent to the lycée—that is, the lay public school—of Cahors, and here he immediately won golden opinions by his cleverness, his industry, and the happy
vivacity of his character. One of the half-yearly bulletins of the lycée, which has been preserved in his family, records that he was “passionate without being vindictive, and proud without arrogance.” In time he became the best Latin scholar at the school and the most proficient in French composition. When he was in his sixteenth year, however, an accident, which destroyed his left eye, quelled for a time the exuberance of his character and suddenly gave a new direction to his studies. Fearing lest he should lose his sight altogether, he set himself to learn the alphabet for the blind, in order that he might read in books with raised letters; he also applied himself to the study of music and the violin. During a whole year he was forbidden to open a book, and in the evenings his aunt, Mlle. Massabie, used to read to him. There were in the house several volumes of the Constitutionnel for the years 1840-42, and it was the boy’s greatest pleasure to hear the Parliamentary debates of those years when Thiers and Guizot were struggling for ascendancy. His aunt, who never tired in devotion to her motherless nephew, whom she loved as a son, could not understand what pleasure he took in listening to long speeches about Egypt and Mehemet Ali, the balance of power, the liberty of the press, etc.; but Thiers’s speeches used to make the boy quite enthusiastic, and it is to this early admiration which he conceived for the chief exponent of Liberal politics under Louis Philippe’s reign that may be attributed much of the loyalty which Gambetta displayed towards Thiers in after-life. He always trusted Thiers, and one day in 1873, when there was a dissension in the office of the République Française as to whether the candidature of M. Barodet for Paris should be supported against that of Count de Rémusat, who was M. Thiers’s nominee, he quoted from memory a passage out of one of Thiers’s speeches and exclaimed, “The man who spoke those words deserves our confidence.”

Eventually Gambetta let himself be persuaded to back up Barodet, but it was against his better judgment, and when the election of M. Barodet, by starting the “Conservative Union,” led to M. Thiers’s downfall, there was something like a storm in the office of the République and the Barodists seceded from the staff. But, returning to Gambetta’s school-days, one may note that his precocious zeal for politics nearly caused his expulsion from the lycée of Cahors. In 1855 M. Fortoul, Minister of Public In-
struction, visited the town, and Gambetta, as the head scholar of the lycée, had to deliver before him an address in Latin. The speech was first revised by the headmaster; but in declaiming it, Gambetta inserted a few unauthorised reflections of his own upon the reign of Tiberius, by whom he pretty clearly designated Napoleon III. What made the matter amusing was that M. Fortoul, who had probably been paying but little attention, patted young Gambetta solemnly on the head at the close of his oration, and said, "Très bien, très bien."

From Cahors Gambetta went to Paris to study law, and he quickly drew the attention of the Imperial police upon himself by acting as ringleader in those demonstrations which the students of the Latin Quarter were accustomed to make in times of public excitement. Peaceful demonstrations they always were, because the police would stand nothing like rioting; but it was something to march at the head of a procession carrying wreaths to the tomb of a Republican, or to lead cabals for hissing off the stage of the Théâtre Français or the Odéon pieces by unpopular writers, like M. Edmond About (for in those days M. About was a Bonapartist).

Gambetta lodged for a time at that famous old-fashioned hostelry for students, the Hôtel Corneille, near the Odéon; and one night when the Emperor and Empress visited the theatre and it was feared that the students might make some disrespectful uproar, he received private notice that if he tried to enter the Odéon he would be arrested. "Well," he said to the friend at court who had brought him the message unofficially, "I was going to the theatre to try and keep order, for I don't want to have a disturbance there, and I think I am the only person having any authority over the students." The friend went away, but returned in about two hours with a clumsy request that Gambetta would go to the theatre and "keep order," a suspicious invitation, which was of course declined.

Gambetta had not exaggerated the influence which he possessed in the student world; it was very great, and at the Café Racine, where he spent a couple of hours every evening, he became the head-centre of an informal literary and political association, whose members were recruited from among the most brilliant pupils of the schools of law and medicine, and from among the artists who studied under Ingres and Delacroix—that is, who belonged to the two crack studios. After he
had got his inscription at the Paris Bar in 1859, Gambetta transferred his custom to the Café Procope, which stands in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, facing the old Théâtre Français, where Beaumarchais's *Mariage de Figaro* was first performed.

Gambetta's enemies have often made fun about his fondness for "draining bocks and spouting" at the Café Procope; but this is absurd, for, under the Empire, young men who wished to exchange ideas, and who had not large apartments at their disposal, could only meet in cafés. Political clubs were not tolerated, and the law as to secret societies, which prohibited persons from assembling to the number of more than twelve for any political purpose, made it very perilous for a reputed Liberal to receive his friends too often at home. At a café men were pretty safe, because the proprietor was held in bail by the police for the good behaviour of his customers; but nothing in the way of speechifying would have been allowed at one of these places, and Gambetta's discourses at the Café Procope were all held in an undertone amid the clinking of dominos and the noise of waiters coming and going.

For two or three years the Procope remained the only noted Opposition café; but just before the general election of 1863, M. Arthur Ranc, an amnestied *déporté* (who had narrowly escaped the guillotine for getting mixed up in a plot against the Emperor's life), converted the Café de Madrid into a headquarters for the rising young men of the Opposition of all shades. It was M. Ranc's plan to band Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans all together against the Empire, and it is a proof of the terrible bitterness of party warfare in those days that M. Ranc, who afterwards became such a devoted friend and adherent of M. Gambetta, at first thought poorly of him for being too Republican—that is, too frank an enemy of the reigning dynasty. He crossed the Seine one evening to hear the young man of whose Liberal fervour he had heard talk, and returned, expressing the opinion "*Cette fougue, ce n'est pas de la politique.*" Gambetta was at this time a handsome man, with dark flowing hair, not curly, but thick and clustering, a somewhat Jewish face, dazzling teeth, and a boisterous voice. For the reasons already explained, he could not talk very loud at the café, but now and then, as he discussed some point in a speech delivered by M. Billault or M. Rouher in the Corps Légitimatif, he would bring his fist down with a sounding thump
on the red marble table, represented by tradition to be that upon which Voltaire had corrected the acting edition of Zaïre, or he would break out into a lusty Homeric laugh, that would startle and confound the spies from the Rue de Jérusalem, of whom there were always one or two in the place disguised as inoffensive bourgeois.

But Gambetta did not spend all his time at the café. By day he worked very busily as secretary to M. Adolphe Crémieux, a staunch Republican, who had been a member of the Provisional Government of 1848, and who had a large practice at the Bar of Paris. The secretary to an eminent French avocat holds a position to which there is nothing analogous at the English Bar. He goes into court with his chief, watches cases for him, and by degrees picks up crumbs of his practice. Before entering M. Crémieux's office Gambetta had served for a while under M. Charles Lachaud, the most eloquent and popular counsel in criminal causes; but Lachaud was a Bonapartist, and this induced his secretary to leave him after a few weeks. Crémieux was of the Jewish faith, and his practice was of two sorts; in the Civil Courts he held briefs in most of the commercial and banking cases to which his co-religionists were parties, while in the Correctional Courts he defended Liberal journalists, who used to come up for trial in batches regularly every Friday. As he was an uncommonly hard worker, it used to be said of him that he took the press cases for relaxation; but, advancing in years, the amusement palled upon him, and he soon handed over some of his briefs to his secretary. Gambetta's first public speech was delivered in 1861 in defence of the Marquis Le Guillois, a nobleman of facetious humour, who edited a comic newspaper called Le Hanneton. He was seized with unexpected nervousness as he began; but before he had stammered out a dozen sentences he was stopped by the presiding judge, who told him mildly that no big words were required in a cause which only involved a fine of 100 francs—"all the less so," added he, "as your client is acquitted."

Gambetta used to say that after this it took him years to recover from the effect of the judge's quiet snub. Like many other young men of talent, he had gone into court expecting to carry everything before him, and had found that the art of forensic pleading is not to be acquired without practice. He did practise most diligently, and the speeches—some thirty in all—
which he delivered in unimportant cases during the next seven years were conspicuous for their avoidance of rhetorical flourish. Adolphe Crémieux had cautioned him that the secret of oratory lies in mastering the subject of one's discourse—"Don't try gymnastic feats until you have a firm platform to spring from," —a maxim which a conceited young man, impatient of results, might have despised, but which commended itself to an ambitious man who felt that, although a chance comes to all, it is an important point to be prepared for the chance when it does come. A plutocrat once asked Horace Vernet to "do him a little thing in pencil" for his album. Vernet did the little thing and asked 1000 francs for it. "But it only took you five minutes to draw," exclaimed the man of wealth. "Yes, but it took me thirty years to learn to do it in five minutes," replied Vernet. And so Gambetta, when some one remarked that he was very lucky in having conquered renown by a single speech, broke out impetuously, "I was years preparing that speech—twenty times I wanted to deliver it, but did not feel that I had it here (touching his head), though it palpitated here (thumping his breast) as if it would break my heart."

The speech in question was delivered on the 17th of November 1868, before the notorious Judge Delesvau(x who has been called the Jeffreys of the Second Empire), in defence of Louis Charles Delescluze, editor of the Reveil. The Reveil had started a subscription for erecting a monument to the memory of the Representative Baudin, who was killed at the coup d'état of 1851, and the Government unwisely instituted a prosecution against the editor. It was late in the afternoon when the case was called on after a number of others, but the sixth Chamber was crowded with journalists and barristers, as it always was on Fridays, when Delesvaux—a man with hawk-like features and a flaming complexion—would sit "tearing up newspaper articles with beak and talons," as Emile de Girardin said of him. Just before Gambetta rose, Delesvaux observed—"I suppose you have not much to say; so it will hardly be worth while to have the gas lighted." "Never mind the gas, sir, I will throw light enough on this affair," answered Gambetta, and it was amid the laughter produced by this joke that he began. His genius found vent that day, and he spoke from first to last without a halt. Reviewing his client's case, he brought Napoleon III. himself to book, and recalled the circumstances under which
LÉON GAMBETTA

Baudin had died "defending that Republican Constitution which President Louis Bonaparte, in contempt of his oath, had violated." At this, Judge Delesvaux half rose in his seat and endeavoured to stop the speaker, but a positive roar from the whole crowd in court forced him to sit down. It was a sign of the approaching political earthquake that Delesvaux should have sat down in that way; for he was a man of great resolution, but he must have felt then as if the earth were trembling under him. So Gambetta continued to speak, denouncing with unimaginable energy the tyrannies and turpitudes of the reign which had confiscated all the liberties of France, till at last he concluded with this magnificent peroration, which was rendered most solemn by the increasing darkness of the court and the intense, attentive silence of the audience:—"In every country but this you see the people commemorate as a holiday the date which brought the reigning dynasty to the throne. You alone are ashamed of the day which gave you a bloodstained crown—the 2nd of December, when Baudin died! Well, that day which you reject, we Republicans will keep holy. It shall be the day of mourning for our martyrs and the festival of our hopes!"

When Gambetta left the court after this it was felt by all who had heard him that he was the coming man of the Republican party; and next day Opposition journals of every shade of opinion from one end of France to the other acclaimed him as a future leader. To understand Gambetta's success it must be remembered that in 1868 the Imperial system had gradually been losing ground in France, owing in a great measure to the Emperor's increasing infirmities of body and to the death of his most strenuous counsellors, Billault and De Morny. It was seen that Napoleon III.'s hand was growing feeble, and that the objects of his policy were confused. In M. Rouher the Emperor had a Minister who would have done well as a Parliamentary statesman, but who, being slow, cautious, and ponderous in all his ways, was not fitted for ruling such a nation as France with an iron rod.

From 1852 to 1860 the Imperial reign had been terrible, almost ferocious, in its repression of all popular movements towards freedom. In 1860 an attempt was made to conciliate moderate Liberals by a few concessions, but they were grudgingly made. In 1867, De Morny being dead, there was a further instalment of half-hearted reforms, but the disastrous
collapse of the Mexican expedition, and the execution of the
Emperor Maximilian in that year, impaired the prestige of the
Empire; and when, in 1868, Henri Rochefort, under cover of
a new press law, started his Lanterne, he had no difficulty in
turning the dynasty, its ministers, courtiers, achievements, and
all the events that constituted the "Napoleonic legend" into
ridicule. The days of wholesale transportations of men without
trial were at an end; an amnesty had brought back many
hundreds of political prisoners from Cayenne and Lambessa, with
exiles from London, Brussels, and Geneva, and these men were
careering about the country as agitators. The Chambers, again,
no longer held their sittings with closed doors, their debates
were published, electoral meetings were tolerated, and the
Government had parted with its prerogative of suppressing
newspapers by mere official edict. In fact, it had taken to
making war upon Liberalism by petty and vexatious methods—
imprisoning insignificant journalists for short terms in the
mildly-conducted gaol of Ste. Pélagie; trying to check the
circulation of Opposition journals by forbidding them to be sold
in railway stations; stifling debates in the Corps Législatif by
the clôture, and so forth.

On the other hand, the Empire had begun to win over a
certain number of its former opponents, who felt justly enough
that if the Emperor was not met half-way when he made
liberal advances he would inevitably recede, and that there
must then ensue either a new coup d'état or a revolution. Two
members of the famous "Five," who formed the entire Opposition in the Corps Législatif from 1857 to 1863—MM. Emile
Ollivier and Darimon—had gone over; sundry Orleanists were
making their terms with the Government; and Emile de
Girardin, who edited La Liberté, was advocating with much
talent and conviction the formation of an Imperial-Liberal
party which should aim at restoring Parliamentary government
without trying to upset the throne.

M. Gambetta, therefore, came to the front at a time when
the Republicans pure, who would make no peace with the
"Man of December," were in want of new leaders. When he
made his great speech the general election of 1869 was at
hand; he was forthwith invited to stand for Paris and Mar-
seilles, and throwing himself with a veritable furia into the
double electoral contest, he thundered out a series of philippics
in which he declared himself to be an "irreconcilable" and claimed the support of all in whose breasts burned "an unquenchable hatred" of the Empire. He was elected in both constituencies, one of his opponents at Marseilles being M. de Lesseps; but he had so exhausted himself by his round of speeches that he was seized with a throat affection, which prevented him from taking much part in the labours of the session of 1869. On the 2nd of January 1870 the Liberal Ministry of M. Emile Ollivier acceded to office; and Gambetta, who was by that time restored to health, at once joined issue with the Cabinet on the question of confidence. "All that you may give us in the way of reforms we accept," he said; "and we may possibly force you to yield more than you intend, but all you give and all we take we shall use simply as a bridge to carry us over to another form of government."

Indirectly this speech was the cause of all the disasters which fell upon France in that year. It could not be expected that the Emperor should suffer any doubt to subsist as to whether he still enjoyed the confidence of the nation. The Republican Opposition—though they held but twenty seats out of 263 in the Corps Légalatif—talked as if they had the population of all the large cities at their backs. The Emperor resolved to put this assertion to the test by holding a plebiscite; and the result of the national poll taken in May was to give him 7,500,000 votes. But the Opposition got a million and a half of suffrages, and what dismayed the Court most was that 53,000 soldiers out of a standing army of about 200,000 voted against the Emperor. This was a truly alarming sign for a Government which placed so much reliance upon the army as an instrument of coercion at home; and it was promptly decided by the Emperor's unofficial advisers that he must undertake a war in order to recover his authority over the army, and be enabled to cope successfully with the Republican faction. To this scheme M. Emile Ollivier was, of course, no party, as one of its objects was to dismiss him from office; and when in July the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain was seized upon by the war party as a pretext for conflict with Prussia, M. Ollivier could assure the Chamber with perfect good faith that there would be no war if the obnoxious candidature were withdrawn. On the very day before the war was declared, M. Ollivier, who knew
little of what was passing at St. Cloud (where Marshal Lebœuf, Prince Metternich, and M. Conti alone were in the Emperor's confidence), affirmed that he would resign sooner than be responsible for an "aggression" upon Prussia. This was during a dinner-party at his official residence in the Place Vendôme, but, at dessert, he was summoned away to St. Cloud, where the Emperor, or rather the Empress, overcame his scruples so completely that on the following day he stated in the Corps Législatif that he embarked upon the war with a light heart.

Gambetta and the Republicans felt that they had every cause for fear when matters had taken this turn. Relying upon Marshal Lebœuf's assurances that "everything was ready," they saw the prospect of a short sensational campaign like that against Austria in 1859, to be followed by some high-handed stroke of home policy that would sweep most of them into prison or exile. Gambetta could not refrain from bitterly upbraiding Ollivier—"You will find that you have been fooled in all this," he said; "for when the war is over you will be thrown aside like a squeezed orange." "I think my fate will be a happier one than yours, unless you mend your manners," answered Ollivier drily. Three weeks after this, however, everything was changed. The Imperial armies had been beaten at Woerth and Forbach; the Ollivier Cabinet had fallen amid popular execration (hardly deserved); and Gambetta, forced by circumstances into a position of great influence, received a private visit from Madame Bazaine, who prayed him to agitate that her husband might be appointed as the commander-in-chief of the armies. Gambetta was too sincerely patriotic to feel any partisan satisfaction at the reverses which Napoleon III.'s armies had suffered; and in stirring up the Republicans in the Chamber and in the press to clamour for the appointment of Bazaine he believed he was urging the claims of a competent soldier who was being kept from the chief command solely by dynastic jealousies. He was to learn a couple of months later how much he had been mistaken in his estimate of Bazaine's talents and rectitude of purpose; and, indeed, Bazaine's conduct towards Gambetta and the Republicans from first to last was the more inexplicable as it was unquestionably owing to their agitation that he was placed in the high position which he had coveted.
During the three weeks between Forbach and Sedan Gambetta had to take rather exciting precautions to ensure his own safety. He was aware that the Empress-Regent's advisers were urging her to have the leaders of the Opposition arrested, and he felt pretty certain that this course would be adopted if the news of a victory arrived. He used to sleep in a different house every night, and never ventured abroad unattended or without firearms. His position was one of great difficulty, for agents of the Internationale made overtures to him with a view to promote an insurrection in Paris, and he forfeited the confidence of these fanatics by declining to abet their plans. Gambetta was so little desirous of establishing a Republic by revolution that even when the tidings arrived on the night of the 3rd of September of the Emperor's surrender at Sedan, his chief concern was as to how he could get the deposition of Napoleon III. and the Empress-Regent effected by lawful methods. He hastened to M. Thiers's house, and asked him whether he would accept the Presidency of a Provisional Government? Thiers, sitting up in bed, said he was willing, provided that his office was conferred upon him by the Corps Législatif.

Accordingly, Gambetta spent all the morning of Sunday, the 4th of September, whipping up members of the majority, and trying to persuade them to go down to the Palais Bourbon and elect a new Government. But he found most of these gentlemen anxious to get off to the different railway stations as soon as possible in cabs. Going to the Chamber himself towards one o'clock, he was carried through the doors by the surging mob which invaded the palace, and in half an hour he shouted himself quite hoarse in adjuring the crowds from the tribune to let the Assembly deliberate in peace. But while he was literally croaking in his attempts to make the people hear reason, news was brought to him that M. Blanqui and some other adventurous spirits, taking time by the forelock, had repaired to the Hôtel de Ville, and were setting up a Government of their own. Upon this Gambetta precipitately left the palace, jumped into a victoria, and drove to the Hôtel de Ville, amid a mob of several thousands of persons, who escorted him, cheering all the way. Before five o'clock the deputies for Paris, with the exception of M. Thiers, had constituted themselves into a Government, which, at the suggestion of M.
Rochefort, took the name of Government of the National Defence; and M. Gambetta received the appointment of Minister of the Interior. It may be remarked in passing that on the day after these events Judge Delesvaux, fearing, perhaps needlessly, that some of the triumphant Republicans whom he had so often punished would wreak vengeance upon him, committed suicide. On the other hand, Gambetta's client in the Bandin affair—L. C. Delescluze—came to him on the morning of the 5th of September and reproached him with much asperity for not having caused the Empress to be arrested. "We want no rose-water Republicans to rule us," said this honest but gloomy zealot, who was shot a few months later during the extermination of the Commune.

The siege of Paris brought M. Gambetta to the most romantic part of his career. The National Defence Government had delegated two of their members, MM. Crémieux and Glaiz-Bizoin, to go to Tours and govern the provinces, but being both elderly men of weak health they were hardly up to their work; and early in October M. Gambetta was ordered by his colleagues to join them. He had to leave Paris in a balloon, and in going over the German lines nearly met with misadventure through the balloon sinking till it came within range of some marksmen's rifles. He reached Tours in safety, however, and set to work at once with marvellous activity to organise resistance against the invasion. He was ably seconded by M. de Freycinet, and between them these two did all that it was humanly possible to perform; but from the first their task was one of formidable difficulty, and all chances of repelling the Germans from French soil vanished after the shameful capitulation of Bazaine at Metz.

Nevertheless, all who saw M. Gambetta during his proconsulate at Tours will remember with what a splendid energy he worked, how sincerely hopeful he was, and—this must not be forgotten—how uniformly generous and genial. Invested with despotic powers, he never once abused them to molest an opponent. Many Bonapartists trembled lest he should have them arrested, or, by quartering battalions of Mobiles upon them, eat up their substance; but he let them alone, and would never suffer them to be bullied by any placeman under his orders. One of his greatest worries came from the horde of adventurers who besieged his house night and day begging for
contracts, official posts, and commissions, or suggesting plans of campaign for the rout of the enemy. Gambetta at last found out a way of dealing with these cormorants. He used to receive them in a large room full of clerks and officers, he the while seated in his shirt-sleeves, smoking. "Speak up, sir," he used to say, speaking sometimes with a voice like a gong; at other times laughing with Rabelaisian joviality; and by such means he readily put out of countenance men who had only come on foolish business.

In his public harangues, both at Tours and Bordeaux (whither the Provisional Government repaired in December, being driven southward by the German advance), he somehow always managed to electrify his hearers. He spoke from balconies, railway carriages, kerb-stones; wherever he went the people demanded a speech of him, and his words never failed to cheer, while they conquered for him a wide popularity. Indeed, Gambetta so deluded himself while diffusing hope and combativeness into others that when, after a five months' siege, Paris capitulated, he still persisted in thinking that resistance was possible, and rather than take any part in the national surrender he gave in his resignation. He was by that time fairly worn out and had to go to St. Sebastian to recruit his health. It was alleged that he went there so as to avoid taking any side in the civil war between the Parliament of Versailles and the Commune; but after the Communist Government had been at work a fortnight, and when the impracticability of its aims was fully disclosed, he took care to let it be known that he was on the side of the National Assembly.

M. Gambetta had been returned to the Assembly by nine constituencies at the Armistice Elections of 1871, but he was slow to take his seat in the Chamber, for he perceived that some time must elapse before he could again play any useful part in politics. The Radical majority in the Assembly held him responsible for the undue prolongation of the war, with all its disasters, and even M. Thiers spoke often with unmeasured severity of his administration at Tours. All this M. Gambetta bore with something like meekness. In 1871 he founded a newspaper, La République Française, and in the first number sounded the keynote of his prudent, self-effacing policy, which was to support M. Thiers in founding a nominal Republic, and to wait in patience for the rest—that is, for the gradual adapta-
tion of free institutions to the new régime. Acting up to this principle when he returned to the Chamber in 1872, he entered upon a course of tactics which obliged him to win a daily victory over himself in order that he might keep his followers in sub-
ject and yet not dispirit them.

To those who knew the ardent nature of the man it was sometimes painful to see him sitting livid and with a forced smile upon his lips while attacks were being hurled at him which he felt that for the good of his party he must not answer. If he had broken lances with all who tilted against him he must have been up and fighting in the tribune every day, and if he had gratified his own natural impulses he would have fought in this way without respite. His self-control was all the more admirable as when on rare occasions he did speak, in order to reassure those who might have thought that his Liberalism was cooling, his oratory never failed in its effect. Friends and foes alike were subjugated by that strident voice and those amazing gestures, which showed that he put his whole heart and soul into every word he uttered. He had a way of turning towards those who interrupted him and raining fiery words upon them till they were cowed, while these denunciations excited his partisans to frenzy, and caused them to start up from their places and flock towards the tribune, shouting and clapping their hands, so that the hall of debate often presented an indescribable spectacle. It used to be thought that M. Gambetta had an iron constitution to expend such nervous force as he did, not only in the tribune, but in the lobbies, the smoking-room, and wherever else he talked, to bring men round to his way of thinking. But it is evident now that he was wearing himself out rapidly; and that every one of those discourses, which will be remembered as rare intellectual treats by those who heard them, cost the gifted orator days or months of life.

M. Thiers did not understand Gambetta as Gambetta under-
stood him, or he would not have resigned in 1873, saying that the Republicans were making his work too difficult. When Marshal MacMahon succeeded to the Presidency it looked as if the Republic were doomed, and nothing but M. Gambetta's wonderful suppleness and tact during the sessions of 1874-45 could have saved it. He had to keep himself in the background, to use an Italian astuteness in explaining away the blunders of
his followers; and when this would not do he had to use violent language, which should frighten timid doctrinaire Orleanists with prospects of popular risings in which he would take the lead. His greatest triumphs were earned when by dint of superhuman coaxing in the lobbies he got the Republic proclaimed as the Government of France (in 1875, on M. Wallon's motion) by a majority of one vote; and again when at the first election for life Senators he concluded a treaty with the Legitimists, and by giving them a dozen seats secured fifty for the Republicans and ousted the Orleanists altogether.

From this time the Republic was founded with at least temporary security, and although a coalition of all the reactionary parties rallied against it in 1877, when M. Jules Simon's Ministry was dismissed, and when the Duc de Broglie was induced to try to destroy the new form of Government by Cæsarist methods, yet there was never any real danger that the Republic would succumb. From the day when M. Thiers died, M. Gambetta stood guarding it like a sentinel. Just before the general election of 1877 an emissary was sent to him from the De Broglie-Fourtou Ministry, requesting him for his own sake not to make a speech against Marshal MacMahon. He laughed when he heard that he would be prosecuted if he made the speech. He was twirling a cigarette, and laid down a copy of the Revue des Deux Mondes in which he had been reading an essay on Mr. Gladstone's speeches about the Irish Church. "Tell the Prime Minister," he said, "that I will speak from a pedestal if I can; but if not, from a housetop. In one way or another, my voice shall reach farther than his, and so long as I have a drop of blood to shed the Republic shall not fall." M. Gambetta was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for the speech in which he said that Marshal MacMahon would have to yield to the popular will or resign, but before he could be put into gaol the De Broglie Cabinet had ceased to exist. Marshal MacMahon's resignation in 1879 was the obviously natural consequence of the complete victory which the Republicans gained in 1877; but it was greatly to M. Gambetta's credit that he quietly tolerated during fifteen months the Presidency of the gallant soldier who had never been his friend. When urged to agitate for the Marshal's overthrow, he always said, "It will do the Republic good if its first President serves his term of office quietly to the end."
It was M. Gambetta who designated M. Grévy for the Presidency of the Republic, and when he himself succeeded to the Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies he entered upon quite a new phase of his public life. He had founded the Republic, but he had made a host of enemies among those who think that no Republic is worth having unless it unsettles the property of the industrious for the benefit of those who will not work but can only brawl. He himself had become Conservative—not in the reactionary sense of that term, but Conservative as an English Whig may be, loving the perfect blending of liberty and order. Experience had taught him that there are men who cannot be parleyed with, whose mainspring is need and whose only policy is spoliation. He was as eager as ever to check the ascendency of the Roman Catholic Church in matters of education, but he had no wish—whatever may have been said to the contrary—to destroy the Church or to see France become a land of infidels. Besides this, he had a keen relish for the pomp of office.

In his latter years Gambetta had become portly, gray-headed, a little unwieldy, and averse to locomotion. While he lived at the Palais Bourbon he loved to bathe in the Duc de Morny’s silver, parcel-gilt bath, and to have his carriage escorted by a troop of Cuirassiers when he went to pay official visits. He used to say that Louis Philippe had made himself cheap by too much simplicity—a thing obnoxious to the French, who love to get their money’s worth when they see their rulers make a public appearance. It is well known that M. Gambetta’s personal ambition was to succeed to M. Grévy—a legitimate object enough, seeing how he had worked for the Republic, but this ambition, never openly avowed, serves to explain why he took so little pains to remain in office when he became Prime Minister last year. Had his Cabinet lasted till 1884, it would by that time have become unpopular, as all Cabinets must become after a time in an agitated country where factions are many. Gambetta’s only hope of retaining popularity as a Minister was by passing a scrutin de liste Bill, which would have enabled him to manage the constituencies by the caucus system. When this chance was denied him it became his natural policy to keep away from office altogether, so that he might enter with renovated prestige into the Presidential campaign of 1885. Whether he would have become President of the Republic had he lived it is impossible to say, but this much may be affirmed, that among
the Republicans who thwarted his designs, alleging that he was no true Liberal, few could match him for sincerity in his Republican convictions, fewer still for courage and industry, and none at all for patience under reverses, and good-humoured magnanimity in the hour of triumph. Now that he is gone many of his former opponents will acknowledge that he was the most useful and devoted champion, if not always the discreetest, that French Republicanism ever had.
PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF

Obituary Notice, Monday, March 12, 1883

More than a year ago we announced the retirement of Prince Alexander Gortchakoff from the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. M. de Giers succeeded him, and, though brought up at his feet, has introduced into the Imperial policy a spirit which seems to relegate the period of the Prince's sway to remote antiquity. But the Prince remained titular Chancellor of the Russian Empire; and his death, which occurred at Baden-Baden at four o'clock yesterday morning, takes from the circle of European celebrities one of its most conspicuous and familiar figures. The extinction of a remarkable career does not produce the less the sense of a void that there is none to carry it on; that Prince Gortchakoff, dying on the eve of the new Tsar's coronation, and of what it is hoped may be the beginning of a happier era for the Russian people, has left no heir to his peculiar powers and character as a statesman.

Alexander Michaelowitsch Gortchakoff came of a princely family which claimed descent from Rurik. One of his ancestors was slain by the Mongols in the thirteenth century, and has been canonised by the Greek Church. Another, Peter, in 1611, had the equal ill-fortune without the saintly glory to be taken captive by the Poles in the fortress of Smolensk, which he commanded. A third, Ivan, in the last century, during the reign of Catherine II., was neither unfortunate nor glorious, but proved more of a benefactor to his house by marrying into the Suwarrow family. That alliance introduced the Gortchakoffs within the narrow caste which for generations has monopolised the highest offices of the State. From the marriage descended three illus-
Two of them, brothers, were soldiers, and fought in the Crimea. The elder, Prince Michael, was the skilful Commander-in-Chief who bravely defended Sebastopol, and, when the city became untenable, conducted a very brilliant retreat. Their cousin, Alexander Michaelowitsch, was born in 1798. He was educated at the aristocratic Lyceum of Zarskoe-Selo, and left it a sound classical scholar. What was more important for his future career, he also learnt to speak and write in French with elegance. For this accomplishment, according to Herr Klaczko, the author of *Les Deux Chanceliers*, who relies upon a Russian authority, he was indebted to a brother of the too-famous Marat. Among his fellow-pupils was the patriotic poet Pouschkin, who addressed to him several of his youthful lyrics. In one Pouschkin predicts the success in the world of “Fortune's favoured son.” Young Gortchakoff had indeed his fortune still to carve out; but he echoed his schoolfellow's sympathy. When Pouschkin was interned in a remote village for a poetical outburst against the established order, Gortchakoff was one of the only two among his old comrades who visited and consoled him.

Diplomacy was the profession assigned to Gortchakoff, and on quitting the Lyceum he entered the office of Foreign Affairs. Count Nesselrode was at the time Foreign Minister. As his Attaché, Gortchakoff, in January 1821, attended the Congress of Laybach, at which the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the Kings of Prussia and Naples, met to concert the suppression of the revolutionary movement in Naples. The Laybach Congress broke up in May. In December 1822 another Congress assembled at Verona, to which also Gortchakoff accompanied Nesselrode. At that Congress, as is well known, the evacuation of Piedmont and Naples by the Austrian armies of occupation was decided upon. The young diplomatist was as yet only an apprentice to the mystery. No tradition remains of any especial impression having been produced by him at either unlucky consultation. In 1824 he was appointed Secretary to the Russian Legation in London. Here again he seems hardly to have left his mark. His name does not once occur in Greville's Diary. He so far, however, persuaded his official superiors of his abilities that in 1830 he was nominated Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of Tuscany, a position of importance on account of Austrian relations with Italian politics. Thence he was trans-
ferred within two years to Vienna. The death of his principal, the Russian Ambassador, gave him some prominence, and he used his opportunity. In 1841, when he was now forty-three, he was appointed to the Russian Legation at Stuttgart.

He had thus risen slowly, and might have been supposed to have scarcely a career before him. The accident of the engagement of the Emperor Alexander's daughter, Olga, to the Crown Prince of Würtemberg brought him into relations with the Court of St. Petersburg, which he knew how to turn to account. He negotiated the alliance as Ambassador Extraordinary, and was rewarded with the dignity of Privy Councillor. At Stuttgart he remained officially as Russian Minister, but in reality to advise the Grand Duchess in her new position, and to be a special intermediary between her adopted and her native home. From Stuttgart Gortchakoff watched the revolutionary spirit awaking throughout Germany. He witnessed its outbreak in Stuttgart itself, with the vain efforts of the old King William to quell it. Though he could not sympathise, he appreciated the force of the agitation better than many German statesmen. While stationed in Würtemberg he maintained his old relations with Vienna. It was commonly believed that he was consulted on the state of Austria, and counselled the abdication of Ferdinand in favour of Francis Joseph. When in 1850 the reaction set in, and the German confederation was re-established in place of the Parliament of Frankfort and its new empire, Prince Gortchakoff, who had studied the machinery in operation, without compromising himself, was appointed Russian Minister at the Diet. His ostensible duties were not very onerous. His real function was to observe and to report. He was a centre in Germany for all the influences which conflicted with revolution. No more characteristic representative of Russian diplomacy could have been selected to stand beside the grave of the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral on 18th November 1852. That grave marked a new departure for Russian policy in Europe, and the bearer of the Tsar's condolences was soon to initiate it. Above all, at the Frankfort Diet he made the acquaintance of a young lieutenant of Landwehr, the Prussian representative, Herr von Bismarck.

The restored Bund was in a high degree the work of the Russian envoy's master. The Tsar had crushed the revolution in Hungary. He frowned it down in Germany proper. Russia
represented, as it had represented since 1814, but more potently than ever, the principle of Conservatism in Europe. Russia, under Nicholas, up to this period affected to covet nothing for herself, but only peace for Europe. For that end she was prepared to join any league which would intervene against revolution wherever it might rear its head. She was prepared to intervene, if necessary, alone. That was the traditional policy of Russia for the earlier half of the nineteenth century. It had been the policy of the Tsar Alexander I. It was the policy of Nesselrode. It was the policy in which Gortchakoff had been educated. But it had ceased to be the policy of the reigning Emperor. Russian ascendancy in Europe had stirred in Nicholas the latent thirst for Eastern domination. Nesselrode and Gortchakoff were made acquainted with the Emperor's designs, and saw all that was dangerous in them. But the Emperor was his own Minister of Foreign Affairs in the last resort, and his Council had to find the means to do his bidding. From the Prussian nation, terrified by the explosion of 1848-49, and morally coerced by the family alliance of the Romanoffs and Hohenzollerns, there was nothing to fear. Nicholas imagined that, if not gratitude, timidity made him equally secure from interference on the part of Austria. He was speedily undeceived, and may have attributed the disappointment to the close family relations with the Austrian Minister, Count Buol, of his Ambassador, Baron Meyendorff. Meyendorff was in any case not accounted sufficiently sympathetic with the Tsar's aspirations. The representative of Russia at the German Diet, and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Stuttgart, was more pliable and might show himself fuller of resource. Alexander Gortchakoff was transferred, at first provisionally, but in 1855 definitely, from Frankfort and Stuttgart to Vienna.

Thus, at the ripe age of fifty-six, he had at length achieved the highest rank in his early vocation. He had won a great prize in diplomacy. But he had to justify his elevation, not by dexterity in improving a victory, but by prudence in repairing a defeat. Like his cousin Michael, who shone yet more in the hour of retreat from the ruins of his great fortress than when threatening the allies behind their intrenchments, Alexander Gortchakoff knew how to make salvage of a very doleful wreck. The Hapsburgs whom Nicholas had rescued in 1849 had en-
raged him by indications that they felt a higher obligation than gratitude for dynastic aid. Prince Gortchakoff will be remembered for his bitter *mot* that Austria is not a nation, but only a Government. Yet as a Government, if not a nation, the Government of Austria-Hungary could not resign itself to see Russia swallow up Turkey. The new Russian Ambassador found at the Vienna Conference of 1854 Austria resolve to forbid the occupation by Russia of the Principalities. Thenceforth he knew that the enterprise against a Turkey supported by France and Great Britain was impossible, and directed his efforts to convince his own Court of that sad truth. To him it was in a great measure due that Russia did not continue to mortgage her future yet more irretrievably, but accepted the basis of a pacification. A patriotic Russian, he grieved over the necessity of agreeing to the Peace of Paris; but just because he was a patriot he supported it with all his weight. As soon as the Congress of Paris closed, his new Sovereign, Alexander II., recognised the wisdom and courage he had exhibited in discounting a tremendous reverse. In 1856 Prince Gorchakoff succeeded the superannuated Chancellor Nesselrode at the St. Petersburg Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Herr Klaczko has observed that the previous Foreign Ministers of Russia were simple nominees and clerks of the Tsar. They were important personages in Europe, but insignificant at home. The illustrious Nesselrode was a Westphalian who owed his rise wholly to the choice of Alexander I. The Russian people accepted him from the Emperor, of whom they held him the mere mouthpiece. Prince Gorchakoff, on the contrary, had become renowned in Russia as a sagacious statesman, and above all as the inveterate enemy of Austria, before he was put at the head of the Foreign Office. The popular voice in a manner elected him. His policy was as unlike that of his predecessors as the origin of his power. Count Nesselrode, like Prince Metternich, had been the representative in Europe of a tideless Conservatism. Prince Gorchakoff represented revenge and movement Eastwards. He was in no hurry. He contented himself with accustoming Europe anew to the voice of St. Petersburg in international questions. He neither sought nor rejected friendships. France first presented herself, and Gorchakoff listened to the friendly overtures of the Emperor Napoleon. He knew the exhaustion of his
country, and took care that it should not be drawn into European complications. He took pleasure, however, in the French overthrow of Austria in 1859 at Magenta and Solferino, which he regarded as punishment for the ingratitude of 1854, and he acquiesced in the French intervention in 1860-61 in Syria, as a blow struck at Ottoman independence.

While in his famous circular of 1856 he had denounced sarcastically the pretensions of the Western Powers to interfere with the internal administration of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, he took advantage of the Italian war of 1859-60 to propose a European intervention in aid of the Turkish rayahs of Bosnia and Bulgaria. An expression in the circular of 1856 has become historical—"La Russie ne boude pas; elle se recueille." Russia had not abandoned her love of intervening in European affairs. She was only re-collecting herself and recruiting her exhausted energies. Her Foreign Minister economised her resources for objects near and dear to Russia. Thus in 1862 he declined the proposal of M. Drouyn de Lhuys to join France and Great Britain in interposing between the Federals and the Confederates in the war of secession. During the same period he had enough indeed to do at home in repressing the Polish insurrection, and in rebuffing the suggestions of England, Austria, and France for an assuagement of the severities employed in quelling it. The argumentatively contemptuous tone of his retorts to foreign diplomatic advice delighted the Russians, in whose minds the reverses of the Crimea still rankled. It had been a highly popular step on the part of the Tsar to name him Vice-Chancellor of the Empire. His appointment, in July 1863, to be Chancellor expressly in reward for his diplomatic attitude towards an indignant Europe was greeted with even more enthusiastic applause. By 1863 Prince Chancellor Gortchakoff, now sixty-five years old, was become the most powerful Minister, not in Russia alone, but in Europe.

Gradually circumstances had been drawing very close together the Berlin and St. Petersburg Foreign Offices. It had seemed at one time as if France and Russia were to approximate. But there could be no real conjunction between Napoleonic ideas and Russian Conservatism. Russia and Prussia were united by a common jealousy of Austria. There was besides an ancient personal alliance between the Russian
and Prussian Ministers dating from the time when they listened together to the futile debates of the Frankfort Diet, and strengthened by Count Bismarck's residence as Prussian envoy at St. Petersburg in 1859-62. Prince Gortchakoff in 1863 smoothed the way to the occupation of Holstein by the Federal troops. It might seem that Austria was as much benefited as Prussia; but Prussia reaped all the advantage. When Prussia precipitated herself on Austria in 1866, Prince Gortchakoff showed no intention to interpose. When Austria lay at the feet of Prussia, Russia seemingly was neither alarmed at the aggrandisement of her neighbour nor mournful at the abasement of Russian allies and connections among the minor States.

In 1870 there was no longer simple abstinence from interference between two belligerent nations. There was a positive understanding on the part of the two Chancellors that Russia should answer for the neutrality of Austria. France and Prussia had since Sadowa been bidding for the friendship of Prince Gortchakoff. France was willing to aid and abet Russia in wresting Crete from the Porte, and assigning it to the young bridegroom of the Grand Duchess Olga. Count Beust, on behalf of Austria, desired to recompact the collective authority of Europe over Turkey, which was a result by no means acceptable to St. Petersburg. But he too could have been persuaded to join in this extension of the Hellenic kingdom in order to win the goodwill of Russia. The Russian Chancellor received the proposal amicably. As for the attempt, however, to use Crete as a bribe to combine St. Petersburg with Vienna and the Tuileries against Berlin, that was trying to reverse a foregone conclusion.

There was already a consummated understanding between the German and Russian Chancellors, which no negotiations of M. de Moustier and Count Beust could disturb by the breadth of an inch. It was never embodied in protocols; but Prince Gortchakoff and his master were satisfied they had grounds for assuming that, in return for Russia keeping the lists free from Austrian intrusion on the side of France, what they considered the natural current of events in European Turkey was to be let flow unimpeded by Prussia. The abrogation of the Black Sea Article of the Treaty of Paris was supposed by Russia to be not the object of the tacit compact, but only its earnest. Slavonic agitation was rife in Roumania and the adjoining provinces of
Turkey; Hellenic agitation had a free course in Greece; and the Conservative Foreign Office of St. Petersburg was the apologist of both. For a time it looked as if the Russian Chancellor were to be paid at once his share of the price of the understanding with Prussia. But Herr Klaczko thinks M. Benedetti right in the belief he expressed to his negligent superiors at Paris in January 1870, that Prince Bismarck had always resolved he should himself make the first move, and not "become a card in the game of the St. Peters burg Cabinet."

It is not necessary to think Prince Gortchakoff was outwitted. The crisis may or may not have been sufficiently matured for a final Eastern struggle. At any rate, Prince Gortchakoff's mind was not itself braced for it. He has never shown the audacity of his triumphant compeer. He contented himself with laying up gratitude at the Prussian Court for the fidelity with which he forbade Austrian and Danish intervention, and with which, when fortune declared against France, he negatived Count Beust's project of a concerted representation in favour of moderate terms of peace by the neutral Powers. He even rejected a suggestion by Lord Granville, then at the English Foreign Office, for an understanding between Great Britain and Russia which might afford a basis for a general neutral appeal to King William's humanity. The thanks telegraphed from Versailles from the German Emperor to the Tsar on 26th February 1871 were the immediate reward of Prince Gortchakoff's policy. The concurrence of Prince Bismarck at the end of the war in the Russian demand for the abrogation of the article of the Treaty of 1856 forbidding the presence of Russian warships in the Black Sea was part of the material recompense.

The tone in which Prince Gortchakoff demanded that abrogation sufficiently showed his reliance on the countenance of Germany. He did not represent its inutility and ask Europe, which had imposed the restriction on Russia, for its surrender. He haughtily warned the Powers, by his circular of November 1870, that Russia did not intend to be bound by it in future. The Conference of London resulted in inducing Russia to conform in language to the obligations of treaties. Practically she had her way. Prince Gortchakoff was indebted to Prussia for being able to boast that he had torn up an essential portion of the arrangement which marked the lowest point of Russian
humiliation. Thenceforward, whether the impulse came from the Prince or the Tsar, from this time a different temper is observable in the relations between Berlin and St. Petersburg. Berlin acted almost as if it had paid in the London Conference its debt to St. Petersburg; and the latter acted almost as if it had begun to repent of having given too long a tether to Prussian ambition. To the interposition of the Emperor Alexander has been commonly attributed the rescue of France from a threatened attack by Germany four years later. Whether any such attack was ever meditated must remain uncertain. We have been always indisposed to believe it. That the Tsar and his Chancellor were sincerely opposed to overbearing menaces against France can hardly be questioned. But whatever aggression might have been attempted on national rights in Western Europe, it may be doubted if Russia would have done more than protest at Berlin. Prince Gortchakoff's hands were tied by Panslavism. So long as the Russian Chancery simply supervised the affairs of Europe it was an irresistible arbitrator. It had now descended into the arena, and was exposed to all the chances of a combatant.

This was the radical defect of Prince Gortchakoff's policy, as contrasted with that of Count Nesselrode, or with his own for the six or eight years after the Treaty of Paris. It may not have been his own fault primarily. There is no reason for withholding belief from the assertion of the not very friendly author of Russia before and after the War, that "only at the eleventh hour the Chancellor of the Empire consented to take the side of the Nationalists." The volunteers who had served in Servia were treated, the same author admits, "with marked disfavour." But the Chancellor had from the moment of his rise to power adopted the course of attaching to his policy popular enthusiasm. He feared popular enthusiasm; he feared still more to resist it.

We should probably not be mistaken if we concluded that, perplexed by a force he could not control, he let himself go, trusting that the wave of national and Panslavic excitement might throw him up high and dry at the point he desired to reach and exhaust itself in the effort. Again, there is no reason altogether to deny the assertion of the eloquent authoress of Russia and England that "Prince Woronzoff, our Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, was a devoted advocate of the
Anglo-Russian alliance, and that his convictions are shared by the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Gortchakoff.” The Chancellor would very likely have preferred to have the assistance of Great Britain in coercing the Porte, on the bases laid down at the Constantinople Conference. With that assistance or without it, he was determined the coercion should be accomplished. When the Constantinople Conference broke up, Prince Gortchakoff did not cease to negotiate with England for her concurrence in a crusade against the Turks. When that concurrence was finally refused, the Russian Panslavists were let loose. There was first a conflict of Foreign Office circulars. So far as mere fencing with subtle arguments and innuendoes went, the Prince was not worsted. Never has any statesman used with more effect the art of putting on acts a construction they might honestly fear. If proceeding from any other than the controversialist, in the security that the antagonist cannot in self-respect descend to an argumentum ad hominem vein of wrangling. All that Russia had done, or was doing, for the Servians and against the Turks might have been as innocent as the Prince asserted it to be had not Russian statesmen been known to have been playing for centuries at the same game.

After the Russian army once crossed the Danube the Chancellor retired into the second place. He gave way to generals and engineers. Even when the Balkans were passed and the Bosphorus was in sight, Prince Gortchakoff was less heard of than General Ignatieff. Yet when General Ignatieff was discredited, through the general repudiation of the Treaty of San Stefano, the effect was to discredit the Chancellor too. The principal figure on the Russian side at the Berlin Congress was not Prince Gortchakoff, but Count Schouvaloff. The Prince retained office, but after the Congress he held power ad interim. Europe looked upon him as fighting a desperate battle of personal influence with Prince Bismarck, in the forlorn hope of re-establishing the tottering edifice of his predominance. Probably the reports of the feud between the ancient friends have been much exaggerated. If the aged Chancellor, at a German bath, threw out hints to a Paris journalist of a design to patch up the old Franco-Russian alliance, it was a policy he had often tried before. The jealousy imputed to him of the German Chancellor may have existed or not. If the dislike had grown to be real, a feeling like that was least of all likely to be
allowed by a statesman of Prince Gortchakoff's character to make or mar a policy.

The truth is that the part of Russia in Europe which formerly consisted in playing off one State against another and holding the balance between them, is, at any rate for the moment, exhausted; and Prince Gortchakoff was too old to learn any other. New necessities have fallen upon Russia. It has become more urgent for her to maintain internal coherence than to present an aggressive or dictatorial front to external foes or rivals. A great Minister of the Interior is more wanted than the subtlest of Foreign Ministers. Prince Gortchakoff had studied Europe more closely than his own country. Even in the grand revolution by which the serfs were emancipated he took a subordinate part, if any. He knew no device for the healing of the plague-spots which infect Russian society. He was a past-master of the art of treating Europe as a chess-board, and states and peoples, including his own, as pawns. He was not prepared to find his pieces swept off the board by a hand beneath his own which he could neither guide nor feel. Before his Imperial master was assassinated, and long before his lieutenant, M. de Giers, formally superseded him as Minister of Foreign Affairs, he had ceased to be a controlling influence in Russia or Europe. General Loris Melikoff first, and then General Ignatieff, though not Foreign Ministers in name, were appointed to deal with problems which robbed the Chancellorship of all its energy and meaning. For Prince Gortchakoff Russia and the Russian people, and even its enthusiasms, had merely been so much force at his disposal for the movement of Europe. Nihilism, and regicide, and Jew-baiting, agricultural discontent, commercial stagnation, and financial embarrassments drained the resources on which he calculated for his projects. In his Chancery at St. Petersburg he had been as purely a diplomatist as in the Vienna Embassy. He had survived to a date when a Russian Foreign Minister had to reckon with Russia still more than with Europe.

No studies in mental history could be more interesting if the Prince in his soft and luxurious leisure recorded his reflections, at once perplexed and cynical, on a course of national change which had stranded his statesmanship high and dry. How Russian historians will, on their side, deal with his memory hereafter it is on the morrow of his death not the
time to conjecture. It must at least be said that nowhere will the student of diplomacy discover more exquisite models of controversial ingenuity than in Prince Gortchakoff's circulars. Working on the most unpromising materials, he oftener than not succeeded in putting his adversary logically in the wrong. His diction is always sharp and refined. For those who can read between the lines not a clause but is sharp as a dagger against the statesman he is assailing. If a diplomatic circular can ever be said to be witty, Prince Gortchakoff's despatches deserve that praise.

The Prince has left two sons already grown up to manhood and engaged in diplomacy. They have earned the reputation of sagacity; they do not pretend to genius. But Russian diplomatists ripen slowly. Their father himself was well advanced in middle life before he became remarked among his contemporaries. The same phenomenon may be reproduced in the case of his children.
SIR GEORGE JESSEL

Obituary Notice, Thursday, March 22, 1883

SIR GEORGE JESSEL was born in 1824, being the son of the late Zadok Aaron Jessel, a Jewish merchant, who lived in Savile Row when Savile Row was to the City what Bayswater is now, and afterwards removed to Putney, as to a distant rural retirement, from which he watched the commencement of the brilliant career of his gifted son. Zadok Jessel is said to have dealt largely in coral and similar goods; he bought land in the City; and was able to provide handsomely for his four surviving children, of whom the late Master of the Rolls was the youngest. The Master of the Rolls in his youth was educated by Mr. Neumegen, of Kew, who trained many of those of the Jewish community who have since become most distinguished.

Being debarred by religious restrictions from a full enjoyment of the privileges of Oxford and Cambridge, young George Jessel entered as a student of University College, London, and passed the examinations of London University. He was a scholar of the College and of the University, took his B.A. degree with the highest honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy the year after Isaac Todhunter, and shortly before R. H. Hutton and Walter Bagehot. In these double distinctions he followed in the steps of the late Mr. Jacob Waley. He was specially reported by the examiners as possessed of "very distinguished merit." He also took honours and a prize in vegetable physiology and structural botany, and he continued his botanical studies to the last. When he was forming his gardens at Ladham, near Goudhurst, his house in Kent, Sir George Jessel went every Sunday to the Royal Botanical Gardens at
Kew to observe the plants and select the species with which he would stock his grounds, and he read ponderous tomes on the classification of plants with the same care with which he got up his briefs. He became M.A. and gold medalist in 1844 in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He was the last Flaherty scholar at University College.

Sir George Jessel completed his academical career at the age of twenty, and had entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn two years before. His London education had the effect of giving him an introduction to the practical work of his life at an earlier age than that at which graduates of Oxford and Cambridge learn the names of leading cases and the doctrines of law and equity. His retentive memory became stored at its most impressionable period with the rules of the Courts and the leading authorities for them; and afterwards in argument he would cite from his unaided recollection case after case with a facility which baffled opposition.

Mr. Jessel read with Bellinger Brodie, the eminent conveyancer, the draftsman of the Fines and Recoveries Act. He also passed some time in the chambers of Mr. Peacock, afterwards Sir Barnes Peacock, Chief Justice of Bengal and member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and, being called to the Bar on the 4th of May 1847 by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, took chambers with his friend Mr. G. T. Jenkins, afterwards his secretary, and now a Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature, "devilled" gratuitously for his old master, Brodie, and sought practice on his own account as a conveyancer. The interval in the life of a successful barrister between "call" and "silk" is sometimes as short as ten years. The rapidity with which Jessel did everything prepares us for a short interval here; but, in fact, it was not till eighteen years from his admission to the outer Bar that he became Queen's Counsel. He very soon obtained a moderate amount of business, and in two years from his call refused to take the allowance which his father had made him. But his work stagnated for some years at an average of £600 a year, and, on talking over his prospects at the Bar with a friend in the same plight, Mr. George Jessel announced the conclusion that he had mistaken his vocation in life, and that he would have done better to have entered on almost any other career. But hitherto his occupation had been chiefly in conveyancing. It happened shortly after
this conversation that he was taken into Court, and in Court his really profound knowledge, added to the most perfect and unhesitating confidence in himself and readiness to assert his views against others, soon marked him out.

Lord Westbury delayed the grant of a silk gown after a time when Mr. Jessel thought himself fairly entitled to it. But in 1865 Mr. Jessel obtained "rank"; he attached himself to the Court of Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, and speedily rose to a commanding position there. He led the Court, and some added "by the nose"; he had, certainly, a remarkable success in procuring the adoption of his view on debatable questions. Nine years before (in 1856) Mr. Jessel had married a daughter of Mr. Joseph Moses, of London, by his wife née Königswarter, a great heiress of Vienna. He settled in Cleveland Square, Hyde Park, whence he removed to 10 Hyde Park Gardens after his elevation to the Bench. In 1868 he was returned to Parliament for Dover in the Liberal interest, won the attention of Mr. Gladstone by a speech on the Bankruptcy Bill in 1869, and became Solicitor-General in 1871.

On the whole, Sir George Jessel was not successful as a debater. The House was impatient of his dogmatism. He carried into the shifting art of politics the method of argument which he had learnt in a legal system based upon authority. But in the other and less showy part of a law officer's duty, that of giving sound and prompt advice to the Government on the thousand questions which arise, no law officer has, we believe, given more unqualified satisfaction. His opinions on legal points were solid and strong—something on which a Minister could lean with confidence. Masses of papers on all branches of law, foreign law, international law, and domestic, were poured into his chambers from all the public offices. He contrived to get through all this work, in addition to his private practice, with but little assistance. His rapidity and penetration in grasping the essential parts of a long series of statements and arguments were something to wonder at and to despair of imitating. These qualities were employed to the full in the two years of his Solicitor-Generalship, in which he contrived to earn at the rate of from £20,000 to £23,000 a year, although on his entry into office the patent fees were taken away (not without a commutation allowance of smaller amount) from the office which they had previously helped to enrich.
The acceptance of judicial office meant to Sir George Jessel the reduction of professional income to £6000 a year from the large sums which we have just mentioned. Fortunately his private means were considerable, and he could afford to disregard these considerations. The succession to Lord Romilly, before whom Sir George Jessel had argued with so much success, was doubtless peculiarly agreeable to him, and it is remarkable that Mr. Justice Chitty, the leader in Sir George Jessel's Court, succeeded in like manner to the seat of the Master of the Rolls when the latter ceased to be a Judge of First Instance. It is not generally known that the post of Master of the Rolls was first offered to Lord Coleridge, then Sir John Coleridge, Attorney-General, and there was considerable delay in making a definitive appointment. The acceptance of the office by Lord Coleridge would doubtless have contributed powerfully to the "fusion" of law and equity, of which more was heard then even than now. But Lord Coleridge ultimately declined, and acceded later in the year, on the death of Lord Chief Justice Bovill, to the cushion of the Common Pleas, from which he afterwards passed to the Chief Justiceship of England.

If any doubts were felt as to the appropriateness of the appointment of Sir George Jessel to the post of Master of the Rolls, they were speedily dispelled by the unexampled spectacle which his Court now presented. Never had there been within the memory of living lawyers, or within historical memory, such rapid, such satisfactory, such punctual discharge of legal business. As an advocate, Sir George Jessel had often been overmasterful. At Westminster Sir Alexander Cockburn called him to account for want of patience and unusual vehemence in addressing the dignified tribunal over which the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench presided. With Lord Justice James, like himself a consummate master of equity, and like himself impatient of opposition and confident of opinion, Sir George Jessel had come into somewhat rough collision in argument. But the temperament of the late Master of the Rolls was eminently Roman. It was only to equals or superiors that he was overbearing. His asperity was disarmed by submission, and when he was on the Bench, although eminent Queen's Counsel might fear his interruptions, to the diffident junior the Rolls was a suave fountain of advice and assistance.

In the marvellously quick transaction of judicial business in
Court and Chambers, Sir George Jessel sometimes gave decisions which were successfully appealed from. This very week we have reported the reversal by the House of Lords of a judgment of the Court of Appeal, to which he was a party, on an important point in the law of discovery. But the successful appeals from the Master of the Rolls rather illustrate the differences of opinion which may exist in different minds on legal questions, or on the legal conclusions to be drawn from complicated sets of facts, than mistake in the tribunal. An odd incident of his career at the Rolls was an attack made upon Sir George Jessel by a dangerous lunatic. The lunatic shot at Sir George Jessel, not from any special dissatisfaction with the Master of the Rolls, but from some crazy wish to express dissatisfaction generally with the judicial Bench.

The office of Master of the Rolls was considerably modified during the tenure of it by Sir George Jessel, and it will be desirable to explain what it originally was and what it became while he held it. The Master or Keeper of the Rolls is an officer of high antiquity, mentioned in the time of William the Conqueror, traceable, with duties akin to those discharged in our own days by Sir George Jessel, in the time of John. He was one of a troop of learned persons called Masters, who accompanied the Chancellor, and held from that high keeper of the conscience of the King a derivative jurisdiction, subject to appeal to the prime source of their authority. The Master who kept the Rolls was of special importance; he took precedence of the chiefs of the Common Law, except the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen’s Bench, and when the Lords Justices of Appeal were formed as a new appellate tribunal, the Master of the Rolls, although an appeal lay from him to the Lords Justices and they could over-turn his decisions, nevertheless was preferred to the Lords Justices on all occasions of State ceremony. He became a Judge of First Instance in Chancery, having, in general, concurrent jurisdiction with the Vice-Chancellors. The Master of the Rolls had also in virtue of his office certain other high duties. He had in his custody all enrolments of the Court and certain public documents engrossed on parchment rolls. An ancient hospital in the neighbourhood of Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane had been established by royal authority for the reception of converted Jews. When the Jews were expelled by Edward I. this house was handed over to the Master of the
Rolls. It thus, in our day, came into the keeping of a Jewish Master of the Rolls, who once omitted a Vacation Sitting on the ground that it fell upon a Jewish fast-day. The records in his charge, which had at one time been kept in the Tower, came gradually to be preserved in this Rolls House.

By the Act passed in the beginning of the reign of the Queen which established the Public Record Office, the Master of the Rolls was made keeper of all the records in the Public Record Office. Sir George Jessel took great interest in this department of his public duties. The magnificent series of publications illustrating the early history of this country which have been produced by the Office owe something to his enlightened supervision. Judicially, the Master of the Rolls remained a Judge of First Instance till a year or two ago. But the Judicature Act and Appellate Jurisdiction Act gave him power to sit in the new Court of Appeal established by the Acts. By virtue of his high traditional rank, he usually had the presidency of the Court when he sat with it. In 1881 an Act passed which altered the duties of his office altogether. The Master of the Rolls was henceforth relieved of all his duties as Judge of First Instance and became the ordinary President of the Court of Appeal.

As a Judge of Appeal Sir George Jessel treated the decisions which came before him with the utmost possible respect, using freely the liberty which his position gave him to disregard the perverse old cases which the Courts of lower jurisdiction had felt obliged to obey, and sometimes consciously modifying the law, in the true spirit of the old creators of Equity jurisprudence. If a personal history of English law is ever written, the part which in the Victorian era Sir George Jessel took in adapting the principles of Equity to a day in which cheques and telegraphic transfers have superseded the use of moneys in bags, in which express and implied trusts have reached a complexity which must be appreciated and carefully dealt with, not solved by a resolution to disregard it, will be recorded as considerable. It is interesting to recall the language which he himself held on the subject. The words are taken from a luminous judgment in the thirteenth volume of the Chancery Division Reports. Speaking of “the modern rules of Equity,” the Master of the Rolls said: “I intentionally say modern rules, because it must not be forgotten that the rules of Courts of Equity are not like the
rules of the Common Law, supposed to be established from time immemorial. It is perfectly well known that they have been established from time to time—altered, improved, and refined from time to time. In many cases we know the names of the Chancellors who invented them. No doubt they were invented for the purpose of securing the better administration of justice, but still they were invented. Take such things as these—the separate use of a married woman, the restraint on alienation, the modern rule against perpetuities, and the rules of equitable waste. We can name the Chancellors who first invented them, and state the date when they were first introduced into Equity jurisprudence; and, therefore, in cases of this kind the older precedents in Equity are of very little value. The doctrines are progressive, refined, and improved; and if we want to know what the rules of Equity are we must look, of course, rather to the more modern than to the more ancient cases. In the very judgment in which these words occur the Master of the Rolls laid down such a development of the pre-existing law as is practically new law. Many of his judgments in the Court of Appeal are luminous essays, not only models of orderly arrangement and scientific induction, but great efforts of creation.

Cases of much popular interest do not often come into the hands of the Equity draftsman or before a Master of the Rolls. Sir George Jessel tried the respective rights of the Rev. Frank and Mrs. Besant to the custody of their children, and decided in accordance with the feelings of most Englishmen. His recent decision in the case of Robarts against the City of London will be fresh in the public mind. Here Sir George Jessel and his colleagues in the Court of Appeal studiously deviated from the salutary general rule laid down by Lord Coleridge, that judges should not travel from the record before them to make observations on matters not directly in issue, the object being to correct observations of a similar nature which had been made in the Court below. Sir George Jessel has recently taken part in deciding important telephone cases. His scientific attainments were of great use in the Plimpton skate and other patent cases.

In 1880 Sir George Jessel was unanimously elected by the Senate of the University of London as Vice-Chancellor (Lord Granville being Chancellor), an office previously held by Sir John Lefevre and by Mr. Grote. Sir George was the first
graduate who ever held this office; and he was extremely gratified by the distinction. His education, his knowledge of the history and working of the University, his deep interest in its welfare, and his remarkable skill in the conduct of its business and of the meetings of the Senate constituted him one of the ablest and most efficient officers. His loss is felt to be irreparable. He never failed, even after a long and fatiguing day in Court, to attend the meetings at which his presence was expected. To those who witnessed with concern the efforts which he made to discharge his duties it was almost of painful interest to see how, when breathless and exhausted after ascending the stairs and then resting for a few minutes, his clear, bright intellect, and his power of guiding and controlling opinions, led to the settlement of troubles and questions which in other hands would have caused endless discussion. It is about a week ago since he attended a meeting of the Brown Institute Committee in reference to the study and treatment of the diseases and injuries of animals, and submitted a report on the subject, prepared by himself, which will have a permanent influence on the welfare and usefulness of the Institution.

Among his many other public duties, Sir George accepted office on the Royal Commission for the amendment of the Medical Acts; indeed, it is not saying too much to assert that the fact of his consenting to act induced the Government with more confidence to appoint the Commission over which Lord Camperdown presided. This confidence was fully justified. Sir George took the deepest interest in the subject, and the report, in the preparation of which he took a large part, is the basis on which the Bill introduced by the Lord President in the House of Lords, which promises to have a lasting and healthful influence on the medical profession, is founded. He was a trustee of the British Museum and one of the Commissioners of Patents, having special duties under the Trade Mark Acts with regard to the registration of trade marks. Sir George Jessel's forte was in detail, and on the Committees of the Judges he rendered services which can hardly be over-estimated. Under the Judicature Act of 1873 a long series of rules of Court was drafted, which ultimately became the schedule to the Act of 1875, and established, in fact, a new code of practice for the Courts. Sir George Jessel was the ordinary chairman of the Committee of Judges which settled the draft, and took an active
part in all subsequent modifications. In the discussions on the impending new rules his experience was often invoked.

Sir George Jessel was sworn of Her Majesty's Privy Council on his elevation to the Bench in 1873. The Master of the Rolls was the last of the judges who were capable of sitting in the House of Commons. Although this privilege still existed at the time when Sir George Jessel was appointed, he deemed it becoming, in view of the approaching abolition of the exception, to resign his seat for Dover; but his references to the subject in his farewell address and a willingness afterwards shown to be nominated member for the University of London appeared to betray that he retired with reluctance from Parliamentary life. It was thought probable that in the not very distant future the Sovereign might mark her gracious sense of the services of the eminent judge by a call to the Upper House, such as had been extended to earlier Masters of the Rolls. Sir George Jessel was appointed Treasurer to his Inn of Court, Lincoln's Inn, for 1883.

As a young man, Sir George Jessel travelled a good deal, visiting Constantinople and America. Afterwards he often passed the vacation abroad, as at Homburg, with his friend Vice-Chancellor Malins, or in the Tyrol. But when he had fairly laid out his estate in Kent, it became his favourite amusement in the holidays to spend his days there in harmless rural pleasures. He did not shoot or hunt, but would collect and classify fungi, or would throw into the marking out of the tennis-lawn the same close attention to the matter in hand which was invaluable to him in deciding cases. He took pains to keep himself abreast of the discoveries of modern sciences, made a special journey to Paris for the Electrical Exhibition, etc. In distributing prizes to some school-children recently, near his country home, Sir George Jessel energetically preached the doctrine of hard work. His speeches at City dinners were often interesting. In London he rode in the Park every day in summer; in winter he was as constant in his afternoon's attendance at the Athenæum. Sir George Jessel was fond of the theatre and of society, and was a yearly visitor to the Master of Balliol, but otherwise was difficult to tempt from his own country house.
THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD

Obituary Notice, Saturday, August 25, 1883

Yesterday died, on Austrian soil, "the last of the kings of France," a prince who at his birth was surnamed "L'Enfant du Miracle" and baptized "Dieudonné," or God-given. He was born more than seven months after his father had fallen under the dagger of an assassin, and his coming into the world was regarded as such an auspicious event from assuring the succession to the throne in the line of the elder Bourbons that even people who believed in luck rather than in providential dispensation came to the superstitious conclusion that the Bourbons were fated to reign long. The Prince was the son of Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Berry, himself the second son of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., and the situation of the dynasty at the time of his birth was this: The throne was filled by Louis XVIII., brother of the ill-fated Louis XVI. and formerly Comte de Provence, who had no children. His heir-presumptive was his brother, the Comte d'Artois, who had two sons—Antoine, Duc d'Angoulême, married to Marie-Thérèse, daughter of Louis XVI., but having no issue; and the Duc de Berry, who, in 1816, married the Princess Caroline of Naples. From this union was born, in 1819, a daughter, Louise, afterwards Duchess of Parma; but as the Salic Law excluded women from the throne the Duc d'Orléans, head of the younger branch of Bourbons, stood heir to the Duc de Berry in case the latter died without leaving a son; and it was in the hope of destroying the elder Bourbon line that a fanatic named Louvel, a journeyman saddler, assassinated the Duc de Berry on the 13th of February 1820.
The crime was committed under the portico of the Old Opera-House, in what is now the Place Louvois. As the Prince was escorting the Duchesse de Berry to her coach, and gaily humming a snatch from Gluck's *Orphée*, he was struck in the back, and the blow was dealt with such savage force that the point of the knife went right through his chest and pierced the sky-blue moiré Riband of the Order of the Holy Spirit which he was wearing. Louvel had no accomplices, and he did not attempt to fly, but folded his arms, and only expressed regret that his stab had not caused instantaneous death.

The scene of the Prince's final hour was dramatic beyond description. He was carried into the private foyer of the Opera, and there, mingling with singers in their paint and ballet-dancers in their tinsel, were presently gathered all the members of the royal family, the Ministers, and great officers of State. The King arrived from the Tuileries—old Louis XVIII., impotent in his feet, and hobbling painfully along, with his black gaiters, starched cravat, and powdered hair, which made him look like an old-fashioned notary. The Comte d'Artois was there too, his handsome face, usually so serene, pinched with anguish; and so was the portly Duc d'Orléans—afterwards Louis Philippe—who had a difficult part to play under the malevolent glances of courtiers seeking on his physiognomy for some sign of satisfaction at an event which appeared likely to establish the fortunes of his family. When all the illustrious company were assembled round the "property" mattress on which the Duke lay dying, the mild and polished Duc de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris—the last of the grand seigneur prelates, who wore diamonds and rubies like a Court beauty—walked in bearing the viaticum, and attended by choristers with incense. He was preceded by a vicar-general, who scattered holy water around him with an asperges brush to purify the place; and, indeed, the Archbishop's first care was to consecrate the room, in consequence of which the building was never more used as an opera-house after that day.

The Duc de Berry, who was but forty-two years of age and of vigorous constitution, wrestled long with death; and almost in his last breath he prayed that his murderer might be pardoned. Meanwhile, Louvel stood in a corner of the room, guarded by soldiers, who had so maltreated him with the stocks of their muskets that his face streamed with blood; and as he leaned against the wall ready to faint, the Duke, espying him, said,
“Give him some water.” M. Elie Decazes, the Minister of the Interior (father of the present Duke of that name), had just entered the room, and, taking up a glass of water, he approached the murderer and whispered, “Miserable man, was the dagger poisoned?” These whispered words were to cost him dear. M. Decazes was a Liberal, and the exasperation of the ultra-Royalists at the Duke’s death reached such a point that they did not scruple to accuse him of being Louvel’s accomplice. “The dagger that killed the Duke was a Liberal idea,” said Benjamin Constant, the flippant Opposition orator; and these foolish words, besides causing M. Decazes’s downfall, provoked a furious reaction throughout the country against what were called the principles of 1789.

However, there was a sort of lull after the 29th of September, when the young widowed Duchess, to the unspeakable delight of all good Royalists, gave birth to a son. Of course it was pretended in certain quarters that the royal baby was a changeling; and the unfortunate Duc d’Orléans, to whom all ill-natured rumours were attributed, became more odious to the Court than he had been before, from having, as it was alleged, paid a crazy woman to start up and declare that she had sold a baby to the Duchesse d’Angoulême. But the mass of the people never believed in the changeling story, and when the little Duc de Bordeaux was exhibited to the public on the day of his christening—after having been baptized in water brought from the Jordan by Châteaubriand—the enormous crowd under the balcony of the Tuileries, where the child was held up by his nurse, raised such acclamations as forced even the sceptical Louis XVIII. to borrow a pocket-handkerchief from Madame du Cayla. A national subscription had been set on foot to buy the baby an estate worthy of his rank, and more than £60,000 having been collected, the trustees purchased the Château de Chambord, a beautiful place near Blois, which had been the residence of Stanislas of Poland and of Marshal Saxe. The title of Duc de Bordeaux had been bestowed upon the Prince out of compliment to the city which was the first to proclaim the Bourbons after the overthrow of Napoleon; but the King now created his grand-nephew Comte de Chambord, and this was the title by which the Prince was generally styled after the revolution of 1830, which drove Charles X. and his family into exile.

Six years before this revolution, when Louis XVIII. lay
dying, the little Duc de Bordeaux was brought to his bedside, and the King, laying a hand on the child’s head, said to the Comte d’Artois, “Brother, be ruled by the thought of this boy’s welfare; do nothing that will lose him his crown.” The heir-apparent bowed, but whispered to the Duc de Montmorency that he considered the advice was “in bad taste.” One of Charles X.’s first acts after ascending the throne was to commission his little grandson to a colonelship of Hussars. It will be remembered that Napoleon III., by way of reviving the sobriquet of “le petit Caporal,” made the Prince Imperial, at the age of three, a corporal in the Imperial Guard; but under Charles X. there was no such humouring of democratic instincts. The boy-prince had the Duc de Montmorency for his governor, the Duchesse de Chevreuse for his governess, two marquises as his equerries; and once a week his regiment of Hussars was brought into the Cour du Carrousel to be paraded before his eyes. On these occasions it was customary to allow a certain number of persons to press forward with petitions and thrust them into the child’s hands, in order that his name might be associated with acts of royal clemency or favour. As the petitions which the boy touched were always granted, it may be supposed that the claims in them had been officially entertained beforehand.

In 1825, when Charles X. was anointed and crowned in the Cathedral of Rheims with a pomp that recalled the grandiose splendour of the old Monarchy, the Duc de Bordeaux figured in the royal procession, riding in a silvered coach drawn by six white horses, and wearing a white satin costume embroidered with silver lilies, and the blue Riband of the Holy Spirit. In accordance with a Catholic custom, he had been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and, until he was six years old, he never wore any colours but blue and white, which are regarded as hers. He was a pretty boy, with fair hair and blue eyes, very docile, and with a sweet smile, which he had been taught to display to everybody. Lamartine and Victor Hugo both rhymed odes to him; the writers in the Drapéau Blanc and Quotidienne, which were the principal Royalist organs of the day, vied with one another in their invention of anecdotes which described him as always saying or doing good things; and by these means the boy became really a darling of loyal subjects.

But Charles X. himself, who had royal qualities as well as defects, was not unpopular; and if he lost his throne in a sudden
squall it was not because he sought to deprive the French of their liberties, but because he chose the wrong man to abet him in this endeavour. Prince Polignac, who became Prime Minister in 1829, was a puzzle-headed man—a “mere idiot,” as M. Guizot described him in speaking to the late Bishop Wilberforce. During Napoleon’s reign he had been condemned for taking part in the plot of Georges and Pichegru, and confined for ten years as a State prisoner in a private madhouse. In this retreat he had learnt, like our James II., “to dream and tell his beads.” After the King had tried to get rid of a Liberal Chamber by two dissolutions within a few weeks, Prince Polignac advised him to sign those famous Ordinances which abrogated the Charter of 1815; but this he did without having taken any precautions to follow up his move by the energetic fusillade which, as De Morny said in after years, “is the proper accompaniment of a despot singing a solo.” The Ordinances were signed, not without hesitation, at the Palace of St. Cloud, on the morning of the 25th of July 1830, after Charles X. had attended mass. There was a cloud on the King’s brow for some time after he had done this foolish thing; but presently this cleared away and he went to hunt the stag in the forest of Rambouillet, relying on the assurances of Marshal Marmont that the garrison of Paris would do its duty. The Liberals were so little confident in their power of resisting the royal troops that Adolphe Thiers, then editor of the National, betook himself to Montmorency, and it was not till after a day’s meditation that, feeling ashamed of himself, he returned to Paris and drew up his magnificent “Protest,” which was signed by 210 journalists of the Liberal party.

Meanwhile Paris began to simmer, and Charles X.’s regiments, though full of loyalty, were not strong enough to cope with the enormous multitude which filled the streets, encouraging gamines, students, and girls to tear down Polignac’s posters; nor at the outset were they commanded with sufficient spirit. In the work of bill-tearing Jules Grévy, then a law student, distinguished himself, and got nothing worse than a wound from the boot of a staff lieutenant, who, as historical legends pretend, was the future Marshal MacMahon. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 27th, a deputation of mothers, chiefly market-women, went to St. Cloud with a box of bonbons and a bouquet for the little Duc de Bordeaux, and tried to present a petition to the Duchesse
de Berry, praying that she would use her influence to get the Ordinances withdrawn, in order that other boys might not be made fatherless like hers through civil strife. But the gift and the petition were declined, and the noise of firing began to be heard over Paris as the market-women trudged back, eating between them the sweetmeats which they had brought for the little Prince.

The fighting between the King's troops and the insurgents lasted three days. The Garde Royale, whose officers were all sons of peers, and the Swiss Guards, who hated the Parisians well, fought with desperation; but they were overmatched. On the evening of the 28th Charles X. played his rubber of whist as usual, and tried to look cheerful; but on the following day it was all over with the Bourbon dynasty, and the Duc d'Angoulême, in a paroxysm of rage such as he never exhibited before or after, tore off Marmont's epaulets, accusing him of having betrayed the King as he had betrayed l'Autre—that is, Napoleon. Marmont was one of those unfortunate men whose conduct always requires to be explained in books of three volumes; but his Memoirs have not altered the general opinion that he was a poor creature. On the 1st of August the King withdrew to Rambouillet, and on the 2nd abdicated; at the same time the Duc d'Angoulême—an easy, unambitious man—renounced his own rights in favour of his nephew, who thus became King of France, the Duc d'Orléans being appointed Lieutenant-General of the kingdom until the boy should attain his majority.

All these arrangements came too late. The Liberal leaders did not want a regency; they urged the Duc d'Orléans to accept the Crown that a Republic might not be established; and the new King—King of the French he called himself in servile homage to the mob—sent M. Odilon Barrot, as Commissioner, to escort Charles X. to Cherbourg. Even at this juncture the old King could not believe that his subjects wished to drive him out. A few months before he had gone on a tour through his dominions, and had been received everywhere with enthusiasm, so that he kept hoping the provinces would rise up and undo the seditious work of Paris. He journeyed towards the sea like a conqueror in state, accompanied by his family, his guards, and courtiers enough to fill fifty coaches. It took him more than a fortnight, travelling with royal slowness, to
reach the port where he was to embark for England; and all along his route he heard words of compassion uttered for the little Duc de Bordeaux who stood at the window of a coach with his sister blowing pretty kisses to the crowds. The boy had not been informed as to what had happened; he was in high glee at hearing himself addressed as King and Majesty, and the rigid observance of Court etiquette during the journey kept him from guessing that he was going into exile. At Laigle etiquette nearly robbed the two kings of their dinners, for the hotel at which they alighted had only round tables—tables, therefore, of which their Majesties could not take the head. However, a carpenter was called in to saw one of the tables into a rectangle, after which the juvenile monarch and his grandfather could sit down without shocking the High Chamberlain. Prince Polignac followed his mis-served master to England; but he lay concealed in a baggage-waggon, having as much to fear from infuriated Royalists as from the rabble.

There may be some natives of Edinburgh who still remember the time when Charles X. held his court at Holyrood, and when the Duc de Bordeaux was frequently to be seen riding about the city in a chaise driven by postillions with white cockades. The Reform agitation in England rendered it undesirable that the exiled family should establish themselves and plot against Louis Philippe in or near London, and, after a while, William IV.'s Minister gave hints that even Holyrood must not be made a centre of intrigues. So the Bourbon Court removed to Prague, and there it was soon resolved that the Duchesse de Berry—a Princess full of spirit and liveliness, who was the idol of the Royalists—should start for France, land privately in La Vendée, and try to revive the old Breton loyalty in favour of her boy.

But this expedition, though carefully planned, ended in disaster. If there had been a Republic in Paris the Vendéens would have understood the issues set before them; but the crown had been transmitted with comparative quietness, so far as the provinces were concerned, from Charles X. to Louis Philippe, and the peasantry could not see all the points of difference between one king and another. A single engagement with the new King's troops sufficed to rout the small body of the Duchess's adherents, and the discomfited lady, trying to escape from the country in the disguise of a peasant woman, sabots and all, was betrayed into the hands of the Government.
by an infamous man, named Deutz, who charged £40,000 as the price of his treachery. Then the most calamitous blow of all fell upon the Legitimists, for the Duchess, being confined for months in the Château de Blaye, could not conceal that she was pregnant, and was obliged to confess that she had been privately married to an Italian nobleman, Count Lucchesi-Palli. Charles X. never forgave this mésalliance. The little Comte de Chambord had not been captured with his mother, but had been conveyed out of France by the Marquis de la Rochejaquelein and the Duc de Blacas; and when the Duchess left her prison she was denied permission to join her boy or even to see him again, except in the presence of strangers.

The Comte was confided to the care of his aunt, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, a princess of masculine energy, who in face and character resembled her grandmother, the Empress Maria Theresa, and whom Napoleon called “the only man among the Bourbons.” Her placid husband seems to have found her virility too much for him, for in 1832 he assumed the title of Comte de Marnes, and retired altogether into private life, saying his wife had “stolen his breeches, and that he was content she should wear them since they fitted her.” The daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette was an excellent woman, intelligent though hard; but it would have been better for the young Henri V. if he had been brought up under the softer influence of his warm-hearted, cheerful, and most lovable mother. The Duchesse de Berry was not pretty, but she was a great charmer; “to listen half an hour to her prattle is worth two glasses of good wine,” said Lord Stuart de Rothesay, when he was Ambassador in Paris. There was something very touching in the humility with which she submitted to be banished from the royal family, as if her second marriage had disgraced her, whereas, in truth, the gentleman to whom she had given her hand was not unworthy of her. “Would you have thought it more moral if I had not married him?” she asked of her strong-minded cousin. “Il y a une morale d’État,” answered the Duchesse d’Angoulême sourly; and afterwards this good lady alluded with complacency to the excellent example set by another beau garçon, who, having married a princess of blood-royal, had been satisfied “with some left-handed ceremony in a vestry,” and described himself wittily on his cards as “Master of her Royal Highness’s household.”
Charles X. died in 1836 at Goertz, or Goritz, a small town of Istria, long noted as the chief place where Hebrew books were printed for the East. He had gone there from Prague in 1835, and it was at Goertz that the Comte de Chambord received an education that was to estrange him completely from the political thought of the century. His principal tutor was the Duc de Damas, a man who might have compared with the present Bishop of St. Andrews for the variety of his accomplishments as scholar, athlete, Churchman, and causeur. He was one of those amusing, exuberant, sentimental, and winning men who always disclaim sentiment in arguing and profess to be guided by cold reason—unanswerable men, having erudition, anecdote, syllogisms, and humour all at their command for the defence of any prejudice or paradox. The Duc de Damas was no bigot. He would almost have subscribed to the proposition of a certain English peer that "the Church is a branch of the Civil Service." But as such he understood its uses, and claimed for it his pupil's whole-hearted devotion. "Men seek shelter under that which is firm," was his favourite maxim. "Tired sceptics return to Rome because its doctrines are immutable, and disappointed politicians to absolutism. France will grow sick of the new systems which promise more than they yield, and her people will then crave for a restoration of the old Monarchy, which stood upright a thousand years." In this doctrine of reaction applied to an unsettled country like France there was a great deal of truth. But the flaw lay in ignoring the fact that in politics people are attracted chiefly to men, not to ideas. We regulate our spiritual lives by principles, but we like that our temporal business shall be managed for us by men of nerve, who can persuade us that they are leading us forward, even though they are doing the contrary.

The Comte de Chambord's education should have fostered in him that happy audacity which enables a man to give new names to old things, as Napoleon III. did in 1852, when he established a Monarchy more despotic than that of Louis XIV., and called it the latest development of democracy. Instead of that the Comte's pious aunt and his romantic tutor taught him to attach himself to the symbols, imaginary glories, and not less imaginary principles of the old Monarchy; in fact, what the Comte de Chambord really did was to create in fancy an ideal Monarchy, such as had never existed. "Our dear Henri is a little
mystical; his is a poet's nature," wrote the Duchesse d'Angoulême in 1840 to P. A. Berryer, the great Legitimist orator; but Henri V. never wrote a passable line of poetry, and he was mystical only because his mind had been nourished entirely on fictions. He had learned the history of France out of that queer book by Father Loriquet, which makes no mention of the follies, crimes, and tribulations of the French kings, but records only their poms and victories. They are all crowned saints, including Louis XV., and the downfall of their power was explained to Henri V. by the circumstance that the aristocracy, who ought to have been the supporters of the Church and of the Throne, had been led away by the heresies of a certain Voltaire.

This fact, this one great smirch on the pages of French history, made a deep mark on the mind of the young Prince, who knew nothing of Voltaire beyond that he was the devil's emissary, like Luther; but a time came when the Duc de Damas found that his pupil, by dint of brooding over the unexpiated sin of his country, was lapsing into a dangerous train of thought. In his twentieth year the Prince began to fast often, spent hours daily in the chapel of his château, and would come out thence with streaming eyes; his great fear was that he could never become so good a man as his ancestors, and that he might draw down new calamities on France by his want of firmness. He pushed introspection to such a point that he began to trouble his confesser, the Jesuit Father Lemercier, with sheets of letter-paper covered with memoranda as to his evil thoughts. A visit from the wise Cardinal Lambruschini (who was very nearly being elected Pope a few years afterwards in the place of him who became Pius IX.) restored composure to his mind. But the Cardinal advised that he should travel, and soon afterwards the Prince set off on a tour with the amusing Duc de Lévis and General Latour-Foissac. He journeyed over Austria, part of Germany, and Italy, being received in all the Courts with royal honours, much to the disgust of Louis Philippe's envoys; and he excited everywhere feelings of mingled admiration and astonishment. He was a handsome young man, who bore himself with a kingly dignity, but he was grave beyond his years, shy with women—being no Frenchman in this respect—and he betrayed his ignorance on almost all subjects with such an astounding coolness that some of his
hosts at first eyed him askance, wondering whether he was a practical joker.

Sir Robert Gordon, who was British Ambassador at Vienna, wrote to a friend in England: "The young King of France has been here amusing everybody. People do not know what to make of him. The other night, speaking to the Emperor, he said something so incredibly simple that the Emperor looked hard at him twice, expecting he was going to smile." After a while, however, the surprise which the Comte created gave way to a kind of enthusiasm, and sovereigns passed the word to one another that he was a young Prince really worth studying. He had never read a novel, he took no interest in science, his knowledge of history was derived from a tissue of ballads and fairy tales; but his faith in the divine right of kings and the ardour with which he expressed himself about the duties of princes in setting models of piety to their subjects were refreshing novelties to certain blasé potentates, who were weary of hearing most young princes boast of comprehending "the Liberal principles of the age." The King of Naples (Bomba) exclaimed in a transport that Henri V. would be a new David—a simple boy with a sling, who would slay the Goliath of Impiety. Count d'Orsay, who saw the Prince two or three years later in London, and who thought poorly of him, conveyed a similar idea in other words. Somebody had remarked that the Comte de Chambord had a fine head. "Yes," he said, "it is a palace with no room furnished in it except the chapel."

In 1841, two months before he became of age, the Comte de Chambord met with a bad accident of which he was to feel the consequences for the remainder of his life. Riding in the neighbourhood of Kirchberg, he was thrown from his horse, and fractured his left thigh. A permanent lameness was the result, not very marked, but sufficient to make prolonged exercise distasteful to him. Moreover, the accident spoilt his nerve for riding and made it impossible that he should figure in the military pageants of foreign Courts. This was a great disappointment to his adherents, who had been anxious that he should appear frequently in uniform, and be represented as having military tastes and aptitudes.

In that same year, 1841, the Duchesse d'Angoulême purchased the castle and estate of Frohsdorf, about forty miles from Vienna, and the Comte de Chambord had been taken there from
Goertz for a change of air, when news arrived of the sudden death of the Duc d'Orléans, Louis Philippe's heir, through a carriage accident. This event seemed likely to be of great importance to the Comte de Chambord, for the Duc d'Orléans had enjoyed an immense popularity. Affable, generous, brave, highly educated, the friend of artists and authors, and a sincere Liberal, he promised to make an excellent king; but the eldest of his children, the Comte de Paris, was only four years old, and Guizot's Government, having to introduce a Regency Bill, found itself in difficulties. The Duchesse d'Orléans (Hélène of Mecklenburg) was a Protestant, and Guizot, though a Calvinist himself, dared not propose her for fear of offending the Roman Catholics. On the other hand, the Duc de Nemours, the King's second son, was not popular, and his nomination as Regent greatly weakened the Monarchy of July.

The Comte de Chambord was still confined to his couch when all these events happened, and he was not well enough to be moved until November 1843. He then went to London, where a house in Belgrave Square had been hired for him, and he announced his pretensions to the throne in the most public fashion, calling upon all his partisans to come and do him homage. They flocked to London in great numbers, and Louis Philippe grew so alarmed that it was arranged the Deputies of the majority should, in their address answering the Speech from the Throne in the session of 1844, censure the conduct of twenty-six members of the Lower House who had been among the pilgrims. These gentlemen at once resigned their seats, but were re-elected. What was worse, a sudden fashion set in for "Chambordism"; the circulation of the Legitimist papers was quintupled; ladies wore bonnets à la Chambord; actors, "gagging" in their parts, introduced allusions to "lilies," the "Grand Monarque," "Henri IV." and the "poule au pot," and were frantically applauded. Paris, always on the quest for some new thing, chose to look upon the young Henri V. as a hero whose elevated ideas dwarfed the petty peaceful policy of a bourgeois king.

At this time the future Napoleon III. was a prisoner at Ham, ridiculous on account of his two mad raids upon Strasburg and Boulogne; the Republican party were discredited owing to the foolish insurrection of Barbès in 1839; and the Comte de Chambord, who had most of the clergy and nobility and a large
mass of malcontents on his side, to say nothing of Berryer, who was a host in himself, was the only serious pretender whom Louis Philippe had to fear. He much strengthened himself in 1847 by marrying the Princess Maria-Theresa, daughter of the Duke of Modena, who added a very large fortune to that which he possessed already; and in 1848, when all of a sudden a revolution broke out in Paris and drove Louis Philippe from the throne, he could reckon that he had every chance in his favour. He was on a visit to his mother at Venice when the news of Louis Philippe's ludicrous fall reached him, for, since his majority, he had often sought the companionship of the amiable woman whom the Duchesse d'Angoulême still called contemnously "la Palli." The Duchesse de Berry, always impulsive, jumped up, clapping her hands, and danced round the room; but the Duchesse d'Angoulême received the tidings at Frohsdorf in a manner which showed a much deeper, more intense feeling of triumph. When she heard of Louis Philippe's pitiful hesitations, of his unkingly weakness and shameful flight, in which no element of humiliation—and of just retribution, according to her view—was wanting, she stopped the Duc de Blacas, who had come to her with the story, and who related it laughing. "C'est assez," she said, thrilling all over in her black robes (she had lost her husband in 1844). "Mon Dieu, I dare not listen any more; we are too completely avenged."

Why did not the Comte de Chambord make a better use of his opportunities in 1848? The answer must be the plain one that he was deficient in personal courage. The fact might be varnished by saying that he was over-conscientious and more of a monk than a prince; but this would not be true. He was bigoted and very ignorant, but he had outgrown the religious hysteria of his twentieth year; he had become a bon vivant, was vain of his rank, and much wished to be king. Nor was there in him any resolute objection to reigning as a constitutional sovereign, for in several little addresses to deputations, and in letters—he was always writing letters—he declared that he meant to rule with the help of advisers elected by the people. The organs of his party, and especially L'Union and La Gazette de France, which were known to draw their inspirations directly from his circle, stated the same thing in much more explicit terms; but it was a suspicious circumstance that scruples always
overcame the Comte when it was necessary that he should take personal action.

Four months after the revolution of February the second Republic was doomed. The Communist insurrection of June had broken out and had been thoroughly repressed by General Cavaignac; a Conservative reaction set in, and the first Legislature elected during the General's rule contained a strong minority of Legitimists and a large number of members who were ready to rally round Henri V. on condition that he should issue a manifesto embodying a charter of public liberties. But this he would never do, though he repeatedly promised to do it. He flitted about from place to place, inviting his friends to meet him in palaces or hotels; and at his hospitable table he spoke with so much sense and sweetness that his guests went away enchanted. But at the very moment when, after toiling and moiling, arrangements had been effected in accordance with his own suggestions, he would mysteriously vanish, and would be next heard of as performing a "retreat" in a monastery. Again, when he ran away he would leave some confusing letter behind him which darkened the political waters like the discharges of an ink-fish.

Tricky would be a hard term to use about the Comte de Chambord, but he gave his word lightly, and it was worth little, because his moods were so variable. When the battle was far off he snorted like a war-horse; when the time came for actually joining in the fray he always found it necessary to consult some reverend father as to whether it were fitting he should fight. Louis Napoleon, a very different man, canvassed the country while the Bourbon Prince idled, and in a few weeks, by dint of clever electioneering, he won all the popularity which Henri V. might have got if he had shown vigour, or if he had simply refrained from thwarting those who worked for him. But even after the Presidential election of December 1848 the Comte de Chambord still had good prospects. Most of the Legitimists had voted for Prince Bonaparte so that Cavaignac might not prevail, but they regarded the Prince merely as a stopgap, and were confident that before the expiring of his four years' term they should be able to arrange for Henri V.'s succeeding him.

By the light of all that has happened since, it seems strange that so astute a man as Berryer, the Parliamentary leader of the
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Legitimists, should never have divined that Louis Napoleon, when once placed in command of the strongly-centralised administrative machinery of France, would not easily be got rid of. But Berryer's delusions were shared by a great many other sharp men, including Thiers, and the years 1849-51 were consumed in intrigues tending to bring about a fusion between the two Royalist parties. The Marquis de la Rochejaquelein was the first among the Legitimist leaders who saw through the Comte de Chambord. "C'est un farceur, une poule mouillée," he said, giving deadly offence to Berryer by those words. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, however, had arrived at the same painful conclusion. For her religion's sake she pretended to acquiesce in her nephew's untimely scruples, but she was grievously disappointed to see him miss his destiny as a modern David by his lack of the spirit which conquered the Philistines, and the last year of her life was one of fretfulness. She died in 1851, just in time to be spared the sorrow of witnessing the destruction of all Royalist hopes by Louis Napoleon's coup d'état.

In 1852 the fortunes of the Comte de Chambord had fallen so low that he was obliged to employ a stationer in the Passage Choiseul, named Jeanne, to act as his political agent-general. From this man's shop were issued childish tracts of the Comte's own composition, prophesying disaster to France unless her people made atonement; but the nature of the atonement was only hinted at in vague mystical terms. The nation was "to fall at the feet of the Prince who bore the standard of Joan of Arc," to "hail the reign of the Cross and the lilies," and so forth. One morning the Imperial police entered M. Jeanne's shop and seized two cartloads of these little books, but they were deemed so harmless that nobody was prosecuted for having circulated them.

The Comte de Chambord's vagaries during the second Republic had alienated a section of his followers, who rallied to the Empire; unfortunately, a larger section remained faithful to him, and this was a melancholy thing for themselves and for France. In reviewing the career of the "honorary King," one is bound not to forget how very mischievous his influence was—how selfishly and unpatriotically he acted in not releasing from their allegiance men whom he had been unable to lead, and who, by remaining in subjection to him, had to renounce
all chance of serving their country. The Legitimists became a sulking party. They could not, consistently with Royalist principles, condemn the policy of an Emperor who ruled as autocratically as the old King, and who maintained an army of 20,000 men in Rome to uphold the temporal power; so they had to base their opposition to Napoleon III. on metaphysical divine right principle. During eighteen years the miserable spectacle was witnessed of thousands of well-educated, honourable gentlemen withdrawing altogether from public life, and refusing to serve France as soldiers, sailors, statesmen, or judges, because they could not swear obedience to an Emperor elected by plébiscite.

All this time the Comte de Chambord lived in easy and cheerful retirement. No children were born of his marriage, and as he bore no love to his heir-presumptive, the Comte de Paris, he had not to trouble himself about that Prince's future. His large fortune allowed him to keep up a stately court on a small scale, to travel much and with great comfort, to indulge his taste for sport, and to receive a succession of visitors all the year round. Anybody who came to him from France, no matter what was his rank or business, was sure to be most courteously entertained; but the Duc de Blacas, who acted as chamberlain, used to inform visitors that they were not to address the Prince as Sire, and Your Majesty, or to talk politics, the truth being that the Comte did not wish to be put to the trouble of explaining his mysterious views. He preferred to keep up his character as a royal hermit, pensive and impenetrable; and if by chance he emitted an opinion it was pontifically, without inviting discussion. The Imperial Court of France always treated him with a deep respect from policy.

M. Alphonse Daudet tells an amusing story of how, being a young man and having been offered the post of secretary to the Duc de Morny, he thought good to inform that statesman that he was a Legitimist. "So is the Empress," was the unexpected answer. The Empress cherished, indeed, some pretty project for getting the Prince Imperial betrothed to Henri V.'s niece (who eventually married Don Carlos), and prevailing upon the Comte to acknowledge Napoleon III.'s son as his political heir, but the Emperor and Empress also made a point of honouring their enemy in order that they might conciliate his titled adherents and attract them to the Tuileries. As M. Edmond About
remarked, "On fait la guerre aux Républicains à coups de bâton, aux Légitimistes à coup d’encensoir." To thwart the Imperial designs the Comte de Chambord now and then launched a proclamation ordering his friends not to vote at this or that election; and after the Italian war, when the Papal States were in danger, he wrote a valiant letter, declaring that he was ready to shed his blood for the temporal power, but as he did not buckle on his sword to go and encounter Garibaldi, this outburst only made people smile.

It must be added that the Bourbon Prince’s reputation declined year by year from its getting gradually known through newspapers that he was truly a very dull man. Journalists went to interview him in German watering-places; and two distinguished savants falling in with him during his Syrian travels in 1863-64 took his intellectual measure; but nobody was ever able to report that he was a man of parts. Advancing into middle age he had become stout and bald; and he had a good-humoured expression, which made him pleasant as a host; but the only topics on which he was fluent were sport and the curiosities to be found in churches. Being unable to ride, he had caused his forest at Frohsdorf to be intersected by splendid roads along which he could follow his hounds at boar or stag hunts in a phaeton; as for churches he had visited hundreds of them and probably knew more than any man about the miraculous properties attaching to different relics. For the rest, he bought pictures, but they were selected for him; he had no preference for any particular composer; it made him yawn to go to the theatre; and being once asked what he thought of M. Alexandre Dumas’s romances, he answered solemnly that their author had taken “great liberties” with French history. Altogether, the Comte de Chambord had become rather a laughing-stock among Frenchmen when the events of 1870-71 occurred and placed him once more in a position where it needed only a little daring to make him king.

Of course the daring failed him; though he had stronger moral support from 1871 to 1873 than under the second Republic. In 1848 nobody thought that the French could submit to a restoration of despotic monarchy, so that in demanding that France should entrust her destinies to him “unconditionally,” he seemed even to his own followers to be asking too much. But after Napoleon III.’s reign the Comte de Chambord could
urge that despotism was by no means so contrary to the spirit of the age as had once been supposed; and he could prove that Napoleon had prospered so long as he had been faithful to the principles of autocracy, and had only begun to totter from the day when he made a half-hearted attempt to restore Parliament-ary institutions.

Unfortunately, Henri V.'s failing had never been sturdiness, but instability; and under the third Republic he commenced exactly the same old game of hasty promises and unblushing retractions as he had played twenty years before. From Geneva, from Antwerp, from Bruges, from his own Château de Chambord which he revisited, he issued a series of letters which were expressly intended to allay the public prejudices touching his opinions. He plainly declared that he would never disown the tricolour, "reddened by the blood of French soldiers"; he stated that it was absurd to think that he could wish to govern without a Parliament or that he had any idea of reviving Church tithes or of suppressing political equality, "which is but a guarantee of the love which a good king bears towards all his subjects equally as to his children." Had the Comte not made these declarations the Royalists could never have pitched their hopes so high or pushed their intrigues so far as they did. The cabal which overthrew M. Thiers in May 1873 went to work on the understanding that the Comte de Chambord was ready to accept the Crown and to recognise the Comte de Paris as his heir, provided the latter went to Frohsdorf to do him homage.

Accordingly, the long-delayed interview between the heads of the two royal houses took place on the 5th of August 1873; but nothing came of it. The Comte de Paris was received somewhat like the prodigal son—kindly by the Comte de Chambord, very coldly by the Comtesse, a lady of exemplary life but rather chilling manners. The Duc de Chartres accompanied his brother, but the Comte de Chambord expected, or pretended to have expected, that the elder princes, Louis Philippe's sons, would have come too. In taking leave of his kinsman he could not help administering a soft coup de patte: "Your uncles are not ill, I hope?" he said; and the Comte de Paris returned to France feeling that he had compromised himself without assured profit, for though he had done homage to Henri V. as chief of his house, the latter had not returned the compliment by greeting him as his heir.
A few weeks after this the Comte de Chambord came privately to Versailles, and there his friends urged him to take the Crown suddenly by a coup de main. Everything was ready, as they assured him. There was a Royalist majority in the National Assembly, and if he would only march into the hall of debate and personally demand the recognition of his rights, he should be hailed King by acclamation; and Marshal MacMahon would take care that the army obeyed the decree of the Assembly.

One night the Comte de Chambord, who was staying in the house of a Breton deputy, M. de la Rochette, paced about the dining-room musing in agony of mind as to whether he ought to do what his host and others asked of him; but at last he took to flight in his favourite way, and left a letter saying that it would have been derogatory to his dignity to act as he had been advised. The truth is, he was waiting for a national call and he had not heard it; on that point his prudent ears could not deceive him. He had come to Versailles expecting to be braced in the atmosphere of the royal city where four kings of his race had held their splendid and mighty courts; but all he had seen brought disappointment and sadness. Better than any man he knew what were the glories of old Versailles when it was the residence of the greatest nobles; the place to which victorious generals came to receive their Sovereign's rewards and the smiles of society; the centre of arts, literature, wit, and graceful manners; the most polished academy in the world, as well as the finest Court. But of the old Versailles no traces were left in the new except under the form of bricks and stones. With some shrewdness the Prince looked for signs of a Royalist feeling where assuredly they would have been most displayed had they existed—over the doors of shops and in the enseignes of public-houses. Had the memory of the martyred Louis XVI. been honoured by any wine-shop bearing the sign Au bon Louis XVI.; had tradesmen exhibited the azure shield of the Bourbons in boast that their predecessors had once been purveyors to the Court, Henri V. might have believed that he had friends among the people.

But seeking for tokens of constancy or of penitence among the sons of those who had been his forefathers' subjects he found none. In the most conspicuous part of the town rose the statue of the Republican General Hoche, who vanquished the Royalists and shattered their last hopes in the Vendée; and, notwith-
standing that in 1873 the fires and massacres of the Commune were things of yesterday, Radical electoral addresses bloomed on every hoarding red as ever. The Prince went to visit the palace—a clandestine visit—and he was almost disguised by a muffler which hid his beard. He leaned on the arm of M. de la Rochette, and the guide who showed them round had no suspicion of the thrill which must have passed through the gentleman who limped so dejectedly behind him when he said, "This is the bed in which Louis XIV. died; and this the balcony where the heralds used to stand to proclaim a king's death, crying 'Le Roi est mort: Vive le Roi!'" The palace was then being occupied by the National Assembly. The deputies held their sittings in the theatre where J. J. Rousseau's Devin du Village had been performed before Louis XV.'s Court. The chapel where Bossuet and Massillon had preached was disused. Most of the reception-rooms were devoted to the museum of pictures which represent the battles of Napoleon, episodes in the Revolution of 1830, and the pomps of Napoleon III.'s reign. As for the stately Galerie des Glaces, the most important items about it which suggested themselves to the guide's mind were that William I. had been proclaimed there Emperor of Germany, and that during the Commune the room had served as a dormitory to some Republican deputies. All this was not very inspiriting; and it may be that the unsuspecting guide taught his thoughtful hearer—"the last of the kings"—a lesson. Henri V. may have gone away from the palace determined that before he stretched out his hand to a crown he would make sure that the men who had snatched it away from him when he was a boy were offering it to him again in real earnest.

His ever-indulgent partisans excused his hesitations, blamed M. de la Rochette for his excess of zeal, and resolved that two members of the Right—MM. Chesnelong and Lucien Brun—should go to Salzburg and formally offer the Crown to the Prince in the name of the Parliamentary majority. They were encouraged to take this step by the Union, and when they started on their journey the general opinion in Paris was that all difficulties were about to be removed. State carriages had actually been ordered for Henri V.'s triumphal entry into Paris; and the factories of Lyons were receiving from Parisian drapers large orders for silks embroidered with golden lilies. But once again and for the last time the grandson of Charles X.
played his double game. To M.M. Chesnelong and Brun he said, in the most correct constitutional language, that he accepted their proposals, and would leave it to the National Assembly to frame a new Constitution for France; but scarcely had the two politicians returned home with these glad tidings than the Prince telegraphed a note to the Union to the effect that he "would never consent to be the King of the Revolution." A week later—27th October 1873—he gave the final blow to the hopes of his friends by a manifesto, in which he proclaimed that he "would never renounce the white flag—the standard of Arques and Ivry."

Arques and Ivry were Protestant victories gained by Henri IV. over the Catholic Leaguers, and it showed a comical ignorance of history in Henri V. to allude to them as he did. But was not his whole life mixed strangely with the comic element? One can have no wish to speak disrespectfully of a Prince of gentle character whose ideal of moral duty was, no doubt, high; but historical truth compels the remark that the Comte de Chambord was never equal to the high destinies which his birth had prepared for him. He may have been born with talents, but his education marred them, while the mental and physical distress he experienced whenever he was instigated to a course involving personal danger surely proved that he was more fitted to wear a cowl than a crown. He will remain known in history as Henry the Unready. Fortune did more for him than she generally does for men of his stamp by offering him her spurned favours two or three times over; but it is, at least, consoling to remember that he never fretted much over the chances which he threw away. He did not pine in exile like Charles X., but had in him much of the philosophical self-contentment of Louis XVIII., with some mixture of the meditiveness which made solitude dear to Louis XVI. When he had to give up the hope of seeing children born to him, he appears to have become secretly indifferent to recovering his throne, and it is only a pity that he did not avow this indifference, sparing his devoted followers much trouble and France the many worries that have resulted from useless party strife.

It is unquestionable that the Comte de Chambord's conduct in 1873 was dictated partly by the alarms of the Princess his wife, who shrank from the prospect of revolutionary horrors, and partly by the antipathy felt both by the Comte and the Comtesse
towards the Orleans Princes. The Bourbon Prince’s quiet, cool, but implacable dislike of his cousins of the younger branch would be enough by itself to explain why he should have been in no hurry to take any course which must eventually have facilitated the Comte de Paris’s succession to the throne. Nevertheless, it is probable that many, ignoring the human motives that prompted some of Henri V.’s actions, remembering only his good points, and the patiently-borne agonies of his last illness, may from this time please to speak of him as a paragon among princes, in whom was no pettiness and who sacrificed everything to principle. One need not grudge any Royalist this pious belief. It is enough to have indicated our reasons for not sharing it.
It is with the deepest regret that we record the death of Mr. Thomas Chenery, the editor of this journal, which occurred at his house in Serjeants' Inn at seven o'clock yesterday morning. The fatal illness was of very brief duration, and Mr. Chenery died literally at his post. So late as Friday, the 1st of February, he was at the Times office discharging the full duties of his laborious and responsible position, bearing the burden of his increasing malady with manifest suffering, though without a murmur of complaint, and manfully striving to combat an illness, the signs of which he seemed reluctant to recognise, though they were only too painfully apparent to his colleagues and assistants.

For some time past, indeed for the greater part of the last twelve months, Mr. Chenery's usually robust health had seemed to those who watched him closely to exhibit signs of the strain to which he habitually subjected it by his unceasing devotion to work and duty. But towards the end of the year he seemed to be better again, and when, at the beginning of last month, he went away for a brief holiday in order to prepare for the heavy labours awaiting him in the Parliamentary session, he appeared to be in a fair way to recover his usual health and spirits. This, however, was not to be. He went to Paris, as was his wont, but came back to London in a few days; and when he returned to his work towards the close of the month, the signs of serious illness in his face and bearing were only too visible to his colleagues. For some days he struggled on with rare courage and devotion, and at times it seemed as
though he were slowly recovering. On Saturday, the 2nd of February, however, he was too ill to rise, and from that time his strength was slowly ebbing away. Last Sunday evening he underwent an operation, performed by Mr. Haward, surgeon to St. George's Hospital, at the request of Mr. Henry Lee, his regular medical attendant. The operation was satisfactorily performed, but afterwards Mr. Chenery sank into a state of partial unconsciousness, from which he never recovered, and he passed quietly away at an early hour yesterday morning.

Of our own loss by the death of a man of Mr. Chenery's wide knowledge, sound judgment, and great capacity, we have no desire to speak at undue length; but it certainly behoves us to dwell on the magnificent devotion and self-sacrifice displayed by one who, though little before the world in his personal capacity, was nevertheless an important public servant, and who gave not merely his strength, but his weakness and even his life itself, to the service in which he was engaged.

There is very little that is eventful to be told of the life of Mr. Chenery. The life of the editor of such a journal as the Times is not, of course, devoid of events, but its events are those of current history rather than of the individual career. In this connection, however, it may truly be said that hardly within the memory of living men—with the possible exception of the five or six years which included the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny—could a period be found so crowded with momentous and critical events as the six years that have elapsed since Mr. Chenery became editor of the Times. In 1878 the Russo-Turkish War was virtually over. Plevna had fallen in the last days of 1877, Gourko had made his gallant march across the Balkans in mid-winter, and when Parliament met in 1878 the Russian forces were at the very gates of Constantinople. Then followed the passage of the Dardanelles by the British Fleet, the negotiation of the Treaty of San Stefano, the resignation of Lord Derby, and the changes of policy that resulted from it, the movement of the Indian troops to Malta, and all the long negotiations which preceded the meeting of the Congress at Berlin. The occupation of Cyprus, the Anglo-Turkish Convention, the outbreak of the Afghan War, and the meeting of Parliament in the autumn were incidents of the latter half of the eventful year 1878. In 1879 we had the troubles in Zululand, and the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari at
Cabul; 1880 brought the general election, the change of Government, and the rise of the Irish troubles. The Land Act was passed in 1881, and Mr. Parnell was imprisoned in the autumn of the same year. The Phænix Park murders and the Egyptian campaign were the most memorable events of 1882, while the history of last year is still too fresh in the memory of all to need any recapitulation here.

In this brief survey of an eventful period we have mentioned only the most salient and memorable events, and have omitted others of almost equal importance. These are the events in the midst of which Mr. Chenery had to move as editor, and on many of them he must be held to have exercised an amount of influence such as few individuals can claim in respect of the great affairs of mankind. But an editor of the Times must move and work, not merely in great affairs. *Humani nihil a se alienum putat*; whatever concerns mankind for the moment, from a war to a whim, from a passing fancy or transient fashion to the great secular movements of humanity, from a great crime to a great catastrophe, the tragedy of life and its comedy, the victories of science and the achievements of literature, the vicissitudes of circumstance and the inexorable harvest of death—these, and much more than these, are threads in the web of which an editor's life is woven, and belong as much to his personal life as they do to the general history of his time.

All these events, however, belong only to the brief and final period of six years in an active and well-spent life. It behoves us to give some fuller account of Mr. Chenery's history before he assumed the onerous and responsible post of editor of the Times. He was born in Barbados in the year 1826. In early youth he made several voyages between the West Indies, where his parents lived, and this country, and he seems thus to have acquired that love of travel which never afterwards forsook him. He was sent to school at Eton, and thence he proceeded to Caius College, Cambridge.

After the conclusion of his University career, Mr. Chenery was called to the Bar, and was soon afterwards appointed to represent this journal as its correspondent at Constantinople in the stormy diplomatic period which preceded the Crimean War. His experience in this capacity was excellent training for a publicist; but his residence at Constantinople, which lasted for some years, exercised in another direction a very decisive
influence on his life. Constantinople in those days was the abode of eminent men and the scene of remarkable events. We need only mention the great Eltchi—Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—and the severe diplomatic contest which he sustained against the representatives of Russia and other Powers, and recall the many Englishmen of note who passed the Bosphorus in those years on their way to or from the seat of war in the Crimea. Among the friends whom Mr. Chenery made at this period of his life was the gifted Algernon Smythe—afterwards Lord Strangford—and we may conjecture that it was the influence of this kindred spirit that gave Mr. Chenery that turn for philological studies in which he was afterwards to attain so remarkable an eminence.

Mr. Chenery also lived much with the leaders of the Greek community at Constantinople, and his acquisition of their native language gave him an interest in the connection of Modern Romaic with classical Greek on the one hand, and with the Oriental languages in use at Constantinople on the other, which also tended in the direction of his favourite bias for philology. These, however, were only the occupations of his leisure. The task of correspondent of this journal at Constantinople in those momentous years was no light one, and it should be mentioned that on more than one occasion Mr. Chenery went up to the front in the Crimea to relieve Dr. W. H. Russell, who, as is well known, was our special correspondent at the seat of war. After the war Mr. Chenery returned to this country and was forthwith employed on the staff of the Times as a regular contributor of leading articles, reviews, and other original papers. This employment was continuous from the time of his return to England until he became editor, so that it may be said without exaggeration that, from the time when he quitted the University until almost the very hour of his death, his life was devoted to the service of the Times. His command of a powerful and impressive style, his wide general culture, and his extensive knowledge of European politics, both in their contemporary bearings and in their historical relations, rendered his services of peculiar value.

But though his occupation as a journalist was sufficient to engage the whole attention of an ordinary man, Mr. Chenery, while never neglecting his duties in that capacity, nevertheless found time to pursue the Oriental studies of which he
had become enamoured in the East. He seemed to live the life of two men, and to give to each the energy and application which many men would have found a heavy burden in either. So completely were his two occupations separated that many of his friends who knew him only as an Oriental scholar never knew, and found it difficult to believe, that he was also one of the busiest and most accomplished journalists of his time. His Oriental studies were pursued with surpassing enthusiasm. For languages he had a most remarkable gift. French, German, and, we believe, Italian, he read with ease and spoke with fluency, he was master of modern Greek and Turkish, and as an Arabic and Hebrew scholar he had few rivals among his contemporaries. It was constantly his habit with his Oriental friends to converse freely in Hebrew, and he wrote an introduction in Hebrew to one of his philological works which has been regarded by competent Hebraists as one of the most finished pieces of composition ever produced by a man who had not learnt Hebrew as a vernacular language in his childhood. His capacity for acquiring the colloquial use of languages, whether European or Oriental, was comparable only to that of men like the late Professor Palmer or M. Vambéry; but, in addition to this, he brought to the study of language a scholarly instinct and a philological acumen like that of Lord Strangford himself, and such as is rarely associated with an exceptional colloquial capacity.

When the company for the revision of the Old Testament was formed, it was natural that Mr. Chenery should be invited to join it; he devoted much time and thought to its labours before he became editor of the Times; and even after his assumption of that post he seemed to find a welcome relaxation in an occasional participation in its labours. For some time he was Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society, and his studies in Arabic literature are well known and appreciated by all Oriental scholars. His great work in this department was a translation, accompanied by learned historical and grammatical notes, and a masterly introduction, of the well-known Arabic classic entitled The Assemblies of Al-Hariri. This was published in 1867, and at once established Mr. Chenery’s reputation throughout the learned world as one of the most accomplished of living Oriental scholars. We may mention in this connection that a few years ago two men so competent to judge as the late Professor
Bernays, of Bonn, a Jew by birth and a student of Oriental literature by predilection, and M. Renan, incontestably the most brilliant Semitic scholar of France, spoke to a common friend in terms of enthusiastic admiration of Mr. Chenery's philological attainments.

In 1868 the Lord Almoner's Professorship of Arabic at Oxford became vacant by the death of the late Dr. Macbride, and Mr. Chenery was appointed to the Chair by the then Lord Almoner, Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. The Chair is one of small emolument and intermittent duties, but such duties as there were Mr. Chenery discharged with his usual thoroughness, soon engaging the confidence of Dr. Pusey and other Oxford Orientalists, and bearing his part when opportunity offered in promoting the welfare of Oriental studies in Oxford. His inaugural lecture, a masterly account of the Arabic language in its historical and philological relations, was delivered on 3rd December 1868, and published shortly afterwards.

Mr. Chenery, who, as we have said, was a graduate of Cambridge, was incorporated soon after his appointment to the Arabic Chair at Oxford as a member of Christ Church, and was received with kindly welcome and appreciation by the members of that distinguished Society—a reception which he in his turn warmly appreciated, and often spoke of in terms of cordial and grateful recognition. His appointment as Professor did not interfere with his occupation as a journalist. If his days were given to his own loved Oriental studies, his nights were still devoted to contemporary politics. A singular result of this rare combination of employments was exhibited in his pamphlet published in 1869, entitled Suggestions for a Railway Route to India. In this pamphlet the writer shows an equal command of contemporary politics, of practical affairs, and of a scholar's historical knowledge of Oriental conditions of life. In 1872 Mr. Chenery published an edition of the Machberoth Ithiel, a Hebrew work written in imitation of the Assemblies of Al-Harirî, by Yehudah ben Shelomo Alknarizi, and it was his introduction to this work, written in Hebrew, which, as we have mentioned, extorted the enthusiastic admiration of Hebrew scholars, both Jewish and Christian.

Mr. Chenery retained the Lord Almoner's Professorship of Arabic at Oxford until 1877, when, on the failure of Mr. Delane's health, he was appointed Mr. Delane's successor as
MR. CHENERY

editor. From that time, as was inevitable, his Oriental studies were for the most part suspended, though it would seem that nothing was more congenial to him than an occasional return to them. His scholarly instincts and tastes never forsook him; more than once he has been seen during his brief holidays searching the boxes of the booksellers on the Quai Voltaire, in Paris, and carrying off some dusty treasure of classical or Oriental lore with the ardour of a true lover of books. For a longer holiday he would go by choice to the meetings of the International Congress of Orientalists—he was present at Leyden last autumn—and for a brief relaxation he would attend a session of the company of Old Testament Revisers. These, however, were genuine relaxations, and taken only at times when relaxation was possible, not to say necessary, to him.

Since he became editor, a little more than six years ago, his first and last thought was always for the welfare of this journal, to which his rare power of application, his rapid and comprehensive judgment, his large experience of affairs, and his capacious stores of knowledge were devoted without stint, with no thought of his ease and comfort, and perhaps with too little regard for his health and strength. To the world which knew him not it may have seemed incongruous that a learned Oriental scholar was chosen by those who did know him to succeed Mr. Delane. But the learned Oriental scholar was only half the man; the other half was an accomplished publicist, an experienced man of affairs; and as the period of public affairs with which it has fallen to his lot to deal has been in large measure a period of which the dominant interest has centred in the course of events in the East, it will be acknowledged that the selection was amply justified both by his personal fitness on general grounds and by his special and peculiar aptitude for dealing with Oriental affairs.

Mr. Chenery's life during his editorship is nothing more nor less than the history of this journal, and that, after the brief summary we have given above, we must leave to speak for itself. Of his personal characteristics, to none known so well as to his sorrowing colleagues in the Times office, we have scarcely the heart to speak on the very morrow of his untimely death. In society he was widely known and highly esteemed, though much of his life had been that of a retired student, and though his disposition was naturally shy, and his manner in consequence
somewhat reserved. He was rarely provoked into saying an unkindly word of any one, and his unfailing consideration for all with whom he was brought into contact in the discharge of his editorial duties secured for him their genuine and affectionate regard. The public loss in the death of such a man, so versed in affairs, so masculine in judgment, so flexible and versatile in capacity, is no slight one; to his colleagues and private friends it is a heavy personal sorrow. To the world he leaves a record of work, both public and private, which will not be easily forgotten; to his friends and associates in the conduct of this journal he bequeaths the consoling and stimulating example of a life cheerfully spent and a death manfully faced in the loyal discharge of public duty.
SIR BARTLE FRERE

Obituary Notice, Friday, May 30, 1884

The death of Sir Bartle Frere brings to a sad and sudden conclusion the most notable and varied career among contemporary Anglo-Indians. His public life covered a period of more than half a century, and from the very first day of his entry into the service of the East India Company he succeeded in showing that he was a man of no common stamp. More than any of his contemporaries was he thought at one time to be favoured by fortune. Whatever he touched succeeded. He not only triumphed over difficulties; they vanished from his path. He gained the approval of his superiors, the admiration of his subordinates, and the affection of the native peoples whom he governed with such gentle firmness. For forty years and more everything he did turned to the advantage of the State and to his own honour; and then he fell upon evil days. The last few years were clouded with doubt and personal misfortune, though he maintained to the last the full and unshaken conviction that his African stewardship had been guided, not merely by a sense of justice, but in accordance with the dictates of a sound policy. It is as an Anglo-Indian statesman and administrator, however, that Sir Bartle Frere will be permanently remembered, and in that capacity it will be difficult even for his enemies to deny him a place beside his great rival and contemporary, John Lawrence, and among that galaxy of Englishmen who have made the government of India the most remarkable achievement of an alien government recorded in history.

The Freres were not merely an ancient, but a remarkable
family. Established in the eastern counties of Norfolk and Suffolk from the time of the Conquest, they had sent more than one representative to Parliament. Sir Bartle Frere's own grandfather had been member for St. Ives, and had perhaps a higher claim to recollection for having keenly contested the Senior Wranglership with the celebrated Paley. One of the sons of this Mr. Frere was the well-known wit, the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, the friend of Canning; another was Mr. Edward Frere, the father of the subject of this memoir. Henry Bartle Edward Frere was his fifth son. He was born in one of the wildest parts of Wales on the 29th March 1815. From Wales he went to Bath, where he was educated at one of those numerous grammar schools which trace their origin to the bounty of Edward VI. The education he received at this school was not extensive, but it was thorough as far as it went. When he was seventeen years of age he was nominated to Haileybury, but in the entrance examination he only passed by the narrowest margin. He came out on the list last but one. There is no doubt that he felt this result with keen mortification, as he had been considered a promising scholar at Bath, and a high place had been predicted for him. Once admitted, he set himself to work with such energy that at the end of the first term he had raised himself to the second place in his class; at the close of the following term he had gained the first place, and, as Colonel Malleson tells us, in a very interesting sketch of his career, written some twelve years ago, he "never afterwards lost it." At the end of 1833 he passed from Haileybury as its foremost student into the ranks of the Company's Civil Service.

At that time the long sea route was still the only way of reaching India from England. During the Napoleonic struggle important news had been several times conveyed across Syria, and this fact had suggested the idea of an overland route. Lord William Bentinck had said something in favour of the realisation of this idea, and had even proposed sending the first steamer constructed for the Indian service to Suez in order to convey any civilians or officers who cared to proceed by the Red Sea to India. Bartle Frere had heard of this project, and determined to avail himself of the opportunity. He presented a request in the form of a petition to the directors in Leadenhall Street for permission to be allowed to take this route in his journey to India, and the application was as gravely discussed
as if it had been a matter of annexing some independent State or deciding whether a right of adoption should be granted. It seems probable that so unusual a favour would have been refused for fear of creating a dangerous precedent but for the intervention of Mr. Butterworth Bayley, the member of a distinguished Anglo-Indian family which even in our own time has given several able men to the Indian services.

Mr. Frere left England in May 1834 for the Mediterranean. At Malta he passed a few days with his uncle, Mr. Hookham Frere, and thence proceeded in a Greek brigantine to Alexandria. Not the least of his difficulties consisted in the fact that there were no regular passenger boats, and he had to avail himself of the best means of travelling that offered itself. He went to Cairo, where, hearing no news of the expected steamer, he and his three companions proceeded by Thebes and Keneh to Kossier on the Red Sea. They crossed that sea in an open boat, touching at the Arabian ports of Yambo and Jeddah; but they could get no tidings of Lord William Bentinck’s steamer, for the very good reason that it had never proceeded west of Ceylon. At Mocha they took passage on board of an Arab buggalow conveying pilgrims to Surat, and, as Frere already knew enough Arabic to converse with the crew and the religiously-disposed passengers, the trip was both instructive and interesting. With regard to his Arabic Dr. Wolff, the eccentric traveller, had pronounced him to be “fit to scold his way through Egypt.” After nineteen days at sea, during the latter half of which provisions ran short and the voyagers had to live on hulwa, a glutinous sweetmeat, the young official reached Bombay on the 23rd of September 1834. The adventures of this journey did not cease with his arrival, for the authorities refused for a time to believe it possible that the first civilian out of Haileybury would have come in such an outlandish fashion. He had to establish his identity, and there are still a few Anglo-Indians living who can recall the excitement produced by Mr. Bartle Frere’s unusual mode of travelling.

The young civilian, who had not yet attained his twentieth year, threw himself with as much energy into the duties of his appointment as he had shown in the choice of his route and in his manner of carrying out his intention. Within three months he had passed the necessary examination in Hindostani. He then devoted his attention to the Mahratta and Guzerat tongues,
which he mastered with extraordinary rapidity. But Mr. Frere had the instincts of a sportsman as well as the happy knack of acquiring a mastery of languages. He was only entering upon manhood, and hearing that there was excellent sport at Belgaum, he made an application to Lord Clare, the Governor of Bombay, for an appointment to that station. This application is remarkable for the additional reason that it was the first and last request he ever made in connection with his sphere of work.

Lord Clare did not consider it proper to comply with the request, and sent him instead to Poona, where there was very hard work, no prospect of sport and still less of promotion. Mr. Frere had to turn his attention from thoughts of tiger and bison slaying to questions of revenue. He employed his leisure in studying at their seat of government the history and character of the Mahratta people, in whose language he had already made himself fluent. Attached to the Revenue Department, under Mr. Goldsmid, he assisted that officer in his efforts to improve the system of collecting the taxes then in vogue among a long-oppressed people. During this period he lived in the very heart of the Mahratta country, and under precisely the same conditions as if he had been a native official and not a member of a ruling caste. By this means he acquired an intimate acquaintance with the Mahratta people, which made him unquestionably the greatest authority on the subject.

When he succeeded, in course of time, to Mr. Goldsmid's post, he found in Khandesh the opportunity of the sport of which he had been deprived on his first taking up his official duties. It was during this period that Mr. Frere came into contact with Sir James Outram. The meeting was under appropriate circumstances, after an exciting boar chase in Khandesh, for both were enthusiastic shikaris; and Sir Bartle himself wrote an account of the scene long afterwards for the biography of the Bayard of India, written by the friend and lieutenant of both, Sir Frederick Goldsmid. While many of his contemporaries were gaining fame and promotion in connection with the war in Afghanistan, Mr. Frere, not so fortunate, was employed in the routine work of revenue assessment in Kattiawar or the Deccan. A further misfortune befell him. He was attacked with jungle fever, and, after a severe illness, only recovered to be told by the medical men at Bombay that
it would be folly to think of remaining in India, as he could not stand the climate. He disregarded the warning, and remained in India, with the results to be recorded.

His Mahratta experiences closed the first period of his Indian career. The results attained by him and his associates were so successful that their system was forthwith adopted and applied in the rest of the Bombay Presidency, and eventually in Mysore, Scinde, and Berar. The effect on the people was almost magical. As Mr. Frere himself wrote some years later, "from being the most wretched, depressed set in the Deccan they have become thriving independent fellows, thoroughly grateful for what has been done for them."

The second period of his public life began with his appointment as private secretary to Sir George Arthur, the Governor of Bombay. He obtained this post unexpectedly through the death of the gentleman appointed on his way out from England. It was one for which his tact, courtesy, and conciliatory manners pre-eminently fitted him. No long interval elapsed before the opportunity occurred of evincing all these qualities in reference to a critical question of historical interest. Sir Charles Napier attacked the Ameers of Scinde in 1843, and on the overthrow of their army at Miani, Lord Ellenborough formally annexed their territory. A great outcry was raised against this measure, partly on the ground that it was unjust, partly that it was inexpedient, and the whole Civil Service, chiefly because they were alarmed at the growing partiality to the civil employment of military officers, took up the side of Outram in his campaign against Sir Charles Napier and the annexation of Scinde. The discussion of that subject agitated Indian society for more than two years; and it naturally excited the greatest commotion of all in Bombay. Every effort was made by the supporters of the one side or the other to draw some word or act of partisanship from the Governor. But neither Sir George Arthur nor his private secretary was to be caught napping. The former kept the general in the field supplied with all the stores and officers that he required. The latter turned aside all the direct applications and the indirect manœuvres to obtain from him any expression of opinion. When the heat of the controversy cooled down, Sir George Arthur had the double satisfaction of retaining the undiminished confidence of the Government and the respect of Outram's warmest supporters. Whenever
the subject was referred to at a later period, Sir Bartle would usually turn the question by extolling Outram’s gallant defence of the Hyderabad Residency. This second period terminated in an auspicious manner with his marriage in 1844 to Sir George Arthur’s second daughter, a lady who has shared with him for forty years every vicissitude of fortune, and to whose unfailing graciousness has been due much of her husband’s success and popularity.

Up to this point in his career Mr. Frere had not been brought as prominently forward as several of his contemporaries, men who had passed out of Haileybury below him. He had also filled only subordinate positions, although they were such as required great tact and accurate knowledge. But in 1847 he was appointed, in succession to Outram, Resident at Sattara, and very shortly after his appointment the occurrence known as the Sattara lapse occurred, and the event, important as it was on political grounds, was also worthy of notice as revealing Mr. Frere’s character in its true light. The affairs of Sattara had been long in a state of confusion. One rajah had been deposed and deprived of the right of adoption. His brother was placed in the seat of authority, but when he too died a few months after Mr. Frere’s appointment and adopted a kinsman as his heir, there ensued a conflict of views. Mr. Frere recognised him as rajah; the Governor-General ignored the fact of adoption and formally annexed Sattara to the Company’s dominions. Both Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone and Captain Grant Duff signified their opinion, as the officials responsible for the treaty of 1819, that Mr. Frere had taken the right step, and that the action of the Governor-General was in contravention of that solemn engagement. However, it did not alter the fact that Sattara ceased to be an independent principality, and Mr. Frere’s appointment was changed from that of Resident to Commissioner.

Mr. Frere remained more than two years at Sattara, and in 1850 he was transferred to Scinde as Chief Commissioner, in succession to its conqueror, Sir Charles Napier. In Scinde, a barren tract of country through which the Indus passes without fertilising it, Mr. Frere threw himself with all his energies into the work of improving the communications, constructing canals, and establishing a great seaport at Kurrachee as the most convenient outlet for the resources of the province and of the
country beyond. In his dealings with the frontier tribes, he was, no doubt, supported by that remarkable man General John Jacob; but Jacob's policy in his dealings with the border clans of always carefully distinguishing between the innocent and the guilty was one essentially in accordance with Frere's innate love of justice. In 1856 he came to England on a short holiday, and on his return in the spring of the following year he learnt at Kurrachee of the outbreak at Meerut.

In great crises little men expose their shallowness, while the born leaders reveal talents only half suspected before. Mr. Bartle Frere took in the whole situation at a glance. If mutiny could be successful at Meerut there was not a station from one end of India to the other where it might not be tried with every reasonable chance of success. The loss of Delhi was a loss of prestige which could only be recovered slowly and painfully. An hour of peril was evidently approaching, when it behoved every Englishman to think not only of retaining the ground on which he stood, but of helping his countrymen at every menaced point to hold theirs. Mr. Bartle Frere saw with his fresh and vigorous understanding still more than this. He realised with the insight of genius that everything depended on the preservation of tranquillity in the Punjab and on the ultimate recovery of Delhi. Seeing thus clearly, the next point he asked himself was what he could do to assist towards the attainment of those objects. He decided with the greatest promptitude. The population of Scinde included two million Mahomedans, and to keep this large number in order he had only two weak European regiments, four native regiments, the Scinde horse, some native artillery, a troop of Horse Artillery, and a mutinous cavalry regiment. Most men would have thought that the Europeans were far too few to keep the natives in order. Mr. Frere decided in a few hours after his arrival that it was his bounden duty to send off the strongest of his English regiments without delay to Moultan.

The late Lord Lawrence had also read the situation with the eye of a master mind; and he and Frere, only to be compared with each other among Anglo-Indians of their time in this as in general intellect and capacity, enjoy the right to claim that they alone saw what was the effectual thing to be done, and that a little local danger was wisely incurred in order to meet and crush a great peril to the Empire. Bartle Frere's prompt
measure secured the strong fortress of Moultan throughout the worst days of the Mutiny. He followed up this statesmanlike act with many others as an administrator scarcely less remarkable or worthy of praise in their way. He repressed three distinct attempts to mutiny among his native troops. Having purged their ranks of traitors and restored some sense of discipline, he despatched one Beloochee regiment to the Punjab, and some of his artillery to Central India. It was then he wrote the famous sentence to Lord Elphinstone that "when the head and heart are threatened, the extremities must take care of themselves."

Such service, rendered in such graceful, not less than efficient manner, called for special recognition. He twice received the thanks of Parliament, he was made a K.C.B., and one of his former chiefs, Lord Falkland, extolled the merits of twenty-five years' service among the peoples of India, of which his own countrymen had been ignorant. Again, perhaps, the most striking testimony to his merit came from the lips of a private individual. The aged Mountstuart Elphinstone, who fifty years before had visited the Afghan monarch in the character of English envoy, and whose career was one of the most remarkable and instructive in the whole course of Anglo-Indian history, said, when Frere's name was mentioned, "Ah, tell me about him, he is a man after my own heart."

After the close of the Mutiny, Mr. Frere was nominated to the Viceroy's Council, and left Scinde for Calcutta. As might be considered inevitable after so great a crisis, the state of affairs at headquarters was one of confusion and disorganisation. In no department were these more painfully apparent than in that of the finances. A trained and experienced financier, Mr. James Wilson, was sent out from England for the express purpose of arranging the taxes and the expenditure on a firm and equitable basis. Sir Bartle Frere assisted him in all his investigations and propositions from the abundant stores of his information, and approved the remedies he suggested, not because they were above all criticism, but because "the risk involved was as nothing compared with the certain ruin of drifting into bankruptcy by remaining as we are." On Mr. Wilson's death, Sir Bartle Frere assumed for a time the personal discharge of the duties of Finance Minister, and when Mr. Samuel Laing arrived he entered into the same hearty co-operation with
him in his difficult task as with his predecessor. He also devoted himself to the work of restoring so far as he possibly could the social relations between Europeans and natives which had been violently broken off by the events of the Mutiny. His residence at Calcutta became the principal place of assembly in the capital.

Another exceptional feature in Sir Bartle's character was the cordiality which he always succeeded in establishing with the military authorities. Unlike other civilians, and particularly his great contemporary Lord Lawrence, he was on the most friendly terms with Lord Strathnairn and the many distinguished officers who took a part in the reorganisation of the Indian armies, and was never disposed to repeat the cuckoo cry that soldiers only think of spending money, and nothing of how it is to be obtained from the people's pockets.

In 1862 he was appointed Governor of Bombay, and Lord Canning, writing on his way home to congratulate him, said, "God grant you health and strength to do your work in your own noble spirit." As Governor of Bombay Sir Bartle devoted himself to every object calculated to improve the condition of the people or to increase the prosperity of the great Presidency entrusted to his charge. In all this good work he found an able and energetic colleague in his wife, and Lady Frere was among the very first English ladies to devote time and attention to the question of female education. He founded more public buildings and started more works of public utility than any of his predecessors. He gave Bombay a municipality. During his government the death-rate of Bombay was reduced to almost one-half of what it had been. He was at Bombay during the height of the great cotton fever, and he controlled affairs during the crisis which followed in its fortunes after the close of the American Civil War. He returned to England in 1867, when he was appointed on the first vacancy a member of the Indian Council.

Although his Indian career had practically closed, he was far too valuable and experienced a public servant to be allowed to remain idle. In October 1872 he was sent as Special Commissioner to the East Coast of Africa, and in the following May negotiated the treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar by which that potentate pledged himself to put an end to slavery throughout his dominions. On his return he was entrusted with the
responsible duty of accompanying the Prince of Wales on his
tour through India, and of acting as a mentor on all questions
of Indian policy and history. In January 1877 he was
appointed to the Cape of Good Hope. With reference to this
portion of his career, the events are too near our time and the
final solution of the many local difficulties is too uncertain for
an attempt to be made to decide the exact merit or demerit of
the policy which he wished to carry out, and with the execution
of which he was entrusted. Had he succeeded, he would no
doubt have conferred a great and timely service on his country.
How far he erred in not better adapting his means to his end
must remain for a later posterity finally to decide; but, perhaps,
when South African confederation is an accomplished fact there
will be a lenient and half-regretful remembrance of the man
who first endeavoured to realise it. Sir Bartle Frere's South
African stewardship was unfortunate for him in every way, and
it is not generally known that he returned after four years' absence a considerably poorer man than when he went out.

But it is not for his conduct of affairs in South Africa that
Sir Bartle Frere will be permanently remembered by his
countrymen. They will think of him mainly as a very able
and distinguished Anglo-Indian administrator, and as one of
those men who devote their energies and the best years of their
life to the service of the millions of India. His long residence
in India was marked by sterling work rendered, not only to his
country, but to the cause of justice and good government on
more than one critical occasion. His popularity with his own
countrymen was equalled by his popularity among the natives.
He was their friend in word and deed long before the spurious
and sickly sentimentality as to race equality had come into
vogue. The first thing the natives used to ask on their arrival
in this country was, "How is Sir Bartle?" Such general
homage showed that he possessed character as well as a charming
manner. His detractors used to say that his performance belied
his promise; but that was only because they had mistaken the
kindness of his mode of expressing that their requests were
inadmissible. Sir Bartle was known everywhere—at Kurrachee,
at Calcutta, at Bombay, as well as at the Cape—for his liberal
hospitality; and very few persons were brought into contact
with him without confessing the charm of his manner. But
those who imagined that Sir Bartle Frere was either weak or
hesitating in his action because he was slow to say an unkind word only looked on the surface. No one was more decided in his opinions than he. Few men could act more promptly, and no one better typified the saying of "the hand of iron in the glove of silk." It was Sir Bartle Frere's misfortune not to have had the same opportunities as his contemporary, the late Lord Lawrence, for he would have used them with as much effect. India, large as it is, could not furnish space for two independent careers worthy of these rivals.

Sir Bartle Frere had all the instincts of a statesman. He always saw the point to be finally attained for the settlement of a difficulty, if he sometimes overlooked the obstacles to be removed. His letter to Sir John Kaye in 1874 on our Afghan policy was a remarkable State paper which will be permanently quoted and referred to, and his views on Indian government were both broad and sound. His courage and fortitude were worthy of all praise, and sustained him when he laboured under the sense that his efforts had been misunderstood and not appreciated by his Government. The careers of Englishmen connected with India that might be placed on the same footing as his are very few. They may be counted on the fingers of the hand. And not one of those who either preceded or accompanied him in his work has left a name that will endure longer as the possessor of the great and good qualities which will make the hearts of natives and of Englishmen alike overflow with grief at the news of the death of Sir Bartle Frere.
MR. FAWCETT

OBITUARY NOTICE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1884

The premature and lamented death of the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., has removed a notable figure from the sphere of Parliamentary life. Short as was Mr. Fawcett's official career, it was yet sufficiently long to prove that he possessed no small share of administrative ability. It has been said that the academic mind fails when it comes to grapple with the details of practical work; but Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet contains more than one member whose experience contradicts this assertion. Certainly the statesman who has been cut off at a moment when it seemed that further possibilities of political usefulness were opening out before him was signaly successful in grasping the duties of his office and in carrying them out to the satisfaction of the nation at large. During his tenure of the office of Postmaster-General, Mr. Fawcett demonstrated his capacity for dealing with the complicated business questions which constantly arose for settlement, and he infused more life and vigour generally into his administration of the Post Office than was the case with many of his predecessors.

The deceased, who was the son of Mr. W. Fawcett, J.P., of Salisbury, was born on the 26th of August 1833, so that at the time of his death he was in his fifty-second year. The elder Fawcett was one of the earliest members of the Anti-Corn Law League, and he was well known to and esteemed by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. When he had attained his eightieth year he was still an excellent and effective speaker. He appears to have transmitted something of his own fine, robust constitution to his son, who—until suddenly struck down by illness a short time
ago, and now again by the attack which has had a melancholy and fatal result—enjoyed the most perfect physical health and spirits. Educated first at a local school near Salisbury, Henry Fawcett was sent, at the age of fourteen, to Queenwood College, Hampshire, where Professor Tyndall chanced to be a teacher at the time. In his seventeenth year the young student entered at King's College, London, and it was during his residence here that his imagination was first fired by the desire to embark upon a Parliamentary life. In 1852 he proceeded to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and here the ability and enthusiasm he displayed were such that the most sanguine hopes were indulged in for his future.

Alike at Cambridge as elsewhere, Mr. Fawcett's motto seems to have been "mens sana in corpore sano," and he was passionately fond of all healthy athletic exercises. For nearly four years he remained at the University, graduating in 1856 with high mathematical honours, being seventh Wrangler, and in the same year he was elected a Fellow of his Hall. On leaving Cambridge, Mr. Fawcett went to London, where he began studying for the Bar. He made no secret, however, of his dis-taste for the profession, which he would not have adopted save as a stepping-stone to a career in Parliament. He was already much more enamoured of questions affecting philosophy and political economy, and was an ardent admirer and student of the writings of John Stuart Mill.

On the 17th of September 1858 it was the terrible misfortune of Mr. Fawcett, senior, unwittingly to deprive his son of the greatest physical blessing which man enjoys—the privilege of sight. They were out partridge-shooting together, when two stray shots from the father's gun struck the face of his son, the sad and singular result being that the centre of each eye was perfectly pierced by the shot. In a moment Mr. Fawcett was rendered quite blind, the eyes being completely destroyed. Most men, in the face of such a calamity, would have been over-whelmed by their feelings and plunged into irreremediable despair. With Mr. Fawcett it was quite different. While feeling the deprivation keenly, in a short time he recovered his usual elasticity of spirits, and was far less afflicted by the melancholy event than his sorrowing father. The accident occurred on a spot overlooking Salisbury Cathedral, and the last gleam of nature Mr. Fawcett was able to perceive was thus associated with his native place.
Facing the future with a brave heart, in the course of a few weeks he had resolved upon his course of action. His general health was not at all injured by his accident, and he returned to Cambridge University, where he devoted himself to the systematic study of political economy. With the aid of a reader, who now became his constant companion, and subsequently by the aid also of his devoted wife, he was able to minimise the evil effects of the accident. In just a twelvemonth after the occurrence he attended the meetings of the British Association at Aberdeen. Here he read, or rather spoke, a paper upon "The Economic Effects of the recent Gold Discoveries." As this paper was full of elaborate statistics, the extraordinary strength and retentiveness of the speaker's memory were tested in a very remarkable degree; but he mastered all his difficulties, and surprised his hearers by the readiness with which he also answered the objections advanced against his theories.

Having thus broken the ice, he now appeared frequently in public, taking, for example, a prominent part in the proceedings of the British Association and the Social Science Association. He was encouraged to persevere in his economic studies by Mr. Mill and Mr. Cobden, and a speech which he delivered on "Co-operation," at the meeting of the Social Science Congress at Glasgow, drew high praise from Lord Brougham and other critics. He also delivered at Exeter Hall an admirable address on Trade Unionism, during the period of the great builders' strike in London, and this at once constituted him one of the ablest and most trusted friends and advocates of the working classes.

In 1861, on the death of Sir Charles Napier, member for Southwark, Mr. Fawcett made his first effort to get into Parliament for that borough. He resolved not to contest the seat on the paid agency principle, and this and other things weighed against him, especially the circumstance that he did not specifically pledge himself to go to the poll. In the end he retired from the contest, and Mr. Layard was returned. In 1863 Mr. Fawcett contested the borough of Cambridge, but lost by eighty votes. The same year appeared his Manual of Political Economy, and he was also at this time a voluminous contributor of articles on economic and political science to the leading reviews and magazines. He was elected in 1863 Professor of Political Economy in Cambridge University, and about the same period
made a third unsuccessful attempt to get into the House of Commons, contesting the representation of Brighton. During the American Civil War he was a warm supporter of the cause of the North, speaking forcibly on its behalf on several occasions. At the general election of 1865 Mr. Fawcett's wish was gratified, as he was now returned to Parliament for Brighton by a majority of 500 over his Conservative opponent. Re-elected in 1868, at the general election of 1874 he was rejected, Brighton being one of those constituencies which felt the wave of the Conservative reaction in that year. He obtained a seat for Hackney, however, in April 1874, and this borough he continued to represent until his death.

Mr. Fawcett was an effective speaker, though he somewhat lacked fervour. His maiden speech in the House of Commons was delivered in connection with the Whig Reform Bill of 1866. This Bill he warmly approved as a wise and just concession to the claims of the working classes. He made a smart and effective attack upon Mr. Lowe. The speech generally was regarded as very successful, and the new member received hearty congratulations from his friends.

In the session of 1867, when Mr. Coleridge brought forward his Bill to abolish the religious tests required from members of the University of Oxford, Mr. Fawcett was successful in carrying an instruction to the Committee on the Bill empowering them to extend its provisions to Cambridge. The measure, however, was subsequently thrown out in the House of Lords.

Towards the close of the session of 1869 Mr. Fawcett raised the question of University Education in Ireland by drawing attention to the restrictions on the scholarships and fellowships of Trinity College. He had given notice of his intention to move a resolution in favour of the removal of these restrictions, when the authorities of Trinity College themselves voluntarily anticipated the motion. Mr. Fawcett brought forward his resolution notwithstanding, being anxious for its discussion.

In the following session the Government carried their University Tests Bill, by which, for the first time, all lay students of whatever religious creeds were admitted to the English universities on equal terms. Mr. Fawcett also brought in his Bill for opening to all sects the endowments of Trinity College, Dublin. As we have already seen, the College itself had, in consequence of the disestablishment of the Irish Church,
determined to consent to the abolition of tests; and Mr. Plunket, the Parliamentary representative of the College, had taken the opportunity, on a motion by Mr. Fawcett for the production of correspondence, to challenge the Government to adopt or reject the liberal offer of his constituents. Mr. Fawcett, in moving the second reading of his Bill, delivered an able speech, and he received powerful support from both sides of the House. Mr. Gladstone, however, argued against the Bill, without indicating the views of the Government upon the whole question, and the Solicitor-General for Ireland subsequently talked out the measure. Another attempt was made by Mr. Fawcett to settle this question in the session of 1872, but Mr. Gladstone still declined to allow his hand to be forced in the matter of Irish University education, and the Bill was again talked out, without a crucial division being taken upon its principle. In this session Mr. Fawcett spoke powerfully on the education question, exhorting all parties not to waste time in striving after miserable sectarian triumphs, but to unite for the solution of a difficult problem.

Mr. Gladstone's Government at this time incurred considerable unpopularity in consequence of the Ewelme Rectory appointment, Sir Robert Collier's elevation to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and other matters. Professor Fawcett, while generally a friend to the Ministry, took a decidedly independent tone at this juncture. Speaking at Brighton, and referring to the appointment of Sir Robert Collier, he said it would be far better that a dozen Administrations should fall than that Parliament should sanction the act of lawlessness involved in the colourable evasion of a positive legal enactment.

The Irish University question was not allowed to sleep, and in the session of 1873 it was destined to effect a defeat of the Government. Mr. Gladstone introduced the Ministerial measure, on which occasion he delivered one of his most important speeches. When the division on the second reading was taken, the Roman Catholic members coalesced with the Conservatives and placed the Government in a minority of three in a House of 571 members. The Premier resigned office, but Mr. Disraeli, being unwilling at the time to succeed his rival, Ministers resumed their places. Before the session closed, Mr. Fawcett again introduced his Bill for the reform of the University of Dublin, and this time it was allowed to pass as a simple measure.
MR. FAWCETT

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for the abolition of tests. During the debate on the defunct Ministerial Bill, the hon. member had delivered himself of a strong philippic against the Government, asserting that their Bill, if carried, could lead to no other conclusion but the establishment of denominational education in Ireland. The Bill, however, as we have seen, did not pass, and Ministers were now chary of burning their fingers again over this matter.

Mr. Fawcett took a deep interest in all questions affecting India. In fact, so warmly did he identify himself with these subjects that he was once described as "member for Hackney and India." He was for effecting broad reforms in the administration of India. One of his earliest speeches in connection with our great Eastern dependency was delivered on the occasion of the Sultan's visit to this country, when it was proposed to defray the expenses of his entertainment out of the Indian revenues. He strongly attacked the Government for their proposal, and found himself one of the most popular men with the people of India in consequence.

In 1872 he delivered a very telling speech upon the financial condition of India, when he obtained a Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the condition of the Indian finances. He made on this occasion a strong attack upon the supposed Indian surpluses, which were always said to exist, but which were very difficult to realise. His efforts in connection with India and his resistance to the efforts made to take away Epping Forest from the people made him exceedingly popular with the electors of Hackney. This feeling was further stimulated by his endeavours to get the benefit of the Factory Acts extended to the children of agricultural labourers, and by his support of other humanitarian measures affecting the health and welfare of the humbler classes.

On several occasions in the session of 1878 he was heard in the House of Commons upon Indian questions. He initiated in the first place an important discussion on Sir John Strachey's previous Budget, condemning the increase in the duties on salt in Bombay and Madras in order to equalise them over India, when they might have been equalised by lowering them; and the imposition of the license tax on trades and professions, as falling with most weight upon the poor. He also condemned the expenditure of the famine taxes on doubtful public works.

Mr. Fawcett delivered a second important speech in connection
with the movement of the Indian troops to Malta, charging the Beaconsfield Government with having deceived the House in this matter. As to the statement that it was unnecessary for the Government to inform Parliament of its intentions, he said "he would rather the Government had squandered and wasted millions of English money than that they should have started on the career of bringing Indian troops to fight European battles without consulting Parliament. If this could be done there was not a single thing the Executive could not do without first consulting Parliament. Before such a step was carried out, Parliament ought at least to have been informed of the cost it would involve." Parliament was responsible for the good government of India, and if anything wrong happened there, Parliament could not escape the responsibility." Lord Beaconsfield's Government, however, was at this time all-powerful, and its action on this and other questions which excited much comment was endorsed by Parliament.

Towards the close of the session, Mr. Fawcett once more raised this topic. During the debate on the Indian Budget, he stigmatised the Indian Secretary's statistics as fallacious, and moved a resolution declaring that the House regarded with apprehension the present position of Indian finance; and that, in view of the power claimed by the Crown to employ any number of Indian troops in all parts of Her Majesty's dominions, there was not sufficient security against the military expenditure of India being unduly increased. After a lengthy debate, the resolution was negatived by fifty-nine to twenty. When it was proposed to defray the expenses of the Afghan War out of the revenues of India, Mr. Fawcett moved as an amendment, "That this House is of opinion that it would be unjust that the revenues of India should be applied to defray the extraordinary expenses of the military operations now being carried on against the Ameer of Afghanistan." He argued that the Government had declared the war for Imperial far more than for Indian purposes. If the war was an Imperial one then England was bound to pay for it. He contended that there was no real surplus of Indian revenue, and that the money they were proposing to take for the war was money appropriated as a famine fund, and obtained by the most onerous of taxes. Mr. Gladstone seconded the amendment, but it was lost by a majority of 110.
A sharp passage of arms occurred early in 1880 in connection with the Indian Budget. It was found that instead of the surplus which the Indian Government had expected, when the Budget was made public, Sir John Strachey discovered that he would have to make provision for a large deficit, and that this deficit was caused by an extraordinary miscalculation in the cost of the Afghan War. Mr. Fawcett stated at Hackney that Lord Cranbrook was made aware on 13th March of the miscalculation, although the prosperity of India and the existence of a surplus were boasted of by Conservative candidates throughout the general electioneering campaign. Mr. Stanhope indignantly denied this, and Mr. Fawcett at the same time wrote to the papers saying that he had been misinformed. It was not until the elections had nearly concluded that an explicit statement respecting the deficiency reached the India Office. In the following September Mr. Fawcett received from some native inhabitants of Bombay, who had previously subscribed £250 towards his election expenses, a silver tea-service and salver of Cutch work, enclosed in a carved wood case, also of native manufacture. The case was inscribed, "Presented to the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., by his native friends and admirers in Bombay, India, June 1880."

When Mr. Gladstone came into power after the general election of 1880 he proffered Mr. Fawcett the office of Postmaster-General, which was accepted. Before the close of the first session of his official career the new Postmaster-General had introduced several legislative reforms affecting the business of the Post Office. The most important of these was the Money Orders Act, the object of which was to reduce the charge for orders, and to facilitate their currency. The cost of orders was reduced, and the transmission of the notes made less cumbrous. Another reform was also introduced in connection with the Savings Bank. It was provided that forms containing twelve spaces each could be obtained at the Post Office, and when a penny stamp had been affixed in each space the form might be put in the Savings Bank, and an account opened in the name of the depositor. These reforms the public speedily availed themselves of to a large extent. Mr. Fawcett also established a new Parcel Post, which has proved a great boon to the mercantile community, though as yet it has not been very successful financially. He further instituted many useful reforms in con-
nection with the postal department, and brought the telegraphic service into a much greater state of efficiency than when he found it.

But of all the reforms by which Mr. Fawcett signalised his control of the Post Office, perhaps there was none which promises to be more beneficial (especially to the working classes) than his elaborate scheme of Post Office annuities and insurance, which came into operation in June of the present year. The chief reason which had heretofore prevented annuities and policies of life insurance from being obtained in any considerable number through the Post Office was that so many cumbrous and troublesome formalities had to be gone through. Under the new scheme annuities and insurance are made through the deposits in the Post Office Savings Banks, and instead of a special visit being required each time a payment is due the depositor has only to give a written order that a certain portion of his deposits should be devoted to his annuity or insurance. There are more than 7400 Post Office Savings Banks in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The number of depositors is upwards of 3,000,000, and the aggregate amount of deposits nearly £45,000,000. With a few exceptions, these depositors may devote any part of their deposits, or of the interest thereon, to the purchase of an annuity for old age, or to securing an insurance policy. A person may also become a depositor with the sole object of having his money applied to the purchase of an annuity or insurance policy. Annuities of any amount between £1 and £100 a year can be purchased on the life of any person not under five years of age. There is thus brought within the reach of every family a ready and feasible plan of insurance and annuity.

Mr. Fawcett determined to make his scheme self-supporting, so that it should not become a charge in any way upon the taxpayers of the country. But while responsible for the elaboration of this scheme the deceased did not fail to give the credit of its inception to the Assistant-Receiver and Accountant-General of the Post Office. At the time of his death it is understood that Mr. Fawcett was engaged in perfecting other useful reforms in connection with the postal and telegraphic services.

The Postmaster-General, in addition to his appearances in Parliament, delivered several addresses in public within the past two years, and only quite recently we reported his annual address to his constituents at Hackney.
A new edition of Mr. Fawcett's *Manual of Political Economy* appeared in 1869, with two fresh chapters entitled respectively, "National Education" and "The Poor Laws and their Influence on Pauperism"; and in 1874 a third edition of the work was published, likewise with additional chapters. He was also the author of a work on *Pauperism, its Causes and Remedies*, issued in 1871, and of *Speeches on some Current Political Questions* (1873); and *Free Trade and Protection*, which appeared in 1878. With regard to the last-named work, it may be stated that a fourth edition of it was published in 1882, at the time when the present attempted revival of protectionist theories in this country began to assume shape. While the author, however, did not ignore the strong position occupied by protection on the Continent, in the United States, and in many of our English colonies, he affirmed that it could be shown that nothing had occurred either to make us estimate less highly the advantages of free trade than we had formerly done, or to encourage any departure from its principles. "Yet a restatement of the principles of free trade," he remarked, "cannot be out of place when it is observed that even in England many of those who profess strong adherence to these principles hold them by so slender a thread that, when they settle in our colonies and are surrounded by a somewhat different set of economic circumstances, they become, in numerous instances, ardent protectionists." This little work forms a very excellent plea for Free Trade versus Protection, and for that reason will doubtless continue to possess a permanent value.

Allusion has already been made to Mr. Fawcett's partiality for out-door exercises, but it may now be added that he was an excellent angler, and although this pursuit requires the greatest delicacy and sensitiveness of touch he was able always to follow it after he lost his sight on the banks of his favourite river the Itchen. This was doubtless owing to the fact that he was very familiar with its waters, and when taken to various points of the river he could throw the line with great advantage. Walking, rowing, and skating he also delighted in, and frequently went for a spin of thirty or forty miles on the ice in the Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire fens. As a hard rider he had few rivals, and there was a joke against him at Cambridge that when he went out riding with a couple of friends, as was customary with him, fifty per cent was placed on the hire of the
horses when the livery-stable keeper discovered that he had enjoyed the honour of having the Professor of Political Economy for a companion.

As a speaker, the deceased was distinguished for a close, compact, and argumentative style. He had no pretensions to eloquence of the emotional and imaginative type; but there have been few speakers in the House of Commons of recent years who could so marshal the facts and statistics of their addresses that the whole should be clearly and readily understood. This was due to his own mental orderliness, and the utter absence of all confusion in his ideas. He was always clear and perspicuous, simple in illustration and arrangement, and yet full of matter. He was one of that small band of Parliamentary orators who have, first, something to say, and who, secondly, manage to say it well. He could not sway the masses as a great orator, but with a fit audience he was always effective, and frequently convincing.
The death of General Gordon is accompanied by every circumstance that could make the event most distressing and painful for his relations, his friends, and his countrymen. It is only a few weeks ago since the details of his magnificent defence of Khartoum were summed up and recorded in our columns, and on the very same day, as it happened, Sir Herbert Stewart struck on the field of Abu Klea what seemed the first blow towards effecting his deliverance. At the very moment we were beginning to flatter ourselves that all anxiety might be laid aside, and that the doubts of many weary months of delay and uncertainty could be safely banished, General Gordon was placed by the treachery of some of his followers in the hands of the enemy whom he had so long and so valiantly defied. Even then the hope was cherished that although Khartoum had fallen its heroic defender might have been spared; but a harsh fate has decreed otherwise. If we accept the accounts which have reached this country, and which are unfortunately only too consistent, he was stabbed in the palace while rallying his men to make head against the treachery which had admitted to Khartoum a fanatical host who marked their capture of the town that had so long resisted them by an indiscriminate slaughter. This painful and pathetic end intensifies the dramatic interest of an episode in our history as an Imperial people which has all the completeness of a Greek tragedy in its exhibition of a remorseless fate and the intensity of human passion and suffering, and with which the name of General Gordon will be gloriously associated until the end of time.
Charles George Gordon was born on the 28th of January 1833, at Woolwich, in the very cradle of that branch of the service in which he was destined to pass a career of more than usual distinction, even if his own proper career as an English officer be alone taken into consideration. He was the fourth son of an artillery officer, Henry William Gordon, who attained the rank of Lieutenant-General, and the associations of his youth, as well as the traditions of his family, proud, and rightly so, of its connection with the great Highland house of the same name, left him no choice save to adopt the profession of arms. He was educated at different private schools, having as his companion and mentor at one of these in Somersetshire his elder brother, the late Major-General Enderby Gordon; but when he was a little more than fifteen he was entered at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Whether his earlier training had been deficient, or that he did not take kindly to the course of cramming even then necessary to gain admission into the ranks of the senior arm of the service, the fact remains that he did not at first achieve any great distinction in his studies, and on one occasion he received the rebuke “that he would never make an officer.” Whatever doubt there may have been as to Gordon’s mental capacity or as to his assiduity, there never was any real ground to doubt the quality of his temper or the loftiness of his aspirations. His reply to the officer who thus undeservedly, as we must think, rebuked him served to prove over again that “the boy is father to the man.” He “tore his epaulets from his shoulders and cast them at his superior’s feet.”

Despite all unfavourable prognostications, he passed his examinations successfully, and obtained the much-coveted distinction of a commission in the Royal Engineers. His first station in 1854 was at Pembroke Dock, where he was employed in connection with the fortifications then being erected for the protection of the new docks, while the most exciting events of the Crimean War were in progress. His letters home, which were published last summer, and which furnish an exceedingly interesting record of his early military experiences, show that from the first day of his entrance into the army he took a keen interest in all the details of his profession, to the mastery of which he zealously applied himself. At the end of 1854, when it was perceived that the allied forces would be detained
before Sebastopol during the winter, he was ordered to proceed with some huts to the Crimea; but by a piece of good luck he obtained permission to travel overland to Marseilles, while the huts were sent round by sea in a collier. On his arrival in January 1855 he was at once placed under the officer in command of a portion of the trenches, and during the remaining nine months of the siege he took a prominent part in the engineering operations in front of the Russian stronghold. On one occasion he wrote saying that he had been continuously employed in the trenches for more than a month. When the Russians evacuated the southern portion of the town which they had so gallantly defended, he was entrusted with a responsible share in the work of destroying the harbour and fortifications upon which successive Tsars had bestowed their millions.

No one can deny that in this early and familiar correspondence to his relations the young engineer revealed the qualities which most characterised his more recent and more famous achievements in Asia and Africa. It is not merely characterised by his natural simplicity and steadfast devotion to duty, but also evinces military skill and the extraordinary fascination he was able to exercise over all men with whom he was brought into contact. But while these letters contain many characteristic stories of the siege, in which, almost unconsciously, the writer reveals the part he played in the dangers and excitement of those eventful days, perhaps what will be considered the most striking personal incident has had to be recorded by others. If this anecdote stood alone there would be nothing to excite surprise in his having been able at so early an age (he was only twenty-two) to impress his soldiers with an implicit belief in him and to gain their unswerving devotion. The following is a brief account of the anecdote to which we refer: “One day in going the round of the trenches he heard a corporal and sapper of engineers in violent altercation. He stopped to ask what was the matter, when he was told that the men were engaged placing some fresh gabions in the battery, and that the corporal had ordered the sapper to stand up on the parapet, where he was exposed to the enemy’s fire, while he, in the full shelter of the battery, handed the baskets up to him. Gordon at once jumped up to the parapet, ordered the corporal to join him, while the sapper handed them the gabions. When the work was done, and done under the fire of the watchful Russian
gunners, Gordon turned to the corporal and said, 'Never order a man to do anything that you are afraid to do yourself!'”

The close of the Crimean War did not bring Gordon's connection with the Russians to an end. While the majority of the English officers and troops returned either to England or to India, he was specially attached to the Commission appointed to define the new frontier of Bessarabia; and the experience he gained in this capacity was considered so useful that, despite a mild remonstrance on his part, he was peremptorily directed to proceed on similar work to Armenia. On the first occasion he acted as assistant to Colonel Simmons, when the great point was to obtain the restoration to Turkey of the strong fortress of Kars. After the completion of this part of the incidental labours arising out of the Treaty of Paris he returned to England, but it was only a brief holiday he enjoyed during the winter of 1857; and early in the following year he was sent as Special Commissioner to the Caucasus to arrange certain points in connection with the Armenian frontier from the Russian side. On this occasion he ascended one of the peaks of Mount Ararat; and it may be interesting to state that while the impression he formed of the Russians at a distance, from their defence of Sebastopol, was most favourable to them in their character of soldiers, his opinion was very much modified, if not completely altered, on closer contact.

The most striking trait in Gordon's character at this time was the absence of the religious zeal which at a later period made it so pronounced and peculiarly marked. His letters show him to have been a very intelligent and a very assiduous officer in his profession, with the true military instinct and a skill in draughtsmanship not often surpassed. At the same time there are many indications that the writer was even at the early age to which we refer something more than serious, and a skilful analyser of the human mind might have declared that his original religious belief would, under the precise circumstances of his later wonder-working career in China and the Soudan, have produced exactly such a state of religious conviction as Gordon had attained during the last fifteen or sixteen years of his life. But in these early days the young engineer kept his opinions on these matters of supreme importance to himself, and even in his confidential and private letters there is only a casual reference to the subject. The letters are full, however, of
military knowledge and enthusiasm, and reveal the caution, the energy, and the thoroughness in regard to detail which, when combined with the high moral qualities needed for the assertion of European superiority over Asiatics, enabled him in China to achieve some of the most remarkable military triumphs that are recorded in history.

After his second return from Armenia Gordon was stationed at Chatham for a short period, but in the summer of 1860 he proceeded to China, where an Anglo-French expedition was carrying on operations to compel the Chinese to ratify the treaty concluded by Lord Elgin in the previous year, and also to exact reparation for the attack on Admiral Hope's squadron by the garrison of the Taku Forts. Gordon took part in the advance on Pekin, the battle of Chan Chia Wan, and the subsequent destruction of the Summer Palace in punishment of the treacherous capture and ill-treatment of Sir Harry Parkes, his companions, and escort. Gordon sent home a very graphic description of the burning of the Summer Palace, but it, like much else that he wrote, must remain here unquoted.

After the signing of peace he was stationed at Tientsin, which remained occupied by an English force pending the final arrangements for the establishment of the English and other foreign Ministers in Pekin itself. There, as everywhere else, he employed his leisure in useful work. He surveyed much of the country surrounding Tientsin, mapped down the road along the banks of the Peiho to the Taku Forts, and on one occasion rode with his friend Lieutenant Cardew to Kalgan, one of the principal towns and gates of the Great Wall, through a part of China then little known, although later travellers have since made it tolerably familiar ground. They carried their luggage in two of the lumbering native carts, which have no springs, and the large wooden wheels of which are only adaptable to the deep ruts of certain parts of the province. When they quitted the part of the province in which it had been made the axle had to be widened to suit the broader ruts. A Chinese boy served as interpreter. Although the Chinese people were generally civil and well-behaved, the journey did not end without an adventure. At Taiyuen, which has been called the Toledo of China from the fame of its cutlery, they got into trouble with their innkeeper, who charged an extortionate sum
for the night's lodging and meagre fare that he had provided. Expostulation made no impression, and, discovering that the crowd were in sympathy with their countryman, Captain Gordon took a prompt resolve. He ordered the boy and his carts to hasten as fast as they could along the road to Pekin, while he repressed the most demonstrative of the crowd with a sight of his revolver, which, however, they succeeded in taking from him. He then called out, "Let us go to the Yamên," and settle the matter before the mandarin. This pacified the crowd and the revolver was returned. They then proceeded to the Yamên, but as they reached the door Gordon gave his comrade a signal, and they both turned their horses' heads and galloped off as hard as they could, followed in close pursuit by the mob of this Chinese city. They succeeded in getting rid of their pursuers and in reaching Tientsin in safety, although not without several adventures of an equally inconvenient but less dangerous character.

When Captain Gordon had had nearly two years' experience of Northern China he was summoned in the course of his military duty to the coast of Central China, which had become the scene of the most important events then happening in that Empire. The English military occupation of certain places in the province of Pechihli ceased in the spring of 1862, and some of the troops were transferred to Shanghai, where the depredations of the Taeping rebels compelled Sir Charles Staveley to take steps to clear the neighbourhood of the foreign settlement of these marauders. Captain Gordon took a responsible part as Chief Engineer in the operations carried out during the last six months of that year against the Taepings. The followers of Tien Wang were expelled, not without hard fighting and some loss, from all the towns which they had seized within a radius of thirty miles of Shanghai; but when this was accomplished the English policy again became one of strict, if vigilant, neutrality between the Chinese Government and those defying its authority.

The cessation of warlike measures brought no rest to Captain Gordon. In the field he had to build bridges over the numerous canals and creeks and to superintend all the measures for carrying the places attacked by assault; and when other officers returned to the usual routine of garrison duty, there devolved on him as engineer officer the onerous and responsible task of
making a complete survey of the region which had just been cleared from the presence of the Taepings. There can be no doubt that it was while engaged on this survey that he acquired that intimate knowledge of the country, and also of the peculiar features of the people, which enabled him in so signal and successful a manner to win victories and to crush a rebellion with men who, as he said, fled in panic from their villages at the mere rumour of the approach of a Taeping band. During these months he also had opportunities of perceiving the hollow-ness of Taeping pretensions, and the disastrous consequences to the people and country which their acts entailed. His one feeling was compassion for the unfortunate country people, and his sole wish was that an end might be put as speedily as possible to the civil war which it was obvious to him could not prove permanently successful, and which, even if successful, would represent the triumph of men who had no higher idea of government than their own exaltation, and no greater desire than to effect their own personal gain. When many thought the Taepings would be the regenerators of China and the propagators of Christianity, Captain Gordon detected the imposture, and revealed their true character and ambition.

It is unnecessary to record here the different attempts made by Chinese troops in conjunction with a special corps trained and led by European and American officers, and to which had been given the high-sounding title of the Ever-Victorious Army, for the purpose of expelling the Taepings from the province of Kiangsu. Suffice it to say that of those officers Ward had been killed in action, Burgevine disgraced and dismissed the service for an act of violence, and both Holland and Tapp discredited by reverses in the field, when the present Viceroy, Li-Hung-Chang, appealed to General Staveley to appoint an English officer in whom he had confidence for the command of the foreign-drilled force, to which the Chinese authorities mainly trusted to bring the rebels again into subjection.

General Staveley responded to this application in the same spirit as that in which it was made, and, although there would seem to have been some happy inspiration in the selection, those who will sift the qualifications of the officers available will have no difficulty in accepting the statement that there was absolutely no other English officer on the spot who had anything approaching the same claim to be nominated for this highly honourable
and extremely difficult post as Captain Gordon. General Staveley nominated him; but the appointment had to be referred to the Horse Guards, and Gordon himself was not sanguine as to the result, for he wrote home that he did "not suppose the English Government would allow an officer of his low rank to take so high a command." However, they did so, although Gordon, who was given the brevet rank of Major, did not, at his own request, take up the active command in the field until 24th March 1863, for he wished to complete the survey upon which he had been long engaged, and to which he rightly attached the utmost importance. The request was in one sense highly typical of the man. At the beginning, as well as at the end of his career he was strongly impressed with the wisdom of doing one thing at a time, and of overcoming a difficulty with the least possible outlay in either men or resources.

When Major Gordon assumed the command of the force called the Ever-Victorious Army—a name which, until he led it, was quite undeserved and a misnomer—the fortunes of the Imperial cause had again become clouded over. It is true that on the great river Yang-tse-Kiang the Taepings held little more than Nankin, and that the forces of the Government had been increased in numbers and efficiency by the efforts of Tseng Kwofan. In Chekiang, also, Tso-Tsung-Tang had completed the levies of men necessary to the reassertion of the Emperor's authority in that province. But, still, in the most important districts of Kiangsu and on the route of the Grand Canal the efforts of Chung Wang, the ablest of the Taepings, had been crowned with success, and the Imperialists, who had abandoned all thought of opposing his forces in the open field, surrendered the few towns remaining in their possession more often than not at the first summons. The confidence of the enemy and the skill of their leader constituted one danger. The jealousy of his Chinese colleagues and the insubordination of the force to the command of which he had just been appointed were still greater perils in the path of the young captain. Chung Wang and his followers were in themselves sufficiently formidable opponents without any internal element of weakness or disunion. Yet, perhaps, it is not going too far to declare that the difficulties which Gordon had to overcome on his own side were quite as great as those which presented themselves from his enemies. The position on his assuming the command has been
thus summed up by one who wrote with a full acquaintance of General Gordon's correspondence during this period:

"It would have been unreasonable to suppose that the appointment of a young English engineer officer to the command of a force which it was considered would more probably disobey him than accept him as its leader could suffice to restore the doubtful fortune of a war that had already continued for two years under very similar conditions. Yet clearly the whole result depended on whether he would succeed better than Ward, or Burgevine, or Holland in vanquishing the more desperate and well-armed rebels who were in actual possession of all the strong places in the province of Kiangsu, and whose detachments stretched from Hangchow to Nankin. There was also another danger—the disciplined Chinese contingent, now numbering five regiments, with their foreign officers, of all nationalities, adventurers unrestrained by any consideration of obedience to their own Governments, furnished the means of great mischief should any leader present himself to exhort them to fight for their own hand and to carve out a dominion for themselves. The possibility was far from chimerical; it was fully realised and appreciated by the English authorities. A great responsibility therefore devolved upon Captain Gordon. He had not merely to beat a victorious enemy and to restore the confidence and discipline of his defeated troops, but he had also to advance the objects of the English Government and to redeem the rights of a long-outraged people. Unlike his predecessors, he had no personal aims for himself; he did not wish to displace or weaken the authority of the Chinese officials; and his paramount thought was how to rescue the unfortunate inhabitants of Kiangsu from the calamities which had desolated their hearths and driven whole towns and districts to the verge of destruction and despair."

One week after he assumed the command Major Gordon began his campaign with the recapture of Fushan, a small town on the coast north of Shanghai, and, as the consequence of this success, the Taepings who had been long blockading Chanzu retired from before that place and allowed one of the few remaining Imperial garrisons to recover its communication with the outer world. This success was somewhat counterbalanced by the loss of 1500 Chinese troops, who were led into an ambuscade at Taitsan under the pretence of a desire on the part
of the garrison to surrender. Major Gordon was at once requested by Li-Hung-Chang to retrieve this disaster, especially because Taitsan had witnessed more than one previous discomfiture of the Imperial forces. Major Gordon attacked this place on the 1st of May 1863, and the fighting continued far into the following day. The resistance was of a most stubborn character, and the Taepings manned the breach with the greatest determination. Major Gordon attributed the favourable turn of a doubtful day to the opportune arrival of two howitzers, and at last he had the satisfaction of seeing the Taepings quit the ramparts and evacuate the town.

From Taitsan the young commander marched on Quinsan, a strong and important position situated on a creek leading into the Grand Canal at Soochow. His arrangements for the attack were disturbed and had to be abandoned in consequence of the insubordination of his men. Major Gordon was compelled to return to his headquarters and restore a sense of discipline among his unruly men before he could attempt so grave a task as an attack on Quinsan. Not only were the men of the Ever-Victorious Army unruly by disposition, but the officers, instigated by the intrigues and representations of Burgevine, paid only partial respect to the orders of the young English officer. At last Major Gordon had to announce that he would march on a certain morning with or without his men. Influenced by this act of decision, they all obeyed, and he reached Quinsan at the head of 3000 men, who, although but recently impressed with a sense of duty, had in this short period acquired no slight belief and confidence in the skill and energy of their new leader. Quinsan was strongly built and defended by large numbers of the Taepings. It was evident that an attack in front would certainly entail heavy loss and might possibly prove unsuccessful. Major Gordon, therefore, attacked the stockades on the right flank and carried them. He then reconnoitred the rear of the town from a steamer, upon which he succeeded in making his way for some distance up the creek towards Soochow. Asians proverbially become alarmed and discouraged as soon as they discover that their line of retreat is in danger. So it was at Quinsan, for its defenders, far from imitating the valour of their comrades at Taitsan, retreated precipitately the moment they discovered that Gordon, in the “Hyson,” had carried the stockades at Chumze, a short distance west of Quinsan itself. Quinsan,
which had been one of the most formidable of the Taeping possessions, then became Major Gordon's headquarters and his base for the realisation of his most important object, the reduction of Soochow.

It was typical of the force which Major Gordon had under him that the transfer of his headquarters from Sunkiang to Quinsan was not effected without a mutiny. The non-commissioned officers were particularly insubordinate. Major Gordon described this incident in his confidential report on the Quinsan force:

"The non-commissioned officers, as usual, all paraded, and were sent for by Major Gordon, who asked them the reason why the men did not fall in and who wrote the proclamation. They, of course, did not know, and on Major Gordon telling them he would be obliged to shoot one in every five, they evinced their objection to this proceeding by a groan. The most prominent in this was a corporal, who was dragged out, and a couple of infantry who were standing by were ordered to load and directed to shoot the mutineer, which one did without the slightest hesitation. Since that time we had no trouble."

Neither time nor space allows of a succinct account of the numerous minor operations which were the necessary preliminaries to the attack on Soochow, where the Taeping leaders had concentrated the chief part of their forces and the great bulk of their supplies. It will be interesting to record here what their commander thought of the troops with whom he had to carry on this campaign. Writing on the 16th of July to a military friend, he said:

"I hope you do not think that I have a magnificent army. You never did see such a rabble as it was, and, although I think I have improved it, it is still sadly wanting. I now occupy a most commanding position with respect to the rebels, being able to attack them along a very wide front; but then they have nearly 50,000 men in Soochow, and I have 3000 and three steamers. Now both officers and men, although ragged and perhaps slightly disreputable, are in capital order and well disposed. Some of the prisoners are in my bodyguard, and want to fight their old friends."

Major Gordon did not actually sit down before Soochow until September. Before that many engagements had been fought, with uniform success, and the ex-leader and adventurer,
Burgevine, had taken the decided step of joining the rebels in their chief stronghold. The latter event was not without its advantages, as it compelled Major Gordon to withdraw the resignation which he had placed in Li's hands in disgust at the apathy and opposition of his Chinese colleagues. Major Gordon's first action after his resumption of the command was to capture the village of Patachiaou, close to the southern limits of Soochow, which was already beleaguered on the eastern side by the Chinese forces under General Ching. Although the Taepings made several desperate efforts to recover this place, Major Gordon repulsed all their attacks, with heavy loss to the assailants. The progress of the siege, or, more correctly, the investment, of Soochow was marked by what may be called the Burgevine incident, when that misguided adventurer proposed to Major Gordon, who had always been particularly considerate towards him, that they should coalesce and establish a Government of their own making. These overtures were rejected with the indifference and contempt that might have been expected, and the self-appointed arbiter of the destinies of the Chinese Empire was coldly informed that it would be better and wiser to confine his attention to whether he intended to surrender or not, instead of discussing impossible schemes of personal ambition.

The siege and capture of Soochow was the greatest and most difficult of Gordon's exploits in China. As soon as he found himself firmly established on both the eastern and southern sides of the town, Major Gordon took steps to shut the Taepings in on the western side also. He accomplished this without much difficulty, and, after a desperate battle at Leeku, where an officer was killed at his side, he acquired a position to the north of the town as well. By the middle of October Major Gordon had, with a force of less than 15,000 men, almost succeeded in completely investing the Taeping army of 40,000 men which garrisoned Soochow; and it became his chief care to perfect the investment on the north by the capture of Fusiquan, the last of the Taeping positions which gave them the command of the navigation of the Grand Canal. Through the treachery or incapacity of the commander, the resistance encountered was insignificant, and Major Gordon had the satisfaction of completing the investment of Soochow at a very slight loss in comparison with the result achieved.
On the 27th of November Major Gordon delivered his first attack on the main defences of Soochow by a night assault upon the Low Mun stockades, in front of the East Gate. For the first, but not, unfortunately, the last time, he was to experience the inconstancy of fortune. The Taepings had been warned of the coming foe, and in the dark the attacking party became disordered. After a desperate effort to restore the fight, Major Gordon drew off his force, with a loss of about 165 killed and wounded. Nothing dismayed, he concentrated the whole of his force for a fresh attack, and, after a heavy cannonade, carried the Low Mun stockades at the head of his men. It is appropriate to state here that, although he had to organise the simplest details in person, Major Gordon was always the first man in these attacks. It was he who showed the way to victory as well as how to prepare for it; but he never carried any weapon save a small cane, which the Chinese soon regarded with almost superstitious reverence and named his “wand of victory.”

The capture of the Low Mun stockades practically entailed the fall of Soochow itself. Chung Wang, who in the worst extremity never despaired, abandoned it to its fate, and the Wangs, or chiefs, who remained turned their attention, not to prolonging the defence, but to obtaining the best possible terms from the Chinese authorities. Major Gordon was, of course, in favour of according the most lenient conditions to a brave enemy, and, indeed, there were the strongest reasons for not driving to desperation the large number of men in Soochow, who still far exceeded the force by which they were hemmed in. Several interviews were held between Gordon and Li-Hung-Chang on the one side and Mow Wang and his lieutenants on the other; and as the result of these negotiations the garrison was admitted to terms and the Taeping leaders were promised their lives. Major Gordon held himself pledged personally for the safety of Mow Wang, who at his request had spared the life of Burgevine. His dismay and indignation may be imagined when he discovered that the Chinese leaders had consummated an act of treachery, not extraordinary if the Chinese character and the temptation to extirpate a band of rebels at one stroke be taken into consideration, but for which there appeared in the English officer’s eyes at the time to be no extenuation whatever.

It was by a mere accident that Major Gordon discovered that
the Wangs had been fouly murdered, and when he hastened into the city to discover the full extent of the breach of faith that had been committed, or to exact summary vengeance on those who had perpetrated it and thereby sullied his name. for good faith, he very nearly incurred a similar fate at the hands of the Taepings, who knew that something untoward had occurred, but who were fortunately ignorant of the death of their leaders. Had they been aware of it Major Gordon’s life would not have been worth a moment’s purchase. After he escaped from the clutches of the Taepings he resigned his command, refusing with indignation the large present of money and the other honours conferred upon him for the capture of Soochow.

For two months, during which the Taepings recovered in some degree from the rude blows which he had inflicted upon them, he remained in inaction at Shanghai; and it was only when it became clear that the war would relapse into its old desultory character without his personal direction that, at the earnest entreaties of Li-Hung-Chang, he consented to resume the conduct of the campaign. It is somewhat strange that these later operations, which were carried on with greater freedom from Chinese interference, were marked by more than one serious defeat in the field. After several successes the Ever-Victorious Army was repulsed with very heavy loss in an attack on Kintang, and Major Gordon was severely wounded. This reverse was followed by another at the village of Waisso; but the commander’s energy and promptitude sufficed to repair this disaster within a week. The decisive action of the campaign was to be the capture of Changchow, a town on the Grand Canal, half-way between Soochow and Nankin. It had been in the possession of the Taepings for four years, and was held in the spring of 1864 by all the forces which they could muster outside of Nankin. The garrison fought with the valour of despair, and two assaults, one of which was led by Gordon in person, were repulsed with heavy loss to both the Chinese army and the disciplined contingent. But on the 11th of May, the anniversary of its capture by the Taepings in 1860, the besiegers surprised the garrison by attacking in the middle of the day, and carried the place by storm with little loss to themselves. The capture of Changchow brought the operations of the Ever-Victorious Army to a conclusion, and three weeks later that force was formally disbanded. The manner in which he con-
verted the peasants of Kiangsu into excellent soldiers may be termed remarkable, and would justify the application to him of the words in which Shakespeare has described Hotspur,

Whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in the camp.

It was then that Gordon recorded the remarkable opinion that "the Chinese fight very well under their own officers, but under European leaders they must very soon become rebels to their own Government."

The successful termination of the long struggle which had brought such misery upon China and her people was generally and rightly attributed to the young officer, who refused to profit in any worldly sense by his remarkable achievement. He accepted a few unmeaning honours at the hands of the Chinese Government, eager to express its gratitude, but he refused all offers of a more solid character. He also took every measure in his power to avoid the ovation with which his countrymen were prepared to welcome him on his return; but his modesty could not stifle the general admiration felt towards him for what he had accomplished, nor prevent his receiving the name, by which he will, perhaps, be best remembered among his contemporaries, of Chinese Gordon.

The first few months of his residence in England were passed with his family at Southampton, but early in 1865 he was appointed chief engineer officer at Gravesend, and he retained that appointment until 1871. Many anecdotes have been preserved of his life at Gravesend during these six years to show that he devoted himself with the same thoroughness to the question of dealing with the impoverished classes of the London outskirts as he had done to the suppression of the rebellion among the Taepings in China, and from them it seems only natural to suppose that his powers of organisation and his personal influence might have been employed in a work of transcendent utility in mitigating the evils of pauperism in the East End of the metropolis. It is generally known how he used not merely to take waifs out of the streets and supply their wants, but how he spent the spare hours of the evening in teaching them himself. When they arrived at the necessary age, and had passed through the required course of probation, he provided them with a career; and it was characteristic of
the whole man's character that he should generally have selected one in the Navy. It became his practice to follow their after-lives with attention, and to mark the course of the vessels which they had joined with pins on the map from which he inspired his youthful audience with their first lessons in geography.

There is little to cause surprise in the fact that many of his pupils or protégés were not merely rescued from dishonest practices, but that through him more than one youth was spared the consequences of having yielded to a momentary temptation. A case of this kind may be mentioned. A boy stole some money from the tradesman who employed him, and his master was on the point of having him locked up, when the mother came in intense grief to Colonel Gordon to implore him to help her in her dilemma. He was moved by her entreaties, and he induced the master not to publicly prosecute the culprit. Colonel Gordon then sent the boy to a school for twelve months, and afterwards procured him a berth at sea. The boy has grown into a man with a good character, thanks to his benefactor, and he is only one among many others who have had cause to exclaim when Gordon's name is mentioned, "God bless the Colonel." It should be remembered, in conclusion, that all these deeds of mercy were done on his pay as an English colonel, and without any private resources whatever.

In 1871 Colonel Gordon was appointed British Consul at Galatz, which place he had visited and described at the time of his serving on the Danubian Commission in 1857. In this corner of Europe he remained buried from public view for three years until he volunteered at the end of 1873 his services for any work in Egypt. At that moment Sir Samuel Baker had just resigned his command under the Khedive, and Colonel Gordon was appointed in his place, at first as Governor of the tribes on the Upper Nile, and later on with the higher title of Governor-General of the Soudan. From the beginning of 1874 until 1879 he governed the vast region of the Blacks with satisfaction to the Cairo Administration, which was extremely hard to please, and with credit to himself. He did much to restore the finances, and he inaugurated the necessary measures for the ultimate abolition of domestic slavery and the slave trade. He firmly established the power of the Khedive on the Nile by the use of steamers, in Darfour by the overthrow.
of Zebeh's son Suleiman, and on the Abyssinian frontier by a treaty with King John. He gained at the same time a high reputation among the people by his justice and courage. He had that great merit in the eyes of an Eastern people of being always accessible; and he inspired his soldiers with something of his own inexhaustible ardour and confidence.

His rule in the Soudan was glorious to himself, satisfactory even to the Khedive, and gratifying to Englishmen as a practical demonstration of the qualities which they must wish to see most common among their countrymen. When it closed there was no one to carry on the work he had so well begun, and the vast region which he had almost wrested from the hands of the slave dealers was allowed to lapse into their possession. The apathy or selfish designs of the Egyptian officials allowed matters to reach such a pass within their jurisdiction that the power of the Mahdi had become formidable, and had been granted time to consolidate itself almost before the outer world was aware of its existence. When General Gordon left the Soudan the public peace was undisturbed, and the tranquillity of the Khedive's latest acquisitions seemed assured. That this prospect has proved delusive must be attributed in the first place to the blunders of his successors, and in the second to the wilful shortsightedness of the English Government.

One of the most peculiar incidents of his long and varied career occurred after his return from Egypt. We refer to his appointment to the post of private secretary to Lord Ripon when that nobleman proceeded to India as Viceroy in May 1880. His acceptance of that office caused no slight surprise, and when a few months later he suddenly resigned, the opinion was general that the latter event was less surprising than the former. Several reasons were suggested for his taking this step, but the true one has never been revealed. General Gordon stated in private that the following was the sole motive of his resignation. At the time of his arrival in India one of the chief political topics was whether Yakoob Khan, then a prisoner in honourable confinement at Murree, was guilty of connivance in the Cabul massacre or not. As the Viceroy's private secretary, Gordon saw the documents sent from Cabul in support of the charge against the Ameer, and he declared that they failed to substantiate the accusation. Other
men would have stopped at that point, but not Gordon. He carried out the reasoning to the logical conclusion—if Yakoob Khan was not guilty he should never have been deposed, and he ought to be restored to his country. The impossibility of accepting this conclusion may be obvious, but the fact shows the consistency of Gordon's character and redounds to his credit. It is satisfactory also to know that the officials of the Indian Foreign Office afterwards termed the documents sent from Cabul "worthless trash." This was the reason for General Gordon's sudden retirement from an ungenial post, as he explained it himself, and on his return to England he made more than one attempt to procure what he considered justice for Yakoob Khan.

From India he went to China in response to a summons from his former colleague Li-Hung-Chang, and he is credited with having inspired the Chinese with peaceful views at the most critical period of one of their disputes with Russia. Perhaps his presence in China may not have been without some effect also at St. Petersburg. However, he gave the Chinese excellent advice as to the kind of war they should wage, and it is possible to detect in their recent fighting with the French some trace of their having profited by his recommendations.

From China he came back to England, but his stay was short. A distinguished brother officer had, in the usual course of duty, to proceed to the Mauritius to command the engineers in that possession. The work was uninviting and distasteful, and he mentioned the fact to Colonel Gordon. The latter, in his too generous fashion, at once replied, "Oh, I will go in your place." For more than a year he remained in this island, although the task proved exceedingly irksome, but on his attaining the rank of Major-General he was relieved from his post. Then the Cape authorities, with trouble on their hands in Basutoland, applied to him, and he went at once in response to their appeal. The true story has yet to be told of how he visited Masupha, and of the manner in which the colonial authorities played him false, and brought his life into jeopardy, had Masupha shown himself a less generous foe. It is one of the few blanks that remain to be filled up in the varied and remarkable career which has now closed.

His South African experiences seem to have intensified his reserve, and to have strengthened his resolve to live apart from
his fellow-men. After a very brief visit to this country he left for Palestine, where he resided principally at Jaffa during the whole of 1883. There he passed his time in meditation on the meaning of the Book of Revelation, and also in considering the condition of the Turkish Empire. His interest in the Egyptian question was very keen, and he followed each move on the political chess-board at Cairo with great attention and intimate local knowledge. He suddenly returned to Europe in the last month of 1883, and it was not long before it became known that he had accepted a command from the King of the Belgians to proceed to the Congo. How that plan was changed at the last moment and how he proceeded at the shortest notice to Egypt has been too recently narrated in our columns to need repetition. Nor need anything more be said of that marvellous defence of Khartoum for nearly twelve months, which is in every way worthy of the man who was not only successful in almost everything he undertook, but who made the simplest tasks appear honourable by the noble manner in which he carried them out. There is no other name in history with which so many striking achievements will be permanently associated. The last is the most brilliant of them all; and there is some solace in the thought that, while elsewhere he fought for the benefit of foreign countries, he upheld at Khartoum the honour of his own country when it had been allowed by our statesmen to sink very low. For that alone he would command the gratitude of all true Englishmen.

In conclusion, some reflections appropriately suggest themselves about one who filled so prominent a place in the eyes of his countrymen, by whom he will ever be remembered with pride mingled with regret. One of the salient features in Gordon's character, without a due allowance for which it is impossible to measure the exact value of his opinions, was his extraordinary placability. No one was gifted in a higher degree than he was with that marvellous insight into human character which amounts almost to an instinct, and in which women are, perhaps too credulously, believed to excel. He seldom failed to detect the impostor, the self-seeker, and the tyrant, whether he was only a minister or majesty himself; and with some definite object of good in his mind he would express his opinions without qualification, and with a candour that spared not susceptibilities and that injured reputations.
And then, after a little time, when the object had been attained or had passed out of his mind, he would be disposed to relent towards the individual and to say, "Who am I that I should judge?"

No one read Nubar with a truer glance than he on their first coming in contact ten years ago, but he more recently repented of the severity of his denunciation. It is not difficult, therefore, to find much that may at first sight appear inconsistent in Gordon's instinctive aversion, and his subsequent interviews and friendly intercourse with Nubar at Cairo. It is only removed by the certain conviction all who knew him well will have that Gordon never wavered or faltered in his own opinions. His humility led him to go out of his way to show that he considered that he had no right to judge harshly of any one. So it was also with Zebehr. He knew that we might as well expect the leopard to change its spots as to ask the king of the slaveholders to injure the institution which gave him political power and wealth. And when General Gordon expressed his desire for the return to the Soudan of the man whom he alone had kept at Cairo during all these years, there was further evidence of his relenting towards an adversary. He also charitably said that Zebehr had probably improved during his exile. At the same time, he justified Zebehr's appointment by the necessities of English policy in the Soudan if the evacuation was to be carried out.

Another circumstance must be taken into account in deciding what Gordon's own views were on the subject of what he could perform and as to what policy was feasible. The man who has accomplished the marvellous, especially when the imperfection of his means leaves little or nothing to be detracted from the personal influence of his character, acquires a degree of self-confidence which in ordinary men becomes vanity or arrogance; but in Gordon, whose mind was tinged with a strong religious feeling of the Puritan type from the earliest period, it became an intensified and increasing belief that he was a selected emissary and chosen agent of God. Something of this was perceptible so long ago as his China campaigns, when it may be said without exaggeration that he really represented the good and the advantage of the people as something apart and distinct from the political objects kept in view by the Chinese Government and the Taeping rebels. It became stronger during his
residence at Gravesend, when he attached to his person boys of the poorer classes—strictly speaking, of no class at all; but it was the long solitary life in the Soudan that most strengthened the feeling, until it became so closely ingrained in his nature that it formed part of the man. The solitude of his life when he had no other companion than his Bible, as well as the character of his work, when he had to perform, as he has himself told us, all the functions of all the Ministers, naturally increased the conviction that the whole burden of the Government rested on his shoulders, and that without his personal energy everything would go wrong.

General Gordon realised all this with as little sense of personal vanity as it is possible for weak human nature to feel; but, while this was so, there was an accentuated assurance that he was the agent of good by Divine permission if not appointment. He never sought but rather shunned employment. Yet when any specific work was offered or forced upon him he never refused or showed lukewarmness, accepting the summons as the decree of Providence with as much calmness as a Mahomedan would accept kismet. Sometimes when an avenue of doing some real good seemed open to him he would be filled with almost youthful enthusiasm; but such cannot be said to have been the case with regard to his last journey to Khartoum, for he was going to announce to a people the promise of whose emancipation he had procured some years ago that the English people and Government had not the will and the power to redeem the pledge of their nominee the Khedive.

When people ask why General Gordon went on this mission they forget that General Gordon was an officer of the Queen and on the Active List, and that his devotion to duty was always so strong that all his arrangements with foreign governments were accompanied by the proviso "unless my own Government requires my services." But still if General Gordon went back to the Soudan with the absence of that enthusiasm which in the case of men of his temperament is the best guarantee of success, it cannot be said that he was hopeless of doing any good. He was not able to assure the peoples of the Soudan that he had received the fiat of England to spare neither its treasure nor its authority in giving effect to the Convention of 1877; but still he might be able to bear the olive branch of peace if he could only allay the popular excitement by assuring the people that
nothing would be disturbed, that the slaves should remain slaves, and that their owners should be left unmolested in all their rights of property. The policy is not a worthy or, as events will prove, a profitable one; but let the responsibility rest on those who ordered it, not on the agent who from the most laudable motives sought to carry it out, even after he had clearly described what he considered to be the true policy.

But there can be little doubt that General Gordon in accepting the mission to Khartoum was actuated by only two considerations—first, a sense of duty; and, secondly, a belief that if he could not do the greatest possible good he might still do much that would benefit the people and promote the chances of peace. His mode of reasoning was simple. It ran thus: "If God wills it, nothing is impossible. He has placed this work before me, and it is my part only to obey. At the worst I die or am killed, which is nothing, and nobody else is involved."

With regard to his Congo mission, which it is appropriate to consider here from the sudden manner in which it was postponed and gave place to the journey to Khartoum, it is no longer indelicate to say that he regarded it with a double feeling. On the one hand he felt bound by his pledge to the King of the Belgians, and the fulfilment of his promise was rendered all the more pleasing to him by the frank and generous manner in which the King met every wish and accepted all the responsibilities of General Gordon's transfer from the English Army to his own, including the settlement of a sum of £7000 upon his heirs. He imagined and drew up for his own personal conviction a scheme for the suppression of the slave trade by means of armed levies raised on the Congo for the conquest or subjugation of the great slave-capturing people, the Niam Niam. The details of that scheme, as given by himself, were recorded in an article which appeared in the Times of the 17th of January last year, and although they were not destined to be realised they are interesting as a project of imaginative philanthropy. In the commercial prospects of the Congo route he took little or no interest. He revealed his own opinion when he said in a striking sentence, "Those equatorial regions of Africa are all the same, they have only steam." Still his heart was never thoroughly in this work, and on the morning of his last departure for Brussels he repeatedly expressed the hope that
"there may be a respite, but in any case if I live I go to the Congo for the King in October." Whether this was merely a presentiment, or whether on that morning of the 16th of January he really knew that his destination had been changed but was under a promise of secrecy, we have no means of saying, but certainly his own relatives did not know until a later date that Egypt had been substituted for the Congo. The respite was granted, but there will be few of his friends who will not regret it. It would have been better to have attempted single-handed a chivalrous, if probably vain, crusade against the Niam Niam in the heart of Africa than to have been reserved for the fate of being the personal exponent of the weakness and procrastination of his own country.

**LEADING ARTICLE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1885**

The country is as yet in possession of no further authentic details respecting the reported death of General Gordon. Up to last night the War Office had received from Lord Wolseley no confirmation of the story which was brought on the preceding day to Korti from Gubat, and which so profoundly stirred the whole country yesterday. This absence of news is not, indeed, difficult to account for. As we announced yesterday, the headquarters started on the previous day to cross the desert; and consequently Lord Wolseley being removed from the end of his telegraph wire, messages from him would of course be longer in coming. Again, he would be especially careful not to send a positive confirmation of such important news until all doubt was finally cleared from his own mind. So far as it appears as yet, all that was yesterday telegraphed to England, whether by Reuter's Agency or through other channels, may have come from one source, the messenger or messengers who professed to bring news to Colonel Boscawen. If so, there is of course the possibility that the news may be an invention, or at least a perversion of the facts. This, however, is the very most that can be said, and it must be owned that it does not tell strongly on the side of hope. The story as we have it is so precise, so circumstantial, and fits in so exactly with what Sir Charles Wilson saw and inferred, that the chances in favour of its truth seem to be overwhelming. We are then, unhappily, justified in treating it as true, and in regarding that brilliant, that unique career, as
closed. On another page we tell the story of it in detail. Here we may be content to touch rapidly upon some of the main points in a life and character which stand alone in modern times, or, if not alone, which place the name of Gordon side by side with that of Garibaldi.

All that has recently been told of Gordon's youth proves that he made his mark, and showed of what stuff he was made, very early in his career—not, indeed, at Woolwich, but in the trenches before Sebastopol, whither he went at the age of one-and-twenty. The peculiar religious beliefs which coloured his whole later life had not then taken possession of him; but the character was essentially the same then as always. The story which we tell this morning of his leaping on the bastion in the face of the Russian sharpshooters, by way of shaming a corporal into doing his duty, is thoroughly characteristic; it is of a piece with his leading the storming parties in China armed but with a cane. Devotion of this rare kind was even then accompanied with the highest military aptitudes and with the strictest performance of his purely professional duties; his services as an engineer officer were conspicuous, and were highly valued by his official superiors, when, after the war was over, the young subaltern served on the Delimitation Commissions both in Bessarabia and Armenia.

The next four years he seems to have spent at Chatham in the routine of his profession; but in 1860 he took the step which, as it eventually happened, was to be the decisive step of his life. He went to China to join the British force which was co-operating with the French in endeavouring to compel respect for the Elgin Treaty; he was present in the march on Pekin, and in the attack on the Summer Palace; he was stationed at Tientsin for the two following years; and he found himself at Shanghai during the critical time of the Taeping rebellion. In March 1863, at thirty years of age, and holding only the brevet rank of Major in the English Army, he took the command of the 3000 Chinese Imperialists to whom was committed the forlorn hope of defeating and crushing the hordes of ferocious insurgents who had for a long time past been desolating the richest province of the Chinese Empire and shaking the established authority to its foundations. How he performed his task, with what extraordinary combination of discipline and dash, courage and sympathy, enthusiasm and resource, he
succeeded in making his ragged regiment into an army, and in taking fort after fort and city after city, is told at length in our columns this morning. In fourteen months, with but a handful of fighting men, and hampered by the corruptest officials in the world, he succeeded in completely suppressing a rebellion which, as is only fully realised by those who were in China at the time, has never been equalled in point of sheer wanton destructiveness since the days of Tamerlane.

Gordon's task, as he conceived it, was simple. He knew that the officials of Pekin were corrupt, but he saw that the rebels would put nothing better in their place; and he believed in Li-Hung-Chang. He carried out his achievement with that same unique combination of inventiveness and energy, self-devotion and sympathetic understanding of his materials, that the world has since then learned to identify with his name. The Chinese Empire was saved from anarchy; and Gordon, henceforth "Chinese Gordon," refusing all reward, went back to his ordinary work as a simple officer of the British Army.

He had achieved the first great work of his life, but much else remained. At Gravesend, where he was employed in improving the defences of the Thames, he set himself, according to the now familiar story, to reclaim scores of the young waifs and strays of London, and succeeded in making many a little outcast into an excellent servant of his country. Then he became Consul at Galatz, and was lost to view for three years, to emerge suddenly, at the end of 1873, as the successor of Sir Samuel Baker in the government of the Egyptian Soudan. Here, in two periods of less than two years each, and mainly by peaceful means, he achieved the second great work of his life—a work which only causes independent of himself have made to be less permanent than his achievement in China. He surveyed the White Nile up to Gondokoro; he prepared the way for the abolition of the slave trade; he began the disbanding of the Bashi-Bazouks who encouraged it, and tempted the people to revolt against their cruelties and exactions; he conciliated and pacified the people; and he spread the belief in his own name almost as successfully as he had spread it in China. Once he had resigned and returned to England; but Ismail begged him to go back, and he consented. Then, on the accession of Tewfik, he resigned once more, on the ground that he had done as much as any one man could do.
There is an unpublished story of a conversation which he had at that time with an English official in Cairo, which throws a good deal of light both on his character and on the problem of government in those barbarous regions. "I shall go," he said, "and you must get a man to succeed me—if you can. But I do not deny that he will want three qualifications which are seldom found together. First, he must have my iron constitution; for Khartoum is too much for any one who has not. Then, he must have my contempt for money; otherwise the people will never believe in his sincerity. Lastly, he must have my contempt for death." Such a man was not found; and the Eastern Soudan relapsed into the state of administrative chaos of which the Mahdi, the representative alike of the vested interests of the slaveholders and of Mussulman fanaticism, is the outcome.

There is no need to tell more of the heroic but painful story—how Gordon, called away from the equally superhuman task of coping with slavery on the Upper Congo, was sent a year ago to try to resettle the Soudan, to bring away the Egyptian garrisons, and to divide the region, if possible, among petty sultans who would be strong enough to keep order. He went, as all the world knows, unaided. He had but one English companion, the lamented Colonel Stewart; his self-devotion asked no more. Still, it became very soon apparent that if his mission was to succeed he must be supported from England; and we, unlike some of those who are now ostentatiously lamenting him, lost no opportunity of urging the Government to send support. The Government was silent, and for many months General Gordon had to employ against the besieging forces that endless resource, that unbounded ingenuity, in which he stood alone, and which made the story told by our late correspondent, Mr. Power, a document almost without a parallel among military annals.

The marvellous career, it is to be feared, is now ended. The life is over; at the moment when relief was at hand, treachery did that which force could not do, and Gordon, if we are to believe the too probable story, fell with the fall of Khartoum. All is over except his influence, his example, his name. Probably the grief and admiration of his country will find expression in some great material monument; and the richest and the noblest that the sculptor's art could produce
would be well deserved. But "the labour of an age in piled stones" is not necessary to keep alive the memory of one whose life was its own best monument. That life has done much for this generation. It has served conspicuously to remind us that the age of chivalry is not dead; that chivalry in the highest sense is rare indeed, but that its influence is as great and as far-reaching as of old. It has proved, too, that the English race is in no sense degenerate—if that needed to be proved to a people which, among much that is sad and sordid, yet sees all round it the daily acts of heroism that its best men and women are performing. Gordon's life and death bear bright and noble witness that even in a materialistic age the ideals of faith, duty, and enthusiasm are living forces still.
E A R L C A I R N S

O B I T U A R Y  N O T I C E ,  F R I D A Y ,  A P R I L  3 ,  1 8 8 5

The death of Lord Cairns is a great, we had almost said an irremediable, loss to the Conservative party in the Upper House. His great legal acquirements and acumen, and his sagacious counsels, made him an invaluable leader of his party on all occasions, but more especially in periods of difficulty and of crisis. If Lord Salisbury may be called the Achilles of the Conservative party, the deceased Earl—notwithstanding that he was not ripe in years as men count statesmanship—was well entitled to the epithet of the Nestor of that party. The full extent of the loss the Conservatives are called upon to sustain by his death will not be realised until the leaders of the party are once more summoned to undertake the responsibilities of office. The influence of Lord Cairns upon Conservatism was pre-eminently a salutary one—useful in moderating the zeal of the most active members of the party, and invaluable as a constructive force in practical legislation.

The Right Hon. Hugh MacCalmont, Earl Cairns, was the son of Mr. William Cairns, of Cultra, County Down, by Rosanna, daughter of Mr. H. Johnson. The Cairns family originally went over to Ireland from the South of Scotland. Thomas Cairns, of the Cairns, Orchardtown, in the Stewarty of Kirkeudbright, migrated with Murray, Earl of Annandale, who was his uncle by marriage. He settled in Ulster in the reign of James I. A grandson of his, Alexander Cairns, was with Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim, and in 1708 was created a baronet for his services. The baronetcy afterwards became extinct. Another member of the family represented the borough
of Belfast in the Irish Parliament from 1703 to 1707. The father of the deceased Earl ultimately became the representative of the family in the male line, Lord Cairns being his second son.

His lordship was born in the year 1819, so that he had only completed his sixty-fifth year. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, of which he subsequently became Chancellor, a position he continued to hold until his death. While a student at Trinity College, he was placed by his father, for classical instruction, under the tutorship of the Rev. George Wheeler, afterwards Rector of Ballysax. When Mr. Cairns first introduced his son to Mr. Wheeler, he had, it is said, some thought of the Church for his profession; but Mr. Wheeler—who then counted among his pupils Hugh Law, Willes, Palles, and Fitzgibbon—urged Mr. Cairns to give way to his son's own predilections in favour of the law, and this was the course ultimately taken. Up to the close of Mr. Wheeler's life, Lord Cairns never ceased to remember and acknowledge in frank and generous terms his early obligations to his tutor. Mr. Cairns had a distinguished career at Trinity College, where he was in the first class in classics, and obtained other academical honours. On the 26th of January 1844 he was called to the English Bar at the Middle Temple, and he rapidly acquired an extensive practice in the Courts of Equity. Although only twenty-five years of age, his abilities were widely recognised among his professional brethren and the public; and there was undoubtedly before him a very honourable and most lucrative career.

Desirous of entering upon political life, Mr. Cairns contested Belfast in 1852. He was returned for that borough, and continued to represent it in the Conservative interest until his elevation to the judicial bench. In 1856 Mr. Cairns was appointed one of Her Majesty's Counsel and a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. Lord Derby being called upon to form an Administration in February 1858, Mr. Cairns was offered the appointment of Solicitor-General, which he accepted, receiving on the occasion the honour of knighthood.

The first important occasion on which Sir Hugh Cairns exhibited his powers as a debater was during the celebrated debate of May 1858, concerning Lord Ellenborough's censure of Lord Canning's proclamation to the inhabitants of our Indian Empire. In the following session the new law-officer gave an earnest of his intentions as a law reformer. He introduced two
important measures, one of which was designed to simplify titles, and the other to establish a registry of landed estates. His lucid exposition of these measures very favourably impressed the House, without distinction of party, but unfortunately a Ministerial crisis and the abrupt conclusion of the session prevented the Bills from being carried. But throughout his subsequent career he laboured zealously to simplify legal enactments and procedure; and his Chancery efforts, as well as those in relation to the Landed Estates Bill, were, to a very great extent, brought to a successful issue.

Sir Hugh Cairns spoke with much force in the debate on the "Cagliari" question, and his persuasive eloquence, as well as his power of marshalling and dealing with facts, rendered him an invaluable debater on the Conservative side of the House. When the French Treaty was brought forward for Parliamentary sanction by Mr. Gladstone in the session of 1860, Sir Hugh Cairns accepted it on behalf of his party. At the same time he pointed out its defects, and contrasted the vigilance of the French negotiators of the treaty with ours, who had surrendered the power to prohibit the export of coal—a power which was possessed for political purposes, and had no relation to commerce. But although he considered the treaty one-sided, imperfect, and halting, he was not prepared to take the responsibility of defeating it. This statesmanlike attitude Sir Hugh Cairns adopted with regard to other important legislative measures at a later period.

When Mr. Monsell introduced the Roman Catholic Oaths Bill in the session of 1865, Sir H. Cairns brought forward an amendment intended to secure the inviolability of the Protestant religion and the Protestant Government in the United Kingdom. He agreed that the defence of the Church and of our Protestant institutions rested on the affections of the vast majority of the people, but affirmed that one of the grounds for the maintenance of the Protestant Government and religion was the oath contained in the Act of 1829, the efficacy of which was shown by the abstention of many gentlemen from voting on questions affecting the Church. Mr. Disraeli supported the amendment, and the division was a very close one, the Government securing a majority of nineteen only. The Reform question was the absorbing topic of the session of 1866, and, the Liberal ranks being weakened by the defection of a band of members nick-
named collectively the Cave of Adullam by Mr. Bright, the Government were ultimately defeated, after several severe contests, in which they had only secured small majorities. Being in a minority of eleven, the Ministry resigned, and the Earl of Derby was sent for by the Queen. It was universally felt that Sir Hugh Cairns had distinguished himself so greatly, both as a law adviser and a Parliamentary orator, that there could be no contest with him for the post of Attorney-General. It was consequently offered to him by the new Premier and accepted in June 1866. In the following October he was made Lord Justice of Appeal, succeeding Sir James Knight Bruce. In February of the following year, 1867, he was created a peer under the title of Baron Cairns, of Garmoyle, in the county of Antrim.

In the session of 1867 Mr. Disraeli introduced his famous Reform Bill. When after many vicissitudes it had passed through the House of Commons and gone to the Upper House, Lord Cairns took a prominent part in the discussions upon the measure, and proposed several important amendments. Among these was one which sought to raise the qualification of the lodger franchise from £10 to £15. It was accepted by the Government, and carried. Later, however, when the report of the Committee came to be considered, Earl Russell moved, with the assent of Lord Derby, to reinstate the £10 value. Lord Cairns, after stating that he was not aware when he moved his amendment that the franchise adopted by the Committee of the Commons was a compromise, agreed to abandon his own proposition, and the £10 lodger franchise was restored. Another important amendment introduced by Lord Cairns was his provision for cumulative voting, otherwise a proposition for the representation of minorities. It was strongly denounced by Mr. Bright, who considered it to be a restriction of electoral power, but it gained the support of politicians so widely different as Mr. Stuart Mill and Mr. Disraeli. The amendment was carried, after a prolonged debate, by 253 to 204 votes.

By way of showing the indefatigable energy of Lord Cairns, it may be stated that during the progress of the Reform Bill through the House of Lords he delivered no fewer than twenty-four speeches upon the various clauses of the measure. In this same session of 1867 Lord Cairns delivered an important speech upon Earl Russell's motion for an Address to the Queen praying
for a Royal Commission into the revenues of the Irish Church, with a view to their more equitable application for the benefit of the Irish people. Lord Cairns denied that the temporalities of the Irish Church had ever been the property of the Roman Catholic Church, claiming for tithes the strong right of prescription. He admitted that inequalities did exist in the application of the Irish Church funds, but insisted that the income was not in larger proportion to the members of the Church than in England. He predicted that the destruction of the Established Church would produce almost fatal social and political consequences to the landed interest and to the connection with Great Britain. This address was afterwards referred to by the Liberal speakers as a "No surrender" speech, which would help forward the end it sought to avert.

In February 1868 Lord Derby relinquished the Premiership in consequence of failing health. Mr. Disraeli now became the head of the Administration, and among other changes which took place in the Ministry Lord Cairns became Lord Chancellor in the room of Lord Chelmsford. His lordship was again called upon to defend the interests of the Irish Church during the debate in the Upper House on Mr. Gladstone's Suspensory Bill. On that occasion Lord Cairns spoke with extraordinary force and eloquence, and his speech fully maintained, if it did not enhance, his reputation as a master in the arts of luminous statement and of close and subtle argumentation. So effective, indeed, was this oration as a defence of the Established Church of Ireland that it was subsequently printed and attained a very wide circulation, its arguments furnishing weapons for other speakers on the same subject. In this able address Lord Cairns strongly criticised the details of Mr. Gladstone's measure, pointing out what he regarded as its grave defects, as well as its striking injustice, and he called upon the House of Lords not to be moved by the decision of the Commons, but to reject the Bill as an attack on property, on the supremacy of the Crown, and on the interests of Protestantism and of peace in Ireland. The Lords rejected the Bill by 192 to 97 votes, although it had been affirmed by large majorities in the House of Commons.

When Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Bill was brought forward in the Upper House in the ensuing session, Lord Cairns again spoke with his accustomed energy and ability. He examined at length the three great allegations upon which the
measure was based—viz. that the Irish Church was a badge of conquest, that it had not fulfilled its mission, and that it had formerly been guilty of many tyrannical acts. He argued warmly against the truth of these propositions, and disputed Hallam's doctrine of the right of the State to deal otherwise with corporate than with private property. He admitted that the nation was entitled to see that the property of the Irish Church was properly applied, but it was not entitled to confiscate it because all the Irish nation had not happened to benefit from it. He foresaw, he said, very calamitous results to Irish Protestantism from disendowment; while the principle of adopting a numerical test of religious equality was of dangerous example for the English Church. The second reading of the Bill was carried by 179 to 146, the House of Lords feeling the necessity of a compromise upon the question. Subsequently a conference was held between Lord Cairns and Lord Granville upon disputed points, and an amicable result was arrived at. Lord Cairns stated the points of compromise to the House, which consisted of the disposal of the surplus, the mode of commutation, etc.; and he intimated that, much as he disliked the whole Bill, concessions were preferable to leaving the whole controversy in suspense for an indefinite period. The service rendered on this occasion by Lord Cairns was of great practical value in the settlement of this long-agitated question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

In 1869 Lord Cairns resigned his position as leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, but on the opening of the session of 1870 he consented to resume it. There was no other member of the party deemed suitable for the place, Lord Salisbury at that time being disqualified by reason of the differences which separated him on some questions from his party, and more especially from Mr. Disraeli. Although Lord Cairns was regarded by some as being too exclusively the lawyer in his speeches, and although his oratory lacked the variety which that of a model Parliamentary leader should possess, his great ability gave him a commanding place in which he had no competitors. His health, however, soon gave way, and he was obliged to repair to Mentone, leaving the Duke of Richmond in temporary charge of the duties of the leadership. Lord Cairns, nevertheless, led the Conservative attack in the debate upon the Address, and later in the session he made an important speech
upon the New Triple Treaty signed by England, Prussia, and France, recording the determination of those Powers to maintain intact the independence and neutrality of Belgium, as provided in the Quintuple Treaty of 1839. In the debates which arose upon Sir Robert Collier's appointment to a seat in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, Lord Cairns maintained that the spirit and essence of the Act had been clearly and palpably violated. He said that he honoured Lord Chief Justice Cockburn for the stand he had taken against the appointment, and he emphatically traversed the doctrines by which the Ministerialists sought to defend the appointment. At this time Lord Cairns continued to take an active part himself, when his health permitted, in the judicial business of the House of Lords.

Mr. Gladstone having retired from office in February 1874, Mr. Disraeli was summoned by the Queen to form a new Administration, and Lord Cairns again became Lord Chancellor. In the session of 1879 his lordship introduced the Irish University Bill, put forward by the Government to supersede that of The O'Conor Don. The Ministerial measure, as first introduced, was one of extraordinary simplicity, being nothing more than a proposal to create an examining body which should have the power of conferring degrees upon all approved candidates, irrespective of their place of education. No scholarships, no lectureships or professorships were to be attached to the new University, no result fees were to be paid by it to training schools or colleges. It was, in fact, the Queen's University, with a difference, this difference simply being that its degrees were to be open to all comers. In consideration of this, the Government proposed to abolish the Queen's University, and to transfer the rights of its graduates to sit in convocation to the convocation of the new University. The annual grant of £5000 was also to be transferred, and the Senate of the new University was to consist of not more than thirty-six members, six of whom were to be elected by the convocation.

Considerable agitation arose with respect to the measure, and in the end the Government decided to throw upon the Senate of the new University the duty of framing a scheme of exhibitions, prizes, scholarships, and fellowships, for which Parliament would be asked to provide the money in the annual votes. Lord Cairns continued to hold the office of Lord Chancellor until April 1880, when Lord Beaconsfield went out of office.
On several occasions his lordship severely criticised the policy of Mr. Gladstone’s Government, and in the session of 1881, when affairs in the Transvaal formed a prominent topic of discussion, he called attention to the arrangement which had been made by Her Majesty’s Government with the Boers. His speech on that occasion, which was unusually impassioned, had a great effect upon the House, and afterwards upon the country. It was printed subsequently in the form of a pamphlet, and in this form was very widely circulated. After dwelling upon the disasters sustained by our troops, his lordship observed that the Transvaal had been ceded to the Boers, the annexation had been cancelled, the Republic had been restored, and the Queen had nothing more to say to that country. He accused the Government of having coined a new meaning for the word “suzerain,” and then given that title to the Queen. Lord Cairns concluded with this stirring peroration, which was much applauded: “I wish that, while still the Transvaal remains, as you say it does, under our control, the British flag had not been first reversed and then trailed in insult through the mud. I wish that the moment when you are weakening our Empire in the East had not been selected for dismembering our Empire in South Africa. These are the aggravations of the transaction. You have used no pains to conceal what was humbling, and a shame that was real you have also made burning. But the transaction without the aggravations is bad enough. It has already touched, and will every day touch more deeply, the heart of the nation. Other reverses we have had, other disasters; but a reverse is not disgrace, and a disaster does not necessarily imply disgrace. To Her Majesty’s Government we owe a sensation which to this country of ours is new, and which certainly is not agreeable.

“In all the ills we ever bore
We grieved, we sighed, we wept; we never blushed before.”

It may be stated that on the 27th of September 1878 the late Earl was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Garmoyle and Earl Cairns. Known to the nation at large as an eminent lawyer, statesman, and judge, his lordship had also other claims to be remembered by his fellow-countrymen. Although occupying the high and onerous position of Lord High Chancellor of England, he never relaxed to the last those benevolent and philanthropic efforts for which he was widely esteemed in all
circles. Like his successor on the woollen, Lord Cairns was not ashamed of being a Sunday School teacher, and it is recorded of him that, when he was asked after his elevation whether he would not now be compelled to give up Sunday School work, he emphatically answered, "Certainly not."

Although deeply attached to the Evangelical principles of the Church of England, he was ready to co-operate on all occasions with other workers in the religious field. He appeared on many platforms in the metropolis as an advocate of measures, social and religious, for the amelioration of the masses; and with Lord Shaftesbury he shared the distinction of being the friend of the homeless city arab. In Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Destitute Children, at Stepney and Ilford, his lordship took a special interest. It will be remembered that when the management of these Homes was subjected to a good deal of criticism, and when a Board of Arbitration had decided that unjust accusations had been brought against the director of the Homes, Lord Cairns came forward and expressed his readiness to assume the office of president of a committee formed to assist Dr. Barnardo in the further development of his work. The Coffee-house movement, also, and many other movements and organisations which had for their object the reclamation of the masses of the population from degrading or vicious habits, Lord Cairns encouraged, not only by his name, but by his personal labours and influence. Several of the local institutions of Bournemouth, and notably the Young Men's Christian Association, of which he was an earnest and constant supporter, will suffer greatly by his death. Down to the end he laboured personally and strenuously in connection with the association just named.

Lord Cairns received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Cambridge University in 1862, and that of D.C.L. from Oxford in the year following. He was also LL.D. of Trinity College, Dublin. His lordship married in May 1856 Mary Harriet, eldest daughter of Mr. John MacNeile of Parkmount, County Antrim, and had issue five sons and two daughters. His first-born son, Hugh, survived his birth only two days. The late Earl is consequently succeeded in the peerage by his second son, Arthur William, Viscount Garmoyle, who was born on the 21st of December 1861. Lord Garmoyle's name was not long ago before the public in connection with a cause célèbre in the Law Courts.
By the death of Victor Hugo yesterday, France loses the most variously gifted of her sons, and the world of letters its most brilliant ornament. From the universality of his genius he has frequently been compared with our own Shakespeare; but while his power over human passion, his vivid and capacious imagination, and his plastic intellectual energies may suggest and partially warrant such a comparison with the first of all poets, the great writer just deceased lacked the grand impartiality, the profound calm, and the serene and lofty judgment which are characteristic of Shakespeare and of the few great master spirits of the world. But, when this exception has been taken, the poet whose loss all humanity now mourns was not only one of the most remarkable figures of this generation, but perhaps the finest purely literary spirit that France has ever produced.

Victor Marie Hugo was born at Besançon on the 26th of February 1802. He is generally reputed to have sprung from a family which had been ennobled three centuries before, in the person of George Hugo, Captain of the Guard to the Duc de Lorraine. Joseph Leopold Sigisbert, the father of Victor Hugo, was a General in the French army, and held important commands in France and Italy. Beginning his military career under the Republic, he rose rapidly during the Empire, distinguishing himself by his courage and his brilliant services. His wife was a native of La Vendée, and an ardent Catholic and Royalist; the character of both was strongly individualised, and the poet seems to have inherited many of their mental peculiarities. But the physical tenement of the child of genius was exceedingly
frail, and none who saw him gave him as many days to live as he survived to number years. While in an apparently moribund condition he was taken to the Mairie, and there his birth was registered. Years afterwards the poet celebrated in verse the care, the tenderness, and the love which were lavished upon him, and which made him in a twofold sense the child of his devoted mother.

His earliest years were passed amid constant change and excitement. Before he had completed his fifth year he had travelled from Besançon to Elba, and thence into the province of Avellino, in Calabria, where his father was engaged in the extirpation of the brigand tribes, one of whose leaders was the famous bandit, Fra Diavolo. He also visited Florence, Rome, and Naples, and returned to Paris in the year 1809. Madame Hugo took up her abode at the old convent of the Feuillantines, and for two years the young Hugo led a quiet and studious existence, beginning his education under Lahorie, a proscribed general, and having near him his mother and the little child-friend Adèle Foucher, who was afterwards to become the poet's wife. Lahorie, having been betrayed, was imprisoned and put to death by the Imperial Government, and this melancholy event made a profound impression upon his little pupil. It contributed, together with the teachings of his mother, to develop in the mind of the child those strong Royalist sentiments which found expression in his youthful works. In 1811 Victor was called by his father to Spain, where he passed a year in the seminary of nobles. At the early age of ten he began to experiment in verse. Returning to Paris, he resumed the old life at the Feuillantines, and his studies here, under the direction of his mother, continued for three years unchecked. But during the period of the Hundred Days, although Victor Hugo had given clear proof of the bent of his genius, his father resolved upon placing him in a preparatory school, before sending him to the Polytechnic, with the view of adopting a military career.

Yet, even in his new and uncongenial quarters, the young poet did not neglect the muse. His literary precocity and fecundity were indeed marvellous. One writer states that during the years 1815-18—that is, from his thirteenth to his sixteenth year—he made every possible kind of verse, odes, satires, epistles, poems, tragedies, elegies, idylls, imitations of Ossian, translations from Virgil, from Horace, and from Lucan.
There were other translations from Ausonius and from Martial, romances, fables, stories, epigrams, madrigals, logographs, acrostics, charades, enigmas, and impromptus; and he also achieved a comic opera. In 1816 he wrote the tragedy of *Irtamène*, to celebrate the accession of Louis XVIII., but not long afterwards this and other juvenile efforts he deemed it necessary to apologise for. He considerably puzzled the wise heads of the Academy in the year 1817, when he competed for the prize of poetry, the subject assigned being "The Happiness derived from Study in every Situation in Life." The examiners were struck with the merits of the poem, but refused credence to the statement of the author that he was but fifteen years of age. In order to convince the sceptics, the young poet forwarded his certificate of birth, but instead of obtaining the prize he had to content himself with the honourable mention of the Academy. Many anecdotes are told respecting these early days. By his poem of "Moses on the Nile," Hugo won the prize offered by the Academy of Toulouse. Having gained three prizes he was constituted Master of the Floral Games, and at the age of eighteen he became a provincial Academician. About this time he wrote the "Ode to La Vendée," and the curious story of "Bug-Jargal," which was published in the *Conservateur Littéraire*, a periodical founded by Victor and his two brothers.

A singular example is furnished of the acuteness and foresight of Hugo's father. His talented son having on one occasion expressed himself strongly in favour of the Vendéans, the elder Hugo turned towards General Lucotte and observed: "Let us leave all to time. The child shares his mother's views; the man will have the opinions of his father." This vaticination was strictly fulfilled. On the death of the Duc de Berry, Victor Hugo wrote an ode which became very popular in Royalist circles.

Madame Hugo died in the year 1821, to the great grief of her already famous son, who was devotedly attached to her. In his sorrow he turned to the one being who had alone the power to comfort him, and in 1822 Mlle. Foucher became the wife of Victor Hugo. He was but twenty years of age, while the bride was much younger. In this same year appeared the first volume of Victor Hugo's *Odes et Ballades*, poems which united a classic form with romanticity of sentiment. For this work Hugo received 700f., and with the generous recklessness which dis-
tinguished him, he spent the whole sum on a French cashmere shawl, the gem of his wife's wedding trousseau. *Han d'Islande* quickly followed the odes, and the first edition of this work produced him 1000f. The realism of this novel created many enemies in literary circles. While critics admitted the wit, the learning, and the picturesque force which stamped it with a refreshing originality, they complained of manifest defects, and condemned the author for his attempt to satiate his ambition and his hopes with the reputation and the excitement of the present moment.

With the publication of the second volume of *Odes et Ballades*, in 1826, it was obvious that a change was coming over the ideas of the poet. A literary revolution preceded the political one of 1830. Hugo was one of the chief spirits among a band of writers who charged themselves with the formidable task of regenerating French literature. They resolved to discard the old classical models, and by the warmth of their imagination and the electrical fervour of their newly-emancipated spirits, to establish a new order of things in the realm of poetry. The monotonous Alexandrines were deposed, and irregular but powerful forms of verse usurped their place. Nor was it only in poetic form that they sought to effect a revolution. Matter must be changed as well as metre. Art must conform to Nature. Nature was mistress, and must be followed. The new school assumed the name of "La jeune France," but the outer world distinguished them by the generic title of the Romanticists, as opposed to their rivals and predecessors, the Classicists.

Victor Hugo was the acknowledged head of the new movement, and the circle which was formed under the name of the Cénacle included such writers and critics as Sainte Beuve, Béranger, and the brothers Deschamps. A newspaper, *La Muse Française*, was established to advocate the new views. It was in 1827 that the first definite fruits of the literary revolution became apparent by the publication of Victor Hugo's drama of *Cromwell*. In composing the original draft of this drama, the author intended it for stage representation, with Talma as the chief character. But Talma died before the drama was completed, and, as ultimately finished, the author did not intend the drama for stage representation. In the preface he unfolded his views upon the dramatic art. Briefly put, they were to this effect—that the stage is chiefly a reflex of society, a mirror in which the public should see its image faithfully reflected. The drama was not to
be circumscribed by tragedy alone, but comedy was to render its share in the delineation of character. The author's resolve to make himself independent of the three unities led to much hostile criticism; but he was also not without his defenders.

In 1828 M. Hugo published a series of odes entitled Les Orientales. They contained much fresh and musical, but not very profound, verse, and advanced the author in the esteem of the public. He next engaged upon a play dealing with the history of Amy Robsart, but it was not given to the public, a pension granted by Louis XVIII. to the author enabling the latter to keep back such works as his judgment recommended him not to issue.

The occasion of the next publication of Victor Hugo, Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné, furnishes an opportunity for referring to him in his character of a humanitarian. The abolition of capital punishment was a measure which he warmly and persistently supported, and his powerful writings had great influence in disgusting the French mind with the sickening details of public executions. The work above mentioned was a powerful protest against capital punishment, and it was followed up by an earnest and lifelong advocacy of the same course. After the lapse of a quarter of a century he wrote Claude Gueux, dealing with a convict of that name whose reprieve had been appealed for in vain. In 1839 Hugo was successful in interceding for the life of Barbès, who had been co-leader with Blanqui in an insurrection; and twenty-three years later an interesting correspondence passed between the reprieved man and his benefactor.

As a peer of France Victor Hugo sat in judgment in 1846 and 1847 on two men, named King and Lecomte, who had fired at the king, and in both cases he declined to vote for the capital sentence being executed. When the whole question of capital punishments was discussed by the Assembly in 1848, Victor Hugo delivered a brief but impassioned speech. "In the first act of the Constitution that you vote," he said, "you have carried out the first thought of the people—you have overturned the throne. Now carry out the other; overturn the scaffold! I vote for the abolition, pure, simple, and definitive, of the penalty of death." The friends of condemned criminals repeatedly besought the intercession of Victor Hugo, knowing his horror of capital punishment.
In 1851, when the poet's eldest son, Charles Hugo, was summoned before the Court of Assize for having protested in *L'Événement* against an execution which had been accompanied by horrible circumstances, the father claimed the right to defend him, which was accorded. In the course of his very powerful address on that occasion, he exclaimed, with much emotion, "The real culprit in this matter, if there is a culprit, is not my son. It is I myself—I who for a quarter of a century have not ceased to battle against all forms of the irreparable penalty—I who during all this time have never ceased to advocate the inviolability of human life." The speech was thrilling and argumentative by turns. But the speaker, notwithstanding his fervid eloquence, failed to convert his hearers, and Charles Hugo was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. In 1854 the hanging of a man named Tapner, in Guernsey, created a great sensation. Victor Hugo laboured for his reprieve, but in vain; and he afterwards addressed a trenchant letter to Lord Palmerston, in which he recapitulated certain ghastly incidents which rendered the execution unusually horrible and repulsive. When John Brown, of Harper's Ferry celebrity, was condemned to death, Victor Hugo penned a stirring remonstrance to the United States.

On many other occasions also he came forward to denounce the exaction of the death penalty. The power of his pen was so great that the Deputy Salverte declared it was owing to such "execrable books" as *The Last Day of a Convict* that France had adopted the plea of extenuating circumstances. To him also credit was given for the cry which arose in Switzerland for the abolition of the punishment of death, a letter which he wrote, and which was distributed widely throughout the cantons, having produced an immense effect.

To return to the literary efforts of M. Hugo. Having established a new dramatic school, it was but natural that he who was regarded as its founder should be urged to produce a work that should serve as a stage exposition of the new principles. This was forthcoming in the drama of *Marion Delorme*. This work was unquestionably original, and, in the opinion of some critics, as unquestionably immoral. It is full of excellent things, but the task which the author set himself in its composition was a difficult and delicate one. But for its delineation of human passion it must take high rank among stage efforts.
The censor, M. de Martignac, who held by the old school, decided against it, both on literary and political grounds. He saw in the description of Louis XIII. an unflattering allusion to Charles X. The author carried the matter to the King himself. Charles promised to look into the matter and give an immediate answer. He did so, but it was hostile to the play. Desiring to pacify Hugo, whose genius he admired, the King granted him a fresh pension of 4000f., but the poet refused the bribe, and the *Constitutionnel* remarked upon this: "Youth is less easily corrupted than the Ministers think."

Another dramatic venture immediately succeeded, for Victor Hugo's was a restless and impulsive intellect, which sought only a fuller expression under a policy of repression. This time it was the famous drama of *Hernani* with which he delighted his friends and still further exasperated his enemies. The play was produced at the Théâtre Français on the 25th of February 1830 amid a scene of great excitement. Some of the partisans for and against the drama came to actual blows, but the friends of the dramatist prevailed, and the piece was successful. Chateaubriand wrote a flattering letter to the author. After a few nights the enemies of the piece increased in numbers and violence, but still the theatre filled and money came pouring into the treasury. *Hernani* excited a furore that extended to the provinces. A fatal duel arising out of it was fought at Toulouse, and at Vannes a corporal of Dragoons died leaving this instruction in his will: "I wish to have it engraved on my tombstone, 'Here lies one who believed in Victor Hugo.'"

The poet now alternated his dramatic writing with the production of the remarkable romance, *Notre Dame de Paris*. He had bound himself by agreement with a publisher to produce a novel within a given time, and unable to get sufficient leisure in any other way he shut himself up resolutely beyond the reach of the world. Investing in a bottle of ink and a thick gray worsted garment which enveloped him from the head to the heels, he locked up his clothes so that he should not be tempted to go out, and set to work. His friends thought very little of the portions of the novel which he read to them; but M. Alphonse Karr was so struck by the title which Hugo first thought of giving to his story, *The Contents of a Bottle of Ink*, that he begged to be allowed to use it. The book was finished in less than six months, and although the great majority of the
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critics were strongly hostile to it, it became one of the most favourite romances with both French and English readers. And the strength of its characters, combined with the dramatic power it displays, may well justify the popular verdict in this matter. The author was pressed by the publishers for more novels, and for some time two titles were displayed before an eager public—viz. the *Fils de la Bossue* and *La Quiguengrogne*. But other work intervened, and these stories were never produced. The Revolution of 1830 did away with the old censorship of the stage, and a proposition was at once made by the Comédie Française to produce *Marion Delorme*. In the year following he consented to its performance, but gave it to the Théâtre of the Porte Saint-Martin. It achieved a fair success. In 1831 appeared a new volume of lyrical poems by Victor Hugo, entitled *Les Feuilles d'Automne*. In these impressions of a poetic nature, thrown off when the author had banished from his mind the distracting outer world, there are many sweet and tender passages.

In 1832 Victor Hugo wrote *Le Roi s'Amuse*, and Baron Taylor secured it for the Théâtre Français. It was produced on the 22nd of November, but immediately suspended by the Government. An attempted assassination of the king on the night of the first performance played into the hands of the censor, and made the alleged necessity for the suppression of the drama the more plausible. The play was not very well received, and on Victor Hugo being asked whether his name should be mentioned to the audience, he replied, "Sir, I have rather a higher opinion of my play now that it is a failure." The reason assigned for the suppression of the drama was that it was an offence against public morality. The author was exceedingly angry, and appealed to the judges, but they decided against him. Although the Revolution had deprived M. Hugo of the pension of 1000f. out of the privy purse conferred upon him by Louis XVIII, he still received the pension of 2000f. allowed him by the Home Minister. The Ministerial journals now twitted him with attacking royalty but at the same time taking pay from it. Upon this Victor Hugo wrote a letter to M. d'Argout, in which he stated that he had accepted the pension as a tribute to his literary work, but now that it was misunderstood he entirely relinquished it. M. d'Argout replied that he should still reserve the pension for the poet, but the latter never afterwards took it up.
Dramas from Victor Hugo's pen now followed each other in rapid succession. *Lucrèce Borgia* was performed in 1833, with Mlle. Georges, M. Delafosse, and M. Frédéric Lemaitre in the principal characters. The superb acting in the last scene called forth quite an ovation. The author was obliged to escape as best he could from the admiring crowds which besieged him on leaving. The receipts from the three first performances amounted to 84,769f.—a sum never approached under the management of the Porte Saint-Martin. *Marie Tudor* followed, but prejudice was created against this piece on the ground that it was more than ever a tissue of horrors; that Mary was a bloodthirsty creature, and that the executioner was perpetually on the stage.

By the year 1834 it became manifest that a change had come over the political sentiments of Victor Hugo. In *L'Étude sur Mirabeau*, the Royalistic ideas of the early ballads were thrown over, and the celebration of the rights of the people had taken their place. The change had been arrived at gradually and honestly, but the poet felt that some statement of a semi-autobiographic character was due from him, and he gave the reasons for his new faith in his *Littérature et Philosophie Méliées*. It was impossible for a mind constituted like his, and susceptible at every point, to stand still; and he felt himself irresistibly urged upon the path of progress. *Angelo*, another new drama, was produced in 1835, and Mlle. Mars sustained the chief character. We almost toil after this prolific writer in vain.

Three volumes of poems—*Les Chants du Crépuscule, Les Voix Intérieures*, and *Les Rayons et les Ombres*—appeared between 1835 and 1840, and testified not only to the poet's versatility but to his richness and wealth of diction. In July 1837 Victor Hugo was appointed officer of the Legion of Honour. In 1838 was produced his drama of *Ruy Blas*. The manager of the theatre looked forward anxiously to the opening night, but the play succeeded admirably. The first four acts went off very well, but in the fifth act M. Frédéric Lemaitre rivalled the greatest comedians. The drama achieved a genuine success—that is, a success emanating spontaneously from the public; and it was performed for fifty nights.

The last of Victor Hugo's writings for the stage, *Les Burgraves*, was produced in 1843. Here, as in his other pieces, there were witnessed the same strong contrasts. He delighted in opposing human passions and in a strange commingling of
comedy with tragedy which shocked the notions of those who held by the severity of the dramatic unities. But the effects which he managed to produce were undoubted; and, however people might urge that he was heterodox, all at least concurred in admitting that he was original. But he resolved to give up the theatre, and with the production of Les Burgraves our author shook the dramatic dust from under his feet and left the stage to pursue its own course.

With regard to the developments in his political and social views, while these excited surprise and animadversion in some quarters, upon those who had faithfully traced his career and his writings during his fourth decade these changes could have no effect. For example, although he fell in with the régime of Louis Philippe, he made no secret of it that he regarded the monarchy only as temporary—it was merely a prelude to the Republic. Yet he did not think that the Republic was at that moment ripe. But the keen and intuitive mind of Lamennais had read him rightly. "I knew," remarked that distinguished man, "that you could not remain Royalist; but I place the Republic in the present and you foretell it in the future." Though enthusiastic beyond measure in most things, Victor Hugo was willing to tolerate the existing monarchy under the belief that it must lead to the Republic. In discoursing of Mirabeau in 1824 he had dwelt upon the necessity for the observant man to make allowances. By 1837 he had gone a step further, and defined his object to be to agree with all parties in what was liberal and generous, but with none in what was illiberal and mischievous. At this time also he regarded social reforms as by far the most necessary and the most pressing. In 1840 he claimed the following as his rule of action: "No engagement, no chain. Liberty should pervade both his ideas and his actions. He should be free in his goodwill towards those who are really working, free in his aversion towards those who are hurtful, free in his love towards those who serve, free in his pity towards those who suffer." It required little in the nature of prophecy to indicate Hugo's future upon political and social questions. Emancipation, in the sense of democratic progress, was all that could be pre- dicted of him.

Although the brilliant talents of Victor Hugo had given him a fame already extending far beyond his native country, they
could not ensure him a place among the "Immortals." That capricious corporation, the French Academy, looked askance when he knocked at its doors for admittance. For some years he was obliged to console himself with the fact that he was but one member of an illustrious band, beginning with Molière, all of whom had been passed over by this learned body. His first application as a candidate was in 1836, when the Academy preferred M. Dupaty; at the next attempt, three years later, M. Molé was the fortunate one; in 1840 the Academy chose M. Flourens in preference to the poet and dramatist; but on a fourth application, in 1841, the sacred doors were at length opened to him, and Victor Hugo obtained the honours to which he had long ago become legitimately entitled.

Shortly after his election into the French Academy Victor Hugo made several foreign tours, among others one through Spain, whence he was suddenly recalled by a severe domestic affliction. His daughter Léopoldine and her husband, Charles Vacquerie, to whom she had but recently been united, were drowned while out upon a pleasure excursion. The sad event made a profound impression upon the mind of the poet.

On the 15th of April 1845 Victor Hugo was created a peer of France by Louis Philippe, but the title of Count seems an anomaly when associated with such a name as his. The Revolution of 1848 called him to definite action. Elected to represent the city of Paris in the Constituent Assembly, his votes were given now to the Right and now to the Democratic party. He was re-elected to the Legislative Assembly, being the tenth among twenty-eight candidates; and he now rapidly assumed the position of one of the leaders and chief orators of the Left. He spoke eloquently upon the affairs of Rome, the limitation of universal suffrage, the project for the revision of the Constitution, and other questions. But the passionate vehemence of his language, his strong personal attacks upon Montalembert, with whom he engaged in a Parliamentary duel extending over three years, and his frequent attacks upon the President of the Republic drew upon him the reproaches of the majority for his new-born Republican zeal. The odes written in his youth, as well as the writings of maturer years, were quoted against him. At the same time also, the journal which he had founded, L'Evénement, and which had passed through the same changing phases of opinion as himself, was prosecuted, condemned, and
suppressed, but only to reappear under the name of the Avenem-
ment. With MM. Schoelcher, Madier-Montjau, and others, Victor Hugo organised an abortive resistance to the coup d'état of the 2nd of December. With other members of the extreme Left he was banished from France for life by Prince Louis Napoleon. Immediately upon his exile he signed, along with several of his colleagues, an appeal to arms, couched in extremely vehement language, and he followed this up by his scathing brochure Napoléon le Petit, published in Brussels. In the following year, 1853, he further issued at Brussels a volume of poems under the title of Les Châtiments.

These works furnished the strongest invectives ever uttered against "the man of December." They exhibit a man of genius expending all his wealth of satire and denunciation in the white heat of passion. The work last named, which is as remarkable for its elegance of composition as for its intense political feeling, was destined, after a clandestine circulation of eighteen years, and upon the fall of the Emperor in 1870, to prove the poet's best passport to a yet greater popularity than he had hitherto enjoyed. Withdrawing first to Jersey, the illustrious exile was not long allowed to remain there. Difficulties arose between the French and British Governments, and Victor Hugo ultimately settled in Guernsey, with which island his name has ever since been associated, and where he spent many years fruitful in literary effort. The first substantial result of the exchange of political for purely literary labours appeared in Les Contemplations, published in 1856. The work was speedily very popular, and it has been described as the lyrical record of twenty-five years.

In 1859 appeared La Légende des Siècles. Announced as a simple fragment of a yet greater poem—as the first part of a trilogy, of which the other two were to be called La Fin de Satan and Dieu—this work was yet far more striking than any of its predecessors for its brilliancy and energy, its literary skill, and its powerful conceptions. The Bishop of Derry has given a full, and, on the whole, discriminating criticism of this remarkable work, and with some success has translated passages from it. But Victor Hugo's French is too peculiar and impassioned to be brought within the trammels of English verse.

On the 15th of August 1859 a general amnesty was pro-
claimed. This was refused by Victor Hugo, Edgar Quinet, Louis Blanc, and others, who replied by a counter manifesto. When he was again pressed, ten years later, to accept a second amnesty, he refused with still greater warmth, answering his friend Pyat in these words—*S’il n’en reste qu’un, je serai celui-là.* He was blamed by some for adopting this attitude, and others affirmed that if he had stood forward in the time of peril as he ought to have done, the fatal day of Sadowa might have been averted, and the disastrous Ministry of M. Emile Ollivier, with its subsequent avalanche of ruin, might have been rendered impossible. This, at any rate, will suffice to show the power ascribed to the individual will of Victor Hugo.

In the year 1862 appeared a new and powerful work by our author, and one in an entirely new groove—namely, the great social romance *Les Misérables.* It was issued simultaneously in nine languages, and published in Paris, Brussels, London, New York, Madrid, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Turin. The appearance of the work had been eagerly awaited. Its reception was peculiar. It was as warmly applauded by some as it was fiercely denounced by others for its social philosophy. But all critics acknowledged the genius which blazed in the pages of this romance, one writer affirming that it contained in dilution more colossal imagery than anything which had been produced in Europe since the *Divine Comedy.* In 1865 was published the volume *Chansons des Rues et des Bois,* in which so much power was expended over the infinitely little as to earn for the author the sobriquet of "the Paganini of poetry." A second important work dealing with metaphysical and social questions, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer,* appeared in 1866. This romance has been compared with the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus. The plot is nothing; the development of a human soul everything. Gilliat's battle with the devil fish is probably the most realistic thing ever penned. A third descriptive romance, *L’Homme qui Rit,* appeared in 1869, the year following the death of Madame Victor Hugo at Brussels. Again the movement of life plays a subordinate part, and the real purpose of the work is seen to be a description of the battle waged in the individual breast, first with Fate, and then with those ancient enemies of man, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. But, notwithstanding its evidences of power, this work failed to obtain that deep hold upon the public mind which was secured by its predecessors.
The closing years of the Empire witnessed a great literary triumph for Victor Hugo in the reproduction of his *Hernani* at the Théâtre Français. During the time of the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1867 this drama was performed for the long period of four months with striking success.

At this time Victor Hugo was a frequent contributor to the *Rappel*, a journal which had been founded under his inspiration, and which was conducted by M. Vacquerie, the brothers Hugo, and M. Rochefort. It had gained a great ascendancy over the population of Paris. On the occasion of the *plebiscite* of the 8th of May 1870, which ratified the new Constitution of the Empire, the poet published a protest in the *Rappel* entitled "Non; in three letters this word says everything." The article was so strong a development of the writer's views on the subject of the Empire that he was cited for bringing the Government into hatred and contempt.

With the disaster of Sedan the Empire fell, and the revolution of the 4th of September followed. Victor Hugo now returned to Paris, where he was received with great enthusiasm. He addressed a letter to the German people exhorting them also to proclaim a republic and to join hands with France. When the insurrectionary movement of the 31st of October occurred, his name appeared on the list of the Committee of Public Safety; but he disavowed the use made of his name, and on the ensuing 5th of November declined to become a candidate at the general election of the mayors of Paris; 4029 suffrages, however, were accorded him in the fifteenth arrondissement. In the elections of February 1871 he was returned second on the list with 214,000 votes, Louis Blanc coming first with 216,000, and Garibaldi third with 200,000 votes. Speaking in the National Assembly on the 1st of March, he powerfully denounced the ratification of the preliminaries of peace. On the 8th, during the debate which took place in the National Assembly on the election of Garibaldi, Victor Hugo ascended the tribune and said:

"France has met with nothing but cowardice from Europe. Not a Power, not a single king, rose to assist us. One man alone intervened in our favour; that man had an idea and a sword. With his idea he delivered one people; with his sword he delivered another. Of all the generals who fought for France Garibaldi is the only one who was not beaten."
Here there were violent interruptions on the Right, and the speaker declared he would give in his resignation. Being subsequently asked by the President whether he adhered to the letter of resignation which he had laid upon the table, he replied that he persisted in his resolve, and forthwith left the hall. The next day M. Grévy read the following letter from Victor Hugo: "Three weeks ago the Assembly refused to hear Garibaldi; to-day it refuses to hear me. I resign my seat." Louis Blanc expressed the profound grief caused by this resignation to all the political friends of Victor Hugo, and said that it was a misfortune added to the other calamities of the country.

A heavy domestic calamity befell the poet on the 13th of March, when his son Charles died of cerebral congestion. The bereaved parent brought the body to Paris on the 18th, the day of the insurrection in the capital. Civil war was now inaugurated, with all its horrors; but this period of outrage and assassination is matter of familiar history. Leaving Paris during the horrors of the Commune, the poet went to Brussels. On the 26th of May, while in this city, he wrote a letter protesting against the decision of the Belgian Government with regard to the insurgents of Paris. In this letter he offered publicly an asylum to the soldiers of the Commune, and, as the Ministry considered that the letter compromised the interests of Belgium, the writer was expelled from the country. Returning to Paris after the trial of the leaders of the Commune, he interceded, but in vain, with M. Thiers on behalf of M. Rochefort. He was again adopted as a candidate for Paris by all the Radical Press in the election of the 7th of January 1872; but he declined the imperative mandate which the Radical clubs wished to impose upon him, while accepting the mandat contractuel, which he defined for the first time. He was defeated, receiving only 95,900 votes, as against 122,395 given to his opponent, M. Vautrain.

During the siege of Paris a new edition was brought out of Les Châtiments, a work, as we have seen, originally published in 1853. This reproduction consisted of more than 100,000 copies. The principal pieces in the collection were recited at the theatres, the proceeds being devoted to the works of defence, the ambulances, etc. Readings and recitations from the work were also given in the provinces with a like object. Victor
Hugo defended his own career in the work entitled *Actes et Paroles*, written in 1870-72; and this was followed up by *L’Année Terrible*, issued in the last-named year. Belonging to the same class or category of intellectual labour was *La Libération du Territoire*, a poem published in 1873, and sold for the benefit of the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine.

In 1874 appeared the grand historical and political romance, *Quatre-vingt-treize*, which was published on the same day in ten languages. This great prose epic, upon the most terrible year in modern history, 1793, excited the liveliest interest throughout Europe, and critics of all shades of opinion hastened to do justice to its extraordinary merits. To this work succeeded, in 1874, a pathetic sketch, *Mes Fils*, and, in 1875-76, *Avant l’Exil, Pendant l’Exil, Depuis l’Exil*, being a complete collection of Victor Hugo’s addresses, orations, and confessions of faith, etc., during the preceding thirty years. *Pour un Soldat* was a little *brochure* written in favour of an obscure deserter.

Although the poet seemed temporarily to have abandoned political life, he had not forgotten his friends and the electors of Paris. Frequent letters published in the public press proved this, as well as his presence as chairman at a number of democratic conventions, and the delivery of a number of public discourses, such as those pronounced at the funerals of M. Edgar Quinet, Madame Louis Blanc, and others. Preparatory to the first Senatorial elections, M. Clément, President of the Municipal Council of Paris, waited upon the poet, and, in the name of the majority of his colleagues, offered him the function of delegate. M. Hugo accepted, and at once issued his manifest, entitled “The Delegate of Paris to the Delegates of the 36,000 Communes of France,” in which he reiterated, with redoubled energy, his old idea of the abolition of monarchy by the federation of the peoples. On the 30th of January 1876 he was elected Senator of Paris, but after a keen struggle. He was only the fourth out of five, and was not returned until after a second scrutiny, when it was found that he had secured 114 votes out of a total of 216.

On the 21st of March 1876 M. Hugo introduced in the Senate a proposal for granting an amnesty to all those condemned for the events of March 1871, and to all those then undergoing punishment for political crimes or offences in Paris, including the assassins of the hostages. On the 22nd of May
he delivered an eloquent oration in support of his motion, but it was rejected, only about seven hands being held up for the amnesty. The poet orator again pleaded the same cause in January 1879, but his proposal was coldly received. In the following month, however, an Amnesty Bill was passed by the Chamber of Deputies.

To return to the literary record of Victor Hugo. Early in 1877 appeared the second part of the Légende des Siècles, and shortly afterwards the poet was deeply gratified by Tennyson's greeting of him in the Nineteenth Century as "Victor in poesy, Victor in romance." In October 1877 appeared another remarkable work by the deceased, L'Histoire d'un Crime. It had been written a quarter of a century before in condemnation of the events of December 1851, and now, when there were possible rumours of a coup d'état of another kind, he deemed it absolutely imperative to publish it. As he remarked in his preface, "This work is more than opportune; it is imperative. I publish it." In the following November appeared a lighter work, L'Art d'être Grandpère. When the second part of The History of a Crime appeared, at the beginning of 1878, France had fortunately passed through a period of great political excitement without those fearful consequences which have frequently followed such periods in her history. The continuation of Victor Hugo's work did not, consequently, create such popular fervour as it might otherwise have done. But the author was as scathing as ever in his invectives, and no one knew such strong depths of bitterness and indignation as he. On the 29th of April 1878 appeared Victor Hugo's new poem, Le Pape.

When the Voltaire centenary was celebrated in Paris in May 1878 Victor Hugo was the chief speaker. The great meeting was held in the Gaîté Theatre, which was crowded to suffocation. While all the speakers at that meeting were warmly applauded, our correspondent, writing on that occasion, observes that, "It was when M. Victor Hugo rose that the tempest of acclamation burst forth. Can a grander, a more striking, a more exaggerated scene be conceived than this association of Victor Hugo and Voltaire, of the most eloquent and the most touching of French orators, exhausting his mines of highly-coloured epithets and colossal antitheses on the ironical head of Voltaire? A report of his speech does not
suffice; the white head and apostle's beard, the inspired eye, the solemn voice, rolling as if it would sound in the ears of posterity; the involuntary haughty attitude in vain striving to seem modest; the imperturbable seriousness with which he piles antithesis upon antithesis— all this must be realised." Victor Hugo was enthusiastically cheered on taking the chair; but, waving his arm, he exclaimed "Vive la République!"— a cry which was then taken up with equal fervour. After the other speakers had been heard, the distinguished chairman delivered his oration. He rapidly sketched the work accomplished by Voltaire, and concluded with an eloquent peroration.

The International Literary Congress, held in Paris in June 1878, once more beheld Victor Hugo to the front upon a question in which he took much interest. His speech on that occasion was accepted by the Congress as forming the basis of its decisions. In the August following this conference a great working men's meeting was held in the French capital in favour of international arbitration, and Victor Hugo, unable to be present and to take the chair as he intended, sent a communication expressing his approbation of the objects of the meeting. "The supreme future is with you," he wrote. "All that is done, even against you, will serve you. Continue to march, labour, and think. You are a single people. Europe and you want a single thing—peace." In February 1879 Victor Hugo furnished another illustration to many which had gone before of the liberality of his mind and his support of the doctrine of universal toleration by the publication of a poem entitled *La Pitié Suprême*.

On the eve of the seventy-eighth birthday of the poet, 25th February 1880, which was also the fiftieth anniversary of *Hernani*, this famous play was produced at the Comédie Française. The performance of the piece was followed by the recitation of verses by M. Coppée, and by the crowning of the author's bust.

*Religions et Religion*, a work by Victor Hugo which appeared early in 1880, is an attack not only upon various systems of religion, but also upon those who attack all religion. *L'Ane*, which was published some months later in the same year, is, as its name implies, a poem of a totally different order. Desiring to lash his kind, with Rabelais, the poet puts his denunciations
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into the mouth of an ass, which animal is taken to be the type of unsophisticated man. The work was regarded as a failure, in spite of the genius which played about its pages, the satiric power of Victor Hugo being one rather of fierce denunciation than that which consists in the perception of the incongruous in humanity. In 1881 appeared Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit. Torquemada, a drama written chiefly during Victor Hugo's exile in Guernsey, was published in 1882. The poet himself regarded it as one of his best efforts, and it certainly exhibits his glowing imagination and his power in depicting human misery at their highest. The great Inquisitor is drawn as a single-minded enthusiast who, following relentlessly to their conclusion the doctrines upon which he has been nourished since childhood, burns and tortures people from pure love of their souls, hoping thereby to save them. In 1883 Hugo issued the last part of his great work, La Légende des Siècles, on the whole the finest, perhaps, of all his works, since it displays a disciplined imagination without revealing so prominently the defects apparent in so many other of the poet's compositions.

In addition to the works named, Victor Hugo was the author of Choix Moral des Lettres de Voltaire, published in 1824, and afterwards incorporated with some modifications in the volume already mentioned, Littérature et Philosophie Mélées; of a number of articles, poems, and translations which appeared in the Conservateur Littéraire, the Revue des Deux Mondes, and the Globe; of three discourses pronounced before the French Academy; a collection of poems relating to childhood, published in 1858, and entitled Les Enfants, Livre des Mères; William Shakespeare, an anonymous work published in 1864; Paris, being an introduction to the Paris Guide published by M. Ulbach; and the Voix de Guernesey, a poem which appeared at Brussels in 1868, and was inspired by the engagement of Mentana. It is also well known that the deceased was a skilful artist, and M. Théophile Gautier published in 1863 a collection of his designs. The poet is understood to have left behind him a considerable number of important works in manuscript, which will be published in accordance with his instructions.

Few monarchs have received such an ovation as was accorded to Victor Hugo by the city of Paris on the 27th of February 1881. The day before, the poet had completed his seventy-ninth year, and by the French people this is regarded as entitling to

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octogenarian honours. A celebration took place which was compared with the reception of Voltaire in 1788. The Avenue d'Eylau, where Victor Hugo resided, was densely thronged, and the poet, being recognised with his children and grandchildren at an upper window of his house, was cheered by a vast multitude, estimated by unsympathetic observers at 100,000. The Municipality had erected at the entrance to the avenue lofty flag-staffs decorated with shields bearing the titles of his works, and supporting a large drapery inscribed "1802, Victor Hugo, 1881." Early in the morning the avenue was thronged with processions, consisting of collegians, trade unions, musical and benefit societies, deputations from the districts of Paris and from the provinces, etc. A deputation of children, bearing a blue and red banner with the inscription "L'Art d'être Grand-père," and headed by a little girl in white, arrived at the house, and were received by Victor Hugo in the drawing-room. The little maiden, who recited some lines by M. Mendés, was blessed by the venerable poet.

Among other incidents of the day, the Paris Municipality drew up in front of the house, when Victor Hugo addressed them in praise of the city of Paris. A stream of processions then began to file past the house, those of the musical societies alone exceeding 100. The entire avenue, nearly a mile long, was crowded with spectators, and the conduct of this immense gathering was most exemplary. At the Trocadéro a musical and literary festival was held, when selections from Victor Hugo's works were sung or recited by some of the leading Paris artistes, and the "Marseillaise" was performed by a military band. M. Louis Blanc, who presided, said that few great men had entered in their lifetime into their immortality. Voltaire and Victor Hugo had both deserved this, one for stigmatising religious intolerance, the other for having, with incomparable lustre, served humanity. In the evening of the day there was a Victor Hugo concert at the Conservatoire, and at many of the theatres verses were recited in his honour. On the night of the 25th a special performance was given at the Gaité of Lucrece Borgia, which had not been produced there for ten years. The house was filled, all the notabilities of Paris being present, while the poet himself also appeared for a short time. The celebration generally was one triumphant success.

On the occasion of Hugo's eightieth birthday, in February
1882, the French Government ordered a free performance of *Hernani* at the Théâtre Français; 2300 persons squeezed themselves into accommodation intended only for 1500. On the day following, the committee of the previous year's grand celebration presented Hugo with a bronze miniature of Michael Angelo's Moses. In responding for the gift, in the presence of 5000 persons, the poet said:

"I accept your present, and I await a still better one, the greatest a man can receive—I mean death; death, that recompense for the good done on earth. I shall live in my descendants, my grandchildren, Jeanne and Georges. If indeed I have a narrow-minded thought it is for them. I wish to ensure their future, and I confide them to the protection of all the loyal and devoted hearts here present."

On the 22nd of November 1882 a jubilee performance of *Le Roi s'Amuse* was given at the Théâtre Français. Fifty years before, as we have seen, it was produced amid such tumults that the Government forbade its further representation. Now it was produced with great favour, the utmost interest having been manifested for weeks previously. Our correspondent stated at the time that if there had been 10,000 seats in the house instead of 1500 there would still have been an insufficiency of places to satisfy the demand. M. Got achieved a great triumph in the part of Triboulet.

In private life and character Victor Hugo was one of the noblest and most unselfish of men. Many are the anecdotes related of his generosity and kindliness of disposition. One who had every opportunity of studying his private life states that when residing at Hauteville House, Guernsey, he organised a poor children's repast twice a week, to which he invited the poorest of the poor, giving them roast beef and good wine to invigorate them. He likewise adopted the rather Quixotic measure of reserving a room in his house for the use of any literary person in temporary distress; and this hospitality would last sometimes for two, three, or even six months. The befriended ones were not allowed to feel the irksomeness of their position; they had their place at table with the poet, and free rooms were granted them.

The poet had a special talent for organising Christmas parties, and was never happier than when surrounded by his grandchildren. He mingled in all their games and even shared
their troubles and their punishments. When his favourite little grandchild was put on dry bread for bad conduct the grandfather was so unhappy that he would take no dessert. His pleasures were as simple as his mind was great. He has been accused of being an infidel; but those who knew him best maintain strongly that he was a firm believer in God and in a future state. Even when in his octogenarian period it was the poet's habit to rise with the day, summer and winter, and to work until nine. He then allowed himself an hour's rest for breakfast and his morning constitutional, after which he again sat at his desk, mostly pursuing his intellectual labours, till five in the afternoon. Work being concluded, he dined at half-past six, and invariably retired to rest at ten. On one occasion, speaking of his future works, the poet said:

"I shall have more to do than I have already done. One would think that with age the mind weakens; with me it appears, on the contrary, to grow stronger. The horizon gets larger, and I shall pass away without having finished my task."

It may be stated that a magnificent national edition of Victor Hugo's works is being prepared, which, when completed, will extend to forty volumes of square quarto form. Each volume will contain five etchings from designs by Baudry, Constant, Boulanger, Gérôme, Henner, and other distinguished artists; and, in addition, the work will contain altogether 2500 illustrations in the text. All that art and the printers and publishers can do is being essayed to make this edition worthy of the poet's reputation.

We have now reached the close of our survey of a remarkable career. This is not the place in which to cast the horoscope of this great name. It is not for us to say what will perish and what will remain of that vast mass of intellectual treasure which Victor Hugo has left behind him. But it must be obvious to all that with the passing away of the great head of the Romantic school there is lost to French literature one of its mightiest and most operative forces. Victor Hugo's is a colossal figure in that literature. His mind was one of the most powerful and original that ever illumined its brilliant pages. Yet that mind had its weaknesses. Superb in wealth of fancy and power of language, the very gift of speech itself proved a snare to him. He lacked concentration. Who could
have predicted for Shakespeare the same kind of immortality he now enjoys if he had bequeathed to us an intellectual legacy ten times larger than that we have received? As it is, in spite of its infinite variety, we can, as it were, stretch our hands over the whole Shakespearian keyboard and bear within our recollection his exquisite notes of sadness and of joy. We can never gauge the depths of his heart and intellect, but we can make his every line immortal. With Victor Hugo it is different. Passing in review the prodigious list of his works, we may use the words of Scripture and ask, "Who shall say which shall prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good?" That much will live, however, and live permanently, we may rest assured. He has a niche to himself in that temple of fame assigned to the world's great poets, and that niche is a high and honourable one. For the present, to change the figure, we can only add our tribute of regret that one of the greatest luminaries of our time has sunk below the earthly horizon.
GENERAL GRANT

Obituary Notice, Friday, July 24, 1885

Ulysses S. Grant, General on the retired list of the United States Army, and eighteenth President of the United States, who died yesterday morning after a long illness at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, New York, was born in the State of Ohio, at a small village called Point Pleasant, 27th April 1822. His ancestry was Scotch, and his parents were in humble circumstances. He was named Hiram Ulysses Grant, and during his infancy his parents removed to Georgetown, Ohio, where his boyhood was passed. He had but moderate opportunities for education in early life, and when seventeen years of age the member of Congress from the district in which he lived appointed him a cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York. By a blunder his name in the appointment was written "Ulysses S. Grant," and this name he had to adopt. He served the usual four years' military course at the Academy without special distinction, although he showed some proficiency in mathematics, and in 1843 graduated number twenty-one in a class of thirty-nine. His first commission was brevet second lieutenant of infantry in the army, and he was sent to join a regiment guarding, and sometimes fighting, the Indians on the Missouri frontier, where he continued for two years, when the war between the United States and Mexico began, and his regiment was sent to the Texan frontier to join the army corps then forming under the command of General Zachary Taylor, who afterwards became President of the United States.

On 30th September 1845 young Grant was commissioned
second lieutenant, and he entered with ardour upon the campaign of invasion of Mexico, which began the following spring. He developed fine soldierly qualities, and first saw bloodshed at the opening battle of that invasion at Palo Alto in May 1864. He took part in all the battles of that active campaign, which included the capture of Monterey and the siege and capture of Vera Cruz. In April 1847 Grant was made the quartermaster of his regiment, the 4th Infantry, and he participated in the battles fought by the American troops on their victorious advance into the interior after the capture of Vera Cruz. For his gallantry at the battle of Molino del Rey, in September, he was made a first lieutenant on the field, and at Chapultepec, a few days later, he commanded his regiment, and did such good service that he was brevetted captain. Colonel Garland, who commanded the brigade to which his regiment was attached, called especial attention to Grant in his report describing the operations of the day, and said, "I must not omit to call attention to Lieutenant Grant, 4th Infantry, who acquitted himself most nobly upon several occasions under my own observation." The subsequent capture of the city of Mexico and the dictation of terms of peace by the victors ended the war.

When the United States troops were withdrawn, Captain Grant returned with his regiment, and was afterwards located at various posts on the Canadian border. He married in 1848, his wife being the sister of a classmate, Miss Julia T. Dent, who is still living. For several years his life was without special feature. His regiment was ordered to the Pacific coast, and he accompanied it, being for two years in California and Oregon, where he was commissioned a full captain, 5th August 1853. In July 1854 he resigned from the army and settled at St. Louis as a farmer and real estate agent. His business talents were poor and he had ill success, and for a few years he tried various occupations in civil life at various places, finally going to Galena, Illinois, in 1859, to join his father, who was a tanner. When the American Civil War began, in the spring of 1861, Grant's fortunes were at a low ebb, and he was ready for almost anything that promised an improvement. The opening of the Civil War found the country without an army, and the entire North aflame to raise a volunteer soldiery. The few men in different parts of the States who had been officers
of the regular army, and particularly those who had seen active service in Mexico and on the frontier, at once advanced to a high place in the popular estimation, as the main reliance in officering the new force. A company of volunteer troops was formed at Galena and selected Grant for its captain. He was thirty-nine years of age when, a day or two after the firing upon Fort Sumter, he marched his company to Springfield, the capital of Illinois, and offered his services to the Governor of the State. The next few weeks saw a remarkable uprising, military organisations forming and drilling all over the country, and being made up into regiments and sent to the seat of war.

Governor Yates selected Captain Grant as his aide-de-camp and mustering officer to organise the State troops of Illinois, and this service occupied him nearly two months. He organised twenty-one regiments, and on 17th June 1861 was commissioned as colonel of the 21st Illinois Regiment. During the remainder of this month he drilled his regiment, and in July crossed over the Mississippi river and was ordered to guard the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, which crosses the northern part of the State of Missouri, and was in constant danger of destruction by guerilla raids. Promotion was rapid in the early part of the Civil War, especially for veteran officers, and August found him practically in command of all the troops in Northern Missouri, a part of the force under General John Pope, and on 23rd August he was made brigadier-general of volunteers, his commission being dated 17th May 1861.

The qualities of General Grant, both as a fighter and as a strategist, were early recognised, and his remarkable military career may be regarded as beginning in August, when he was sent to take command at Cairo, the point of junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. This important post was threatened by Confederates in Kentucky, and also by a disaffected element in Southern Illinois and Missouri; and a large force of Union troops was concentrated there. Grant had not been there long before he made up his mind that safety would be best assured by holding the strategic points of the Mississippi river below the Ohio river, and also those on the Kentucky shore of the latter stream. In September he seized and garrisoned Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee river, and Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland river, and thus
got control of Western Kentucky. His firm, straightforward, and sententious character was shown in his proclamation to the citizens of Paducah, in which he said, "I have nothing to do with opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors."

Having thus cared for the Confederates on the eastern side of the Mississippi, in October he began a campaign against those on the western shore, where General Jeff Thompson had assembled a formidable force. Grant sent out a detachment from Cairo to check their advance, which was done in a battle at Fredericktown, Missouri, and then, taking the field in person, he fought on 7th November, with two brigades, the battle of Belmont, Missouri, his first contest of the war, having a horse shot under him. This movement effectually demoralised the Confederates in the southern counties of Missouri.

Grant, who was in every sense a fighter, then began preparing for an active campaign further southward, and made Paducah his base. Here he gathered a force of 15,000 men, and also assembled a fleet of western river steamboats, sheathed with iron as a bullet-proof protection, and known as "tin-clads." The enemy had strongly garrisoned posts near the boundary line between Kentucky and Tennessee, known as Forts Henry and Donelson, the former controlling the Tennessee river and the latter the Cumberland. With his troops and steamers on 3rd February he left Paducah to attack them. Fort Henry was first invested, and on 6th February surrendered, its capture being mainly the work of the boats. Fort Donelson, commanded by General Buckner, made a stubborn resistance, and Grant gradually increased his force, besieging it to 30,000 men, who fought a severe battle on 15th February, losing 2300 killed and wounded. The fort was shattered, and Buckner proposed that Commissioners be appointed to arrange terms of capitulation. Grant promptly wrote in reply: "No terms other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." On the 16th the fort, with its defenders, surrendered, being the first great victory that had crowned the Union arms, which had been generally unfortunate in the campaign east of the Alleghenies. The victor at once became a national celebrity, and the sobriquet of "Unconditional Surrender Grant" was given him as the popular testimony of admiration of his terse demand for the
surrender that had given so much gratification. He was commissioned Major-General, dating from 16th February 1862.

Grant's subsequent career became practically the history of the war for the suppression of the rebellion. General Halleck had been placed in general command of all the troops west of the Alleghanies, and he had been collecting a force of about 40,000 men to make an expedition up the Tennessee river, under General Smith; but soon after it started General Smith died, and the command fell upon General Grant. An attack upon Corinth, in Northern Mississippi, had been contemplated, and part of the force in anticipation of this had been lying some time at Pittsburg Landing, when at daylight on 6th April General Albert Sydney Johnston, with an overwhelming Confederate army, surprised and routed them with great loss. Grant arrived on the field in the morning and reformed the broken lines, after which heavy reinforcements, under General Buell, were ordered up, and, arriving in the night, the battle was renewed next day; and the enemy, being defeated, withdrew behind the intrenchment at Corinth. These were the bloodiest conflicts that had taken place down to that time, the killed and wounded numbering 12,000 in each army, and Grant being slightly wounded.

The Confederates were followed to Corinth, and General Halleck arriving assumed command, and began a siege of the place. This continued several weeks, the enemy subsequently evacuating their works. Halleck was called to Washington in July, after M'Clellan's disastrous retreat from before Richmond, and Grant was given command of the Department of West Tennessee. The country looked to him as the hero of the western active campaign, the defeats and disasters in Virginia having caused general dismay. He made his headquarters at Corinth, which was a post of strategic importance in Northern Mississippi, and for two months devoted his attention to suppressing guerillas and spies and strengthening his force preparatory to a new campaign. He took possession of Memphis, and severely disciplined a newspaper there which published treasonable articles. In September he sent out an expedition which attacked and defeated the Confederates under General Price at Iuka, gaining a substantial victory. In the meantime General Bragg, with another Confederate force, began pushing northwards towards the Ohio river through the country to the
eastward, and the better to check this advance Grant removed his headquarters to Jackson, Tennessee, with part of his guns. He left about 20,000 men, under General Rosecrans, at Corinth, and the enemy, under Price and Van Dorn, hoping to beat him in detail, attacked Corinth with 40,000 men on 3rd October. After a desperate battle, continuing two days, Rosecrans successfully repulsed them, while General Buell, with an auxiliary force, moved out to intercept Bragg, and forced the latter to give up his advance towards the Ohio river and retreat towards East Tennessee.

General Grant was thus left free for a march further southward, and in the middle of October his department was expanded to include Vicksburg, his troops being constituted the Thirteenth Army Corps. Vicksburg was the great Confederate stronghold on the Mississippi river, and the active and energetic commander soon conceived the idea of trying to capture it. This occupied his attention for several months. He first approached it from the north, but the enemy outmanoeuvred him, and inflicted serious losses in December by capturing and destroying much of his stores at Holly Springs, in Mississippi. He then determined to make his attack from the southward. When the severity of the winter had passed he crossed over with his army to the western bank of the Mississippi river, moved down, and recrossed at a point below Vicksburg on 30th April 1863.

Vicksburg was commanded by Pemberton, and, as soon as he divined Grant’s movement, he sent for reinforcements, which General J. Johnston tried to give him. In a series of brilliant minor engagements, Grant during the early part of May prevented this, and on 18th May he began the siege of Vicksburg. For fully a year this “Gibraltar” had obstructed the navigation of the Mississippi by the Union forces, whose gunboats had control of the river both above and below, although at Port Hudson, 120 miles further down, the Confederates were building extensive fortifications. General Pemberton had about 25,000 effective men, but was deficient in small ammunition, and had only sixty days’ rations. He contracted his lines, concentrating all his forces in the immediate defences of the town, and abandoned Haines’s Bluff. Johnston advised Pemberton to evacuate Vicksburg if the bluff was untenable, and march to the north-east, he himself moving so as to expedite a junction of their forces. Pemberton replied that it was impossible to withdraw, and that he had decided to hold Vicksburg as long as
possible, conceiving it to be the most important point in the
Confederacy.

Grant no sooner began the siege than he tried on 19th May
to carry the place by a coup de main, but he was repulsed, and
then made a regular investiture. His force was soon increased
to 70,000 men, and he maintained the siege until 3rd July,
when Pemberton sent him a note stating that he was fully able
to hold his defensive position for an indefinite period, but pro-
posing that Commissioners should be named to arrange a
capitulation. Grant met Pemberton personally in the afternoon
to arrange the terms, and the actual surrender followed next
morning, 4th July 1863. There were 27,000 prisoners paroled
together, of whom about 15,000 were fit for duty, the others
being sick or wounded. From the time he crossed the Mississippi
Grant had lost 8575 killed and wounded, half of them in the
immediate siege. The Confederate loss during the same period
was about 10,000. This victory caused a great sensation
throughout the country, which had been depressed by repeated
defeats in Virginia and by Lee’s march northward into
Pennsylvania until checked by General Meade at Gettysburg;
and Grant from that time became the great hero of the war. He
had been a Major-General of Volunteers and was promoted
to Major-General in the regular army, the highest rank he
could attain as the law then existed.

General Grant was in October given the supreme command
west of the mountains, his territory being called the “Military
Division of the Mississippi,” with departments under him, com-
manded respectively by Generals Sherman, Thomas, Burnside,
and Hooker. After Vicksburg fell, his troops had driven
Johnston’s forces eastward, and they with Bragg’s troops, which
had gone into East Tennessee, began threatening Chattanooga.
This picturesque town nestles among the Alleghany Mountains
near the southern border of Tennessee, and Bragg occupied
formidable positions near by on Missionary Ridge and Lookout
Mountain. Grant, in November, concentrated troops for the
defence of Chattanooga, and on the 24th and 25th Bragg’s
strongholds were carried by assault, and he abandoned that
portion of the mountain district, retreating into Georgia. The
Union troops pursued him some distance and then turned to
relieve Burnside at Knoxville in East Tennessee, whom the
Confederates had besieged, General Longstreet commanding them.
These were the last active movements in the west which General Grant personally directed. The successive failures in the east, in the campaigns made in Virginia by various generals for the capture of the Confederate capital at Richmond, caused a popular demand that the young commander who had so distinguished himself in the west should be placed in charge of what was regarded as the chief theatre of the war.

When Congress convened in December 1863 the first measure passed was a resolution ordering a gold medal to be struck for Grant, and returning thanks to him and his army. His name was on every tongue, and preparatory to giving him control of all the armies, Congress, in March 1864, created the rank of Lieutenant-General of the army, and President Lincoln immediately appointed him. When his appointment was announced he at once went to Washington, arriving 9th March, and received his commission. He was given entire control as Commander-in-Chief of all the campaigns against the Confederacy. Never before during the war had any general in the field commanded all the Union armies. All previous generals in Virginia had been trammelled and thwarted by the powers in Washington. This political interference was thenceforward to cease; and it did cease in reality, Grant, during the remaining year of the war, being an autocrat whose will was the supreme law in military affairs. He returned to the west, and at Nashville, 17th March, issued his order taking command, announcing that his "headquarters would be in the field" and with the "Army of the Potomac." He had nearly 700,000 men in active service under him.

At Nashville, in connection with General Sherman, he planned two campaigns, east and west of the mountains. Sherman was to operate against Johnston’s forces at Atlanta, Georgia; and Meade was to move against Lee at Richmond, the latter movement being supervised by General Grant in person. Returning to the east he got his troops in readiness to advance as soon as the opening of spring permitted. The movement against Richmond began 3rd May 1864, Grant crossing the Rapidan river with the Army of the Potomac, a few days later being reinforced by Burnside’s troops, who were brought from the west, so that he had a force of nearly 150,000 men. His object was to turn Lee's right flank by pushing through the desolate region known as the "Wilder-
ness," and thus to place the Union army between Lee's forces and Richmond. This quickly resulted in a bloody contest, for Lee on the 4th of May learned Grant's movement, immediately took the offensive, and, marching eastward into the "Wilderness," struck Grant's advancing forces on the flank. The region was a difficult one to move in, being filled with scrub timber and in many places an impenetrable jungle. The battle began on the 5th and, each side being reinforced, was continued on the 6th. The fighting was almost exclusively with musketry, the nature of the ground making artillery useless. Grant's numbers were at all points superior to Lee's, and though the two days' contest was generally regarded as a drawn battle, Grant had secured the roads by which he was to pass out of the "Wilderness" towards the southward, and after a day's rest was able to resume the march towards Richmond.

On the night of 7th May the Union army was put in motion towards Spottsylvania, a few miles to the south-eastward, moving in two columns. The advance was slow and difficult, being obstructed at all points by felled trees and constant skirmishes on front and flanks. Lee had evidently anticipated Grant's movement, for he was pushing forward by a parallel road, and his advance had reached and was intrenched at Spottsylvania before Grant's advance came up. Lee got his entire force in position there during the 8th, facing north and east. Both armies strengthened their positions on the 9th, and on the 10th Grant made a succession of attacks, losing about 5000 men and being repulsed, the enemy having comparatively but small loss. The battle was renewed on the 11th, and again on the 12th, when, before daybreak, General Hancock stormed and captured Lee's outer works, with 4000 prisoners. Lee, from his inner citadel, made five unsuccessful attempts to recapture this work.

Grant in the meantime made repeated attacks upon Lee's flanks, which were repulsed, and finding the enemy's position practically unassailable, Grant during the next week gradually developed his left flank by withdrawing troops from the right under cover of the remainder of the army. By this movement Grant hoped to outflank the Confederates, but Lee discovered the process and made similar movements to meet it, moving at the same time on a somewhat shorter line. When, on 23rd May, the Union army arrived at the northern bank of the
North Anna river the enemy were found posted on the southern bank. Hancock on the left and Warren leading the Union right crossed over, the latter being furiously assailed. Warren repulsed the assault with a loss of about 350, and took 1000 prisoners. The Union flanks held their positions, but Lee prevented their centre from crossing, and Grant, seeing the danger of his position, determined to abandon it. On the night of 26th May the Union army was withdrawn and started by a wide circuit eastward and then southward towards the Pamunkey river, one of the affluents of York river, Lee again making a similar movement by a shorter line. This series of "Battles of the Wilderness," continuing about three weeks, were the bloodiest of the war, Grant's losses being 41,398, while no trustworthy report was made of Lee's losses, which estimates place at 20,000.

It was during this series of battles that Grant sent the despatch to the Government containing the famous sentence: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." After crossing the Pamunkey, Grant's troops advanced to Cold Harbor, a few miles northward from Richmond, on the edge of the swamps of the Chickahominy region, where Lee's forces were found intrenched in an impregnable position. Grant had got his army reinforced up to 150,000 men, while Lee had about 50,000. Grant determined to advance against the intrenchments, and in the gray rainy dawn of 3rd June the rush was made, the Union troops being, however, everywhere repulsed with heavy losses. A desultory contest was kept up during the day, but the attack was not renewed, Grant having lost 7000 killed and wounded, the Confederate loss being less than half that number. For nearly two weeks the armies lay in position watching each other, when Grant made up his mind to abandon this plan of attack and to adopt a new one, by which Richmond, like Vicksburg, might be outflanked and taken from the rear.

These successive contests, which aggregated Union losses of about 55,000 men and Confederate losses of 32,000, showed the character of Grant's military tactics. He knew that in the tottering condition of the Confederacy it must ultimately succumb to starvation and the waste of battle, and so long as men enough were given him to throw upon the enemy he would keep it up. The Government gave him everything he asked,
and sent constant reinforcements to Virginia, which was then the principal theatre of the war. To prevent the Confederates from getting reinforcements, other detachments of Union troops were being advanced in the Shenandoah Valley and along the Kanawha, in West Virginia, while the Confederates west of the mountains were fully engaged in caring for Sherman's advance to Atlanta. Grant had also hoped that General Butler, south of the James, might have captured Petersburg, so as to invest Richmond from the southern side. Butler had been foiled, however, and, crossing the James river in June, Grant personally began the siege of Petersburg.

The crossing of the James river, which was the beginning of the operations against Petersburg as directed by General Grant personally, was made upon 12th June 1864, and the army encamped at City Point, the junction of the Appomattox river with the James. Butler's troops were at Bermuda Hundred, a peninsula formed by a bend of the James above City Point. Lee withdrew his forces into Richmond and took new positions east and south of the city, his forces, with the men he found at Richmond, being about 70,000, while Grant had 100,000. Grant immediately began attacks upon the enemy's position. On 15th June a corps of Butler's forces made an unsuccessful assault, and on the 16th a combined attack was made by Hancock's, Burnside's, and Butler's troops, which was repulsed with great slaughter. These preliminary engagements, Grant reported, had only the result that "the enemy was merely forced into an interior position," yet they cost the Union army the loss of 10,268 men.

Grant then proceeded to invest Petersburg, which is about six miles south-west up the Appomattox from City Point, and the siege began on the 19th of June. Lee, leaving about half his force at Richmond, went with the remainder to defend Petersburg, establishing strong lines around the town, east, south, and south-west. Grant approached from the east, and on the 21st made a movement to seize the Weldon Railroad, which runs southward from the town. This attack was repulsed, but Grant's cavalry, about 8000 strong, made an extensive raid through the country south and south-west of Petersburg for many miles, tearing up this and other railroads, so that Lee was reduced to sore straits for want of supplies.

Thus matters rested during July, when Grant made a new
plan. He sent a force across the James and up the eastern bank to a place called Deep Bottom, near Richmond, to threaten an attack, in the hope that Lee would withdraw part of his force from Petersburg to meet this new movement. In the meantime a mine had been dug under a fort occupying an advanced position in the Confederate defensive lines, directly behind which was Cemetery Hill, the most commanding ground in Petersburg. This mine was a gallery 520 feet long, terminating in lateral branches 40 feet long in each direction, and it was charged with 8000 pounds of powder. General Burnside had it in charge, and if the Confederate works were blown up by the explosion other troops were disposed so as to quickly reinforce him. The Deep Bottom expedition having reached its post, the mine was exploded on 30th July about daybreak, blowing up the fort and its garrison of about 500 Confederates, belonging to a South Carolina regiment. The explosion made a crater about 30 feet deep, 200 feet long, and 60 feet wide, and the Confederates fled from their works on either hand. The sides of the crater were rough and steep, so that they could not be mounted in military order. A single Union regiment managed to climb up, and made for Cemetery Hill; but, others not following, they faltered and finally fell back into the crater. The Confederates quickly rallied, poured in shells, and planted guns to command the approach. Four hours were spent in this ineffectual effort, and then the Union forces were withdrawn, leaving 1900 prisoners, their entire loss being about 4000, while the Confederates lost about 1000. This result was disheartening, and a long period of comparative inaction followed, Grant making movements to get possession of the railways south and west of Petersburg, which Lee steadily foiled. Butler tried to cut the Dutch Gap Canal across a narrow neck of land to divert the James, but this was also unsuccessful.

Nothing of interest occurred in the autumn or winter, the two armies watching each other, although movements elsewhere were gradually enclosing the Confederacy in narrower limits, until, when spring opened and Sherman's march from Atlanta had come out to the sea, it was practically reduced to Southern Virginia and northern North Carolina. Lee and Johnston, all told, then had less than 100,000 rebels, while Grant, Sherman, and others were pressing them in all directions. Petersburg and Richmond were successfully held, but their supplies were en-
dangered, and at times cut off. Lee in March planned to abandon Petersburg and Richmond, and to unite with Johnston, who was on the Carolina border. Lee to facilitate his withdrawal threw an offensive movement against the Union right.

On the morning of 25th March squads of Confederates announcing themselves as deserters approached the Union lines, and this being a common occurrence no suspicion was aroused. Suddenly, however, these squads overpowered the pickets, and a Confederate column 5000 strong rushed out and seized a fort. In a few minutes the Union guns from all sides began playing upon the fort, and it was speedily retaken, less than half the Confederates being able to regain their lines. The contest extended, and the Confederates lost altogether 4500 and the Union army 2000. Grant then began a movement westward to turn the Confederate right, the troops being in full motion by 29th March. The moving columns were about 50,000, including 10,000 cavalry under Sheridan. Lee had an intrenched line at Petersburg about ten miles long, and, leaving 10,000 men to defend it, collected all his remaining force, not 20,000 men, to oppose this flanking movement. A furious storm next day made the roads almost impassable, but on the 31st the two forces met at Five Forks, about eight miles south-west of Petersburg, and had a severe conflict. Lee gained some advantage, and on 1st April drove the Union advance about three miles southward to Dinwiddie. Reinforcements coming up, Sheridan, who was in command, forced the Confederates back to Five Forks, and then beyond it, routing them at Hatcher's Run, and the cavalry pursuing them for miles. This broke up the two corps of Lee's army upon which he had placed the most reliance, the Confederates losing 6000 prisoners, besides large numbers killed and wounded. Simultaneously with this movement a heavy bombardment was made upon the works at Petersburg and a general assault was ordered on 2nd April, the outposts being captured. Lee that night abandoned both Petersburg and Richmond.

The Confederates still had 40,000 men, but they were widely scattered and the only forlorn hope was in concentration. Before daybreak on 3rd April the Confederates had all withdrawn from Petersburg, crossed the Appomattox and burnt the bridges behind them, at the same time blowing up the magazines on the whole line to Richmond. The Union troops immediately
advanced, and were met by the Mayor of Petersburg, who surrendered the city. To unite their forces, Lee moved north-west from Petersburg and Longstreet south-west from Richmond, and they came together at Chesterfield. Thence they moved westward, Grant pursuing on parallel roads to the southward. Lee had ordered a provision train to meet him at Amelia, but through mistake of orders it went on to Richmond without unloading, so that when he arrived he found no rations for the famishing troops and had to halt and send out foraging parties. This delay was fatal, for Grant's troops came up and surrounded him, so that further resistance was useless. On 8th April Grant sent Lee a message to the effect that there was no hope of any further successful resistance, and demanding surrender in order to avoid further shedding of blood. Lee replied, asking the terms upon which a surrender would be received. Grant named as the sole condition that "the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified from taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly discharged." Lee, on the 9th, met Grant near Appomattox Court-house, and the terms of surrender were agreed upon. The list of paroled prisoners was 27,805, but of these barely one-third had any arms, there being only 10,000 muskets and 30 cannon found. All the rest of Lee's army had been killed or captured, or had deserted during the operations around Richmond and Petersburg.

This ended the great Civil War, and Grant became a hero of world-wide renown. He was the commander of all the armies of the United States, and made his headquarters at Washington, his duties for several months afterwards being chiefly those connected with the reduction of the army to the peace establishment. In July 1866 he was made General, this rank being created by Congress especially for him.

The labours of Southern reconstruction were going on, and these gradually drew Grant into politics. It became evident that he would be chosen President at the next election, and the leaders of both parties made overtures to him. The quarrel of President Andrew Johnson with the Republican party was precipitated, and this ultimately resulted in Grant casting his lot with the Republicans. Johnson had removed Stanton, the Secretary of War, and appointed Grant to serve *ad interim*. This removal the Senate refused to sanction, and then Grant, having held the office until January 1868, returned it to Stanton.
The President wanted Grant to retain the secretaryship, but he declined, and a caustic correspondence followed. The Republicans, in May, nominated him for President, and he was chosen in November, his Democratic competitor being Horatio Seymour, of New York. In March 1869 he assumed the office, and the chief labour of his early Administration was the Southern reconstruction, which had been delayed by the quarrels and want of harmony during Johnson's rule. Congress was in close sympathy with the President, and the work of Southern recuperation was successfully conducted.

The most prominent event of President Grant's first Administration, however, was the negotiation of the Alabama Claims Treaty with Great Britain in May 1871, which was followed by the Geneva Award, in 1872, of a gross sum of $15,500,000, to be paid to the United States for damages to American commerce by Confederate cruisers fitted out in British ports. The first movement for the reform of the Civil Service in the United States was also begun by the appointment of a Commission by President Grant in 1871 to inquire into the condition of the Civil Service. The Republican Convention held in June 1872 renominated Grant for President, and there was a slight secession from the party, led by the New York Tribune, in consequence. This party, who called themselves the "Liberal Republicans," nominated Horace Greeley, the editor of the Tribune, for President, and the Democrats endorsed him. Grant was easily elected in November 1872, and Greeley died soon after the election. Upon Grant's second inauguration in 1873 his salary was increased to $50,000. During this second term much attention was given to the preparations for the centennial anniversary of American Independence, and in May 1876, to commemorate that event, he opened the Philadelphia Exhibition, the first International Fair held in America.

The popular favour which had been shown General Grant without interruption from the opening of his remarkable career during the Civil War began to wane during his second term as President. Internal quarrels were developed in his party; political corruptions, resulting from the vast fiscal operations during and after the war, were disclosed, and a strong feeling began to be manifested in favour of reforms and the withdrawal of the military control of the South. The financial panic of 1873 came, and seriously disturbed all monetary values; while
gold, which had been at a premium, was gradually approximating in value to the paper currency, thus forcing down all paper values.

All of these causes contributed to weaken the Republican party, and the elections in the autumn of 1874 resulted in the return of a large Democratic majority in the House, which did not assemble, however, until December 1875. During the session which followed there was general wire-pulling on the part of politicians of all beliefs to control the Presidential succession. James G. Blaine, who had been Speaker of the House, had a strong Republican following; while General Grant's immediate friends and official supporters, with several prominent Republican leaders, generally desired his renomination for a third term. The unwritten tradition of the Republic, that no President should serve more than two terms, proved too formidable for this ambition, however, and when the Republican Nominating Convention assembled at Cincinnati in the summer of 1876 Grant's name was not presented as a candidate. Blaine received the strongest support, but a coalition of his opponents of all kinds, by a small majority, nominated Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, as the Republican candidate for President, the Democrats naming Samuel J. Tilden, of New York. The popular election was exciting, and was carried by the Democrats, but by questionable operations in the three Southern States of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, controlled by "carpet-bag" State Governments, through the presence of the troops, double electoral returns were obtained, and by the machinery of the "Electoral Commission" subsequently devised Hayes was awarded the election. This result was only secured through the desire of the country to avert another civil conflict, which at times during the electoral count was extremely imminent, the Democratic leaders submitting in the interests of peace.

General Grant during this period held a firm hand upon the army, and contributed much to securing a peaceful solution of the grave difficulties surrounding the Presidential election. He assisted at the inauguration of his successor in Washington upon 5th March 1877, and then retired to private life, residing in New York city.

His friends, however, did not abandon the "third term" project, and during the subsequent period they laboured industriously to secure popular favour for his renomination, arguing that the interval of a term held by another President
broke the force by yielding to it of the "two term rule." As General Grant had never been beyond the borders of the United States, except during his campaigns in Mexico in early life, a tour was planned for him around the world, to continue two years. He sailed from Philadelphia in 1877, visited Europe and the East, and was everywhere received with the highest honours, being regarded as the most distinguished citizen of the great Republic. His visit was particularly appreciated in the East, and the friendships formed with the Governments of China and Japan always continued, the Ministers of both nations in America afterwards making him their constant adviser. He returned to San Francisco at the close of 1879, and, after a journey across the continent, which was a constant ovation, his tour round the world terminated at Philadelphia, the starting-point, with a succession of brilliant pageants that at once pointed to him as the most formidable Republican candidate for President.

At the Republican Nominating Convention in June 1880, at Chicago, his supporters made a gallant fight, led by Roscoe Conkling, then Senator from New York, and for several days their steady vote of 306 for their favourite gained them great notoriety. Again Mr. Blaine was a formidable candidate also, and the contest, which was most bitter, sowed the seeds of Republican division into the factions afterwards known as "Stalwarts" and "Half-breeds." As was the case in 1876, the Ohio faction again reaped the benefit of this division, and by a coalition with Mr. Blaine's supporters they finally nominated James A. Garfield as candidate for President, and he was elected in the autumn.

General Grant afterwards resided in New York city, and began to devote some attention to commercial matters, especially in their relations with Mexico and Central America. He made visits to those countries, and, representing the United States Government, negotiated a Mexican reciprocity treaty, which, however, has not yet gone into effect. His business talents were small, however, and to this, with the penchant his sons always had for speculation, may be traced the financial misfortunes that clouded his closing years. Gifts had been showered upon him, and his salaries and emoluments had been generously supplied, but while by no means extravagant at any time in his household expenses, his fortunes when accumulated were soon sunk in
mining and other enterprises. Finally, through the instrumentality of friends, a fund of $250,000 was invested for him, of which he was given only the interest in quarterly payments, and upon this, and some small income from other sources, he lived. The allures of Wall Street, however, were too much for the family, and his sons not long ago formed the firm of Grant and Ward, with General Grant at first a special partner, but afterwards a general partner.

His later life has been mainly a series of misfortunes. On the eve of Christmas 1883 he slipped and fell on the ice in front of his residence, and sustained severe injuries to the hip which long confined him to the house, and necessitated his afterwards going about on crutches. The wild speculations of the firm of Grant and Ward, conducted without the knowledge of the General, began to culminate soon afterwards, and caused their suspension, the collapse of the Marine National Bank of New York, and a general Wall Street panic in the spring of 1884, Ferdinand Ward, the guilty partner, being put in gaol.

This failure was a terrible blow to General Grant, who had imagined that he was very wealthy, and his borrowing of $150,000 from William H. Vanderbilt on the eve of the failure, with other sums from other friends, all of which was sunk with the general wreck, caused him to give up his property to the creditors. Vanderbilt generously forgave his debt, but Grant would not accept his property back, and the sorrows that followed broke down his health. Excessive smoking had produced a cancer at the root of the tongue; he was racked by neuralgic pains which necessitated the drawing of several of his teeth; and his hip-trouble and lameness gave him extreme annoyance. To get relief, and also to avoid the poverty he believed impending, he began writing a series of articles for the Century magazine, which largely increased the circulation of that popular periodical, especially in this country; and he also worked upon his Memoirs, this book, the only one he has written, being a history of his military career. The vicissitudes of his long and painful illness during the spring and summer of this year will be fresh in the memory of our readers. Several times he has been at the point of death, but again and again his wonderful constitution has enabled him to rally at the last moment. Congress, out of sympathy for the unfortunate condition of the dying hero, passed, a few months ago, an Act
under which he was restored to the army as General on the retired list, with full pay and emoluments. This action was extremely gratifying to him, and when informed of it he said, "I am at the head of the army once more."

General Grant was small in stature, but slightly built, until in middle life he became somewhat stout, and was until after his retirement from the Presidency most reserved and taciturn. He was an inveterate smoker, often smoking twenty cigars daily, until with the advance of his disease his physicians advised him to stop, and he then left off with, as he said, but little difficulty, only feeling the inconvenience for two or three days. In the rare cases, while in official life, that any extended talking was done by him he was generally slow in his speech, carefully weighing each word as it was uttered. After his visits abroad, however, he changed in this respect, and subsequently became quite free in conversation. He avoided display, and, unless it was absolutely necessary, rarely wore his uniform. He has been known to watch a battle and give his orders with coolness and precision, cigar in mouth, clad in an old blouse and wearing a high silk hat. He could readily go without food or sleep for forty-eight hours, and first began to appreciate the fact that he was growing old when this abstinence seemed to be burdensome. He was steadfast in his friendships, and throughout his career both in the army and in the Presidency always filled up his Staff and his Cabinet from among his personal friends, regardless of hostile criticism or political expediency. His family relations were always sincere and hearty; he warmly loved his children, of whom he had four, three sons and one daughter, although he was undemonstrative in that as in everything else. His wonderful career shows the possibilities of life in the American Republic, both in its ups and downs. His name will share with that of Abraham Lincoln the chief glories of American history in the nineteenth century.

Leading Article, Friday, July 24, 1885

In the person of General Grant, who died yesterday morning, after a period of most painful suffering borne with stoical fortitude and patience, the Republic of the United States loses the most conspicuous historical figure of the momentous era of the Civil War. Lincoln has been enshrined in the popular
 memory even more by the tragic circumstances of his death than by his heroic simplicity of character and his unswerving devotion to public duty. Seward and Sumner were statesmen who rather influenced politicians than swayed the masses. But, with all his faults, Grant loomed larger in the people's eye than any of his rivals or coevals. He united the claims of the successful commander in the field to those of the chief magistrate twice chosen by the voice of the nation to sit in the seat of Washington. If his nature was of metal of far more mixed alloy than that of the founder of the Republic, as even General Grant's warmest admirers must admit, it may be fairly pleaded that he was in this only the creature of his time. He was born and bred in a society which had descended rapidly from the high level of early Republican purity, and his mature training was not such as to maintain a lofty standard of political morals.

But if General Grant's faults were those of his age and country, his military qualities, on which the fortunes of the United States at the most critical moment depended, were his own. Others, both on the Federal and on the Confederate side, were undoubtedly at least his equals in strategical ability. His campaigns had not the fascination of Sherman's famous march or of Stonewall Jackson's Cromwellian achievements, nor was his genius as a commander displayed with the dignified and noble serenity, undisturbed in defeat as in victory, which marked the career of his great antagonist, Lee. But in energy, in resolution, and in iron tenacity of purpose Grant was never surpassed, and those qualities he brought into exercise at more than one crisis when the Unionist cause was in danger of moral enfeeblement and political decomposition.

A résumé of his services during the Civil War is almost a history of that life-and-death conflict. Every step in Grant's rapid ascent to the supreme command of the armies of the Union was signalised by exploits which, apart from their military value, were of priceless importance in their influence on the spirit of the Northern people and on the temper of the soldiery. Early in 1862 his capture of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson threw almost the first bright gleam across the darkened prospects of the Federal cause in the West. In 1863, after giving proof of his fighting quality in a succession of obstinate and sanguinary battles, he struck a deadly blow at the hopes of the Confederacy by the capture of Vicksburg. In
1864 he had become so incontestably the foremost soldier on the side of the Union that he was called as much by the voice of the nation as by the choice of the President to the office of Commander-in-Chief. With what desperate determination, with what stupendous expenditure of men and military resources, he struck at the central strongholds of the Confederates is told in the full account of his life which we give on another page. On the 9th of April 1865, just thirteen months after his accession to the supreme command, Grant received the surrender of the remnant of Lee's army at Appomattox Court-house, and brought that war of giants to a triumphant close.

The saviour of the Union and the victor of the Confederacy has passed away a few months after the twentieth anniversary of his crowning achievement. His fame has in the interval undergone some strange vicissitudes. If any military work had remained to be done, General Grant would probably have escaped the temptation of political life, for which he was not fitted either by nature or by habit. But his triumph was so complete that nothing remained for him to do, and when the army was reduced to a peace establishment the politicians of the Republican party contrived to enlist on their side the personality and reputation of the victorious General, whose previous party connections had been rather with the Democrats. His election, however, to the Presidency in 1868 was mainly due to a spontaneous movement of popular gratitude, though it is to be remembered that some of the Southern States were still excluded from political rights, and that the white population of the South was for the most part disfranchised.

General Grant's first Administration was signalised by important diplomatic successes—the settlement of the Alabama dispute by the Washington Treaty and the Geneva Award, and of the San Juan boundary by the Berlin Arbitration. But his tendency towards an annexationist policy in the Gulf of Mexico, displayed in his dealings with San Domingo and Cuba, met with little favour, and the "reconstruction" measures in the South, which gave a monopoly of political power to corrupt and ignorant negroes, began to be looked upon with suspicion and dislike by many Northern Republicans, as well as by the whole body of the Democratic party. Senator Sumner, whose influence, though waning, had not lost its potency, especially in New England, vehemently denounced the "one-man power" of
the President, and bitterly attacked both his political capacity and his management of the public patronage.

The authority of General Grant’s name, however, was still too strong to be shaken by mere criticism, and in 1872 he was elected President for a second term, defeating Mr. Greeley, whom the Democrats had chosen with singular perversity as their champion, by an overwhelming majority. The honour of re-election had only been conferred since President Jackson’s time on Lincoln, during the crisis of the Civil War. In General Grant’s case it was hoped that he would learn political wisdom by experience, but according to the weightiest testimony his second Administration was in every way less creditable and successful than his first. The “one-man power” was supplanted by that of a powerful organisation of Republican politicians, by whom the fame of General Grant, as well as his official position at the head of the Federal Executive, was unscrupulously utilised for party purposes. To the discontent created by stagnation in business and commercial crises, to the propagandism of currency heresies, and to disputes between labour and capital, were added a succession of scandals in official circles and in connection with public undertakings for which the President had to bear his share of discredit.

General Grant’s tenacity of will, so valuable in his military enterprises, proved a dangerous quality in politics. He was careless of public opinion; he refused to dismiss officials of tainted repute, on the ground that he “could not desert his men under fire”; and, as is observed of him elsewhere, he “filled up his Staff and his Cabinet from among his personal friends, regardless of hostile criticism or political expediency.” Nevertheless, he might have secured the Republican nomination for the third time—and perhaps would in that way have hastened the transfer of power to the Democrats which has been finally accomplished in the election of Mr. Cleveland—if his ambition had not been thwarted by the reluctance of the American people to break through Constitutional precedents. The defeat of the “third term” movement in 1876 was, no doubt, assisted by the indignation provoked by transparent attempts to maintain corrupt Negro Governments in the South in the interest of the Republican party, and by the growing feeling in favour of Civil Service reform. But the principal element in the movement which gave the Republican nomination to Mr. Hayes in 1876
and to General Garfield in 1880 was the superstition derived from the doctrine and practice of Washington.

General Grant's visit to Europe and Asia, following close upon the interesting Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, was a series of social triumphs. In this country and elsewhere everybody was glad to welcome the distinguished soldier, the twice-chosen Chief Magistrate of the United States, and few cared to recall, if they ever knew of them, the failures and stains of his domestic policy. His partisans at home, or those who still hoped to conjure with his name, imagined that after this unique and flattering experience, the "third term" policy might be revived with some prospect of success. In fact, at the Republican Convention of 1880 General Grant, backed by Senator Conkling, had only one formidable competitor in the person of Mr. Blaine, till, almost at the last moment, General Garfield was brought forward and obtained a majority of votes. Since that time General Grant's political ambition has been extinct; he has passed through many painful private trials and humiliations, the bitterness of which, however, was mitigated by numberless proofs that his countrymen, casting aside the memory of his political errors, retained a grateful recollection of his splendid military services. In the agony of his dying illness he has shown the same firmness and courage which made him great as a soldier, and which contributed, perhaps, more than the gifts of any other single person to rescue the United States from the danger of disruption.
SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE

Obituary Notice, Wednesday, July 29, 1885

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE passed away peacefully yesterday afternoon at his house of East Cliff, near Ramsgate. It would be out of place to use the conventional terms of regret with regard to one who has died so full of years and honours. His life has gradually and painlessly waned away since his neighbours and friends, the latter to be found in the most diverse ranks, religions, races, and climates, celebrated on 28th October 1884 the completion of the hundredth year of his singularly prolonged and memorable existence. He retained intermittently to the last great mental clearness and activity, which he enjoyed alternately with long periods of passive expectancy waiting for the end; and it is satisfactory to know that he was cheered and positively sustained by being told from time to time how the good works he had set on foot prospered, and by learning the universal interest felt in his health and the long continuance of his days. He was, in particular, greatly cheered to hear Dr. Hermann Adler's good report of the wellbeing of the tenants of the dwellings which he had promoted in and about Jerusalem, and he was much occupied with the wedding present which he was privileged to present to Princess Beatrice. On this he caused to be engraved the verse from Proverbs, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all," which he had never tired of applying to his own wife. When he no longer possessed the energy for conversation he was sometimes heard repeating under his breath verses in Hebrew from the Psalms, and it may truly be said that his last thoughts were occupied with the duties of piety, loyalty, and
benevolence, which it had been his aim during the century to fulfil. To the Jews it may well seem as if with him the central pillar of their temple had fallen; but those who calmly contemplate his life will understand that the example of his useful and benevolent career has done its work.

Moses Montefiore was born, the eldest son of a not very wealthy merchant, on the 24th of October 1784. His ancestors had dwelt in Ancona and Leghorn, cities in which by special, and then exceptional legislation, Jews had been permitted to trade. His grandfather, Moses Haim Montefiore, had settled in England, where he had nine sons and eight daughters, and was a near neighbour and associate of Benjamin Disraeli, the grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield. Joseph Elias, fourth son among the seventeen children, married a daughter of the house of Mocatta, a family of Moorish or Spanish Jews, who had left their tombs in the Lido at Venice and in the graveyard at Amsterdam. Joseph Montefiore's wife accompanied him to Leghorn, whither he went to buy for the English market, and there, in the Via Reale, she gave birth to the first of her eight children, Moses Haim, the subject of this notice, whose name was registered in the books of the synagogue as born on 24th October (the eve of 9th Heshvan) 1784. Returning to England with his parents, Moses Montefiore was educated privately, articled to Mr. Robert Johnson, a wholesale tea merchant in Eastcheap, and afterwards entered the Stock Exchange, where his uncle purchased for him for £1200 the right to practise as one of the twelve Jewish brokers. No greater number than that was permitted by the City of London, although a more enlightened body than most of the English communities of that day, to compete with the stockbrokers of the orthodox confession.

Moses Montefiore joined a Surrey volunteer regiment (he lived at Kennington Terrace), and rose to the rank of captain. He became very popular on the Stock Exchange, and much consideration was shown for him when, in consequence of the default of another person, he had to ask for a few days' time, which was cheerfully accorded him, to deliver some Exchequer Bills. He began the publication of a regular price-list of securities, was joined in business by his brother Abraham, and became connected in business and by marriage with Nathan Mayer Rothschild, whose name is still signed on the cheques of
the great house in New Court. The two friends married sisters, daughters of Levy Barent Cohen, a merchant of Dutch descent, greatly respected for his wealth and benevolence. Abraham Montefiore wedded Henrietta Rothschild, sister of the great financier, and thus established another bond of union between the families. It is fitting that in Sir Moses's will this time-honoured connection is still recognised. Lord Rothschild, whose elevation to the peerage during the last few weeks of Sir Moses's life was a sign of the completeness of the emancipation for which the Rothschilds and Montefiore battled so long, is named as one of the executors, the others being Mr. Joseph Sebag, Mr. Arthur Cohen, Q.C., and Dr. Loewe. Mr. Joseph Sebag, as the senior surviving nephew, is the senior executor; Mr. Arthur Cohen is a nephew of the late Lady Montefiore; and Dr. Loewe is the linguist and Orientalist who accompanied Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore on their journeys to the East. Moses Montefiore married in 1812.

It was in 1813 that Mr. Rothschild brought out the British loan for £12,000,000 for warlike operations against Napoleon Bonaparte; and henceforward the brothers Montefiore were associated with the transactions of the house of Rothschild. He lived next door to Mr. Rothschild, and has himself described how "N. M. Rothschild," as Sir Moses was wont to call his brother-in-law in speaking of him to other persons, roused him at five o'clock in the morning to give news of the escape from Elba, which Mr. Rothschild was able to communicate to the Ministry. The carrier, on being told the message he had brought in a sealed despatch, cried "Vive l'Empereur," and his interlocutors were able to frame from his enthusiasm a shrewd estimate of the temper of the French.

In 1824 Mr. Montefiore had retired from business and settled in Park Lane, Mr. Rothschild removing at about the same time to Piccadilly, where he long occupied a house now the property of the Savile Club. "Thank God, and be content," was his wife's behest to Mr. Montefiore, and he was henceforth only occupied with duties of a semi-public nature, as in founding, in conjunction with his friends, the Alliance Fire, Life, and Marine Insurance Office, the Imperial Continental Gas Association, and the Provincial Bank of Ireland. The Alliance Office was successful from the first, profiting as it did in its life department by the greater average of longevity.
among its Jewish clients, who were admitted at the ordinary rates, based on actuarial calculations embracing both Jew and Gentile. The Gas Association, though its shares stand now at a high premium, had as hard a struggle for existence as the electric light companies which are now striving to soften the heart of the Board of Trade. In connection with the Irish banking business Sir Moses went twice round Ireland, and was presented with the freedom of Londonderry. He was for a short time a director of the South-Eastern Railway, and in memory of this connection received in 1883 from the then directors a gold pass, a purely honorary distinction in the circumstances.

It was in 1827 that Mr. Montefiore undertook the pilgrimage which coloured the whole of his future existence. He had been known as a pious and benevolent man, and as one who, while reverent of tradition, controlled it by good sense, as in seeking his wife from among the "German" Jews, although himself a member of the Sephardic or Spanish synagogue. But his lifelong devotion to the cause of his oppressed brethren in the East dates from his visit to Palestine in 1827. The way to Palestine then lay through Egypt, as that to Cairo now passes by Constantinople. The record of the journey, as told by Mrs. Montefiore in her diary, is interesting. Mr. and Mrs. Montefiore drove to Dover, had their travelling carriage placed on the Boulogne steamer, and posted to Turin. At Radicofani Mr. Montefiore, a man of forty-three, and ignorant that he himself would exceed a century of existence, gave the curate a dollar for the oldest person in the place, who, writes Lady Montefiore, "had only the heavens for his covering and the earth for his couch." They were rowed from Messina to Malta, and took in their convoyed ship which they chartered for Alexandria three poor Greek women, whose husbands had fallen at Missolonghi. The meeting with Mehemet Ali laid the foundations of a lasting friendship, but Mr. Salt, the British Consul, warned the travellers strongly against proceeding to Palestine. They would be sold for slaves; he trembled to think what would become of Mrs. Montefiore.

This pair of travellers, however, were not easily frightened. They sailed to Jaffa and rode into Jerusalem, "a fallen, desolate, and abject" city, as Lady Montefiore describes it. They found the Jews very poor and miserable, dwelling like conies in the
clefts in the rocks, oppressed by officials, paying £300 a year for the melancholy privilege of weeping at the wall which is called the Wailing Place of Jerusalem. After administering bountiful alms, and making still more fruitful inquiries into the possibility of a permanent amelioration of the condition of the people by stimulating industry, the Montefiores returned to Alexandria, where they heard Arab women lamenting in the street the defeat of Navarino. Afterwards they themselves brought home some of Codrington’s despatches.

Immediately on his return from this visit to the East, Mr. Montefiore joined the Board of Deputies of British Jews, a body of representatives elected by the synagogues, and this council for many years afterwards under his direction took a lively interest in the welfare of its foreign brethren. The English Jews had, however, on their own part a struggle to maintain for political emancipation. Wealthy, well-educated, and often honoured socially, they were excluded by their religion from sitting in either House of Parliament and from most public offices. The battle for the privileges and duties of citizenship had to be won by showing themselves conspicuously worthy of these rights and able to fulfil these duties. David Salomons, the friend of Montefiore, being a candidate for the shrievalty, was told that if a criminal was reprieved from hanging on a Saturday, his Sabbath, his religion would prevent him from announcing the commutation of the sentence. He refuted so absurd a charge, and was elected sheriff of London and Middlesex, but was unable to take the qualifying oath, and accordingly exercised but an imperfect jurisdiction till Lyndhurst passed a Bill to relieve him. This was in 1835; in 1837 Montefiore came forward and became the second Jewish sheriff. A year before he had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

As sheriff at the Coronation Moses Montefiore was knighted by the Queen, to whom as Princess Victoria he had already been enabled to offer the courtesy of the use of his grounds at Ramsgate, the agreeable gardens attached to his house at East Cliff, at which he lived for over sixty years and at which he ultimately died. By his energy, popularity, and his own munificence, Sir Moses Montefiore made unprecedentedly large collections for the City charities during his year of office as sheriff. He was also able to secure the pardon of the only criminal whom it would have been his duty to cause to be put to death.
Immediately after he had served his year Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore departed on their second pilgrimage to the Holy Land. They visited on the way the seven synagogues of Rome, making benefactions to the congregations; and while they fulfilled the responsibilities of life did not forget its graces. They met Prince Coburg and the Duchess of Sutherland at a reception at the Duke of Torlonia's, saw Severn's pictures, Gibson's statues, and the museums, bought works of art, entertained a Papal monsignor and a French abbé, and sent Passover cakes to their friends. At Malta, where Prince George of Cambridge (now his Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief) arrived during their stay, news met them that the plague was raging at Jerusalem. Sir Moses accordingly proposed to proceed alone. "This," writes Lady Montefiore, "I peremptorily resisted, and the expressions of Ruth furnished my heart at the moment with the language it most desired to use. 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge.'" This time they were received in Jerusalem with the most brilliant ceremony as the friends of the Egyptian ruler and the benefactors of all. After distributing funds intrusted to him by the Chief Rabbi, Sir Moses returned to Beyrout impressed with the necessity of introducing agriculture among the Jews of the Holy Land. He obtained from Mehemet Ali a decree authorising the Jews to acquire land, and was preparing an extensive scheme for farming the soil of Palestine by the descendants of those who anciently possessed it, when political disturbances overturned all the plans formed, and rendered valueless the privileges acquired. The Sultan sent his armies against Syria, Acre was bombarded, and the rule of Mehemet Ali was destroyed.

In 1840 the blood accusation, the terrible and lying charge that the Jews offered up human sacrifice, was stirred against them in Rhodes and Damascus. In both these places the populace demanded the blood of the Jews, and the local authorities were not averse to imprisoning such as could afford ransom. Some of these victims perished in captivity. Sir Moses Montefiore called upon his fellow-citizens to express their disbelief in the charge and their sympathy with the oppressed Israelites. The Lord Mayor presided over a public meeting at the Mansion House, Lord Palmerston received a deputation, Sir Moses Monte-
SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE

Montefiore proceeded to Alexandria and Constantinople to demand a fair trial for the accused. Political complications made a public hearing at Damascus impossible, but the surviving prisoners were released; the Rhodian charge fell to the ground; and the Sultan in response to Sir Moses's appeal issued the firman of 12th Ramazan, 1256, which discusses the inveterate calumny, refers to the Biblical maxim which prohibits Jews from using the blood even of animals, and dismisses as groundless the charge that they employ human blood. The firman goes on to declare the equality before the law of the Jewish nation with the other subjects of the Commander of the Faithful, and forbids any molestation of them in their religious or temporal concerns.

During his visit to Constantinople Sir Moses found that few of the Jews could read or write the language of the country, although they were by no means illiterate so far as concerned Hebrew and the strange dialect compounded of Spanish and Hebrew which their ancestors had brought away in exile from the Iberian Peninsula. He conferred with the leaders of the congregations, and suggested that the Turkish language should be taught in their schools. "I am quite satisfied," he writes, "it will be greatly useful, as it will fit our people for employments and situations from which they are now excluded." This expectation has been signally fulfilled. At that time no Jew was in the public service. Now many have attained high military or civil rank. The result of the mission of 1840 was felt to be so momentous that it was proposed in Germany to institute a new Purim in its honour. In England the Queen granted to her Knight-errant, who had ridden abroad redressing human wrongs, the right of bearing supporters, an honour usually reserved to peers and the knights of orders.

Sir Moses Montefiore's next mission was to Russia. In the wintry weather of February and March he travelled to St. Petersburg to induce the Tsar to recall a ukase which he had issued ordering the removal into the interior of all Jews living within fifty versts of the frontier. With the good offices of the Court of St. James, and the commercial results of the measure being foreseen, it was recalled. Great risks had been run from wolves and ice during this journey, and the eloquence, or rather the sincerity of Sir Moses Montefiore, and the effect of his bearing as a representative Israelite, and at the same time an English
gentleman of high standing, had entirely prevailed. On his return several members of the royal house attended a reception given in his honour by the late Charlotte Baroness de Rothschild, at Gunnersbury, and the Queen conferred upon him a baronetcy.

In 1858 Sir Moses travelled to Rome and had his unsuccessful encounter with Cardinal Antonelli, who refused to give up the child Mortara, surreptitiously baptized by a nurse and stolen from his mother, who died of grief. The refusal, perhaps, hastened the fall of the temporal power.

In 1860 Montefiore headed the subscription for the relief of the misery of the Christians of Syria, who had been attacked by the Druses of Mount Lebanon. His letter appeared in our columns on 12th July, and resulted in the collection of more than £22,500. We cannot describe all his journeys to the Holy Land, which he visited seven times in all, on the last occasion when he was more than ninety years of age. Whole cities went out to meet him on the way, sermons were preached, odes composed in his honour. In Palestine he endowed hospitals and alms-houses, set on foot agricultural enterprises, planted gardens, built synagogues and tombs. Besides his own benefactions he was often chosen to administer the charities of others, as, for example, by Juda Touro of New Orleans, who left large sums at his disposal for improvements in Jerusalem. He pleaded with a later Tzar (Alexander II.) in St. Petersburg and with the King of Roumania at Bucharest for his brethren, crossed the great desert on a litter to the city of Morocco and procured a milder treatment for Jews tortured by barbarians. From his bedroom at East Cliff he sent letters to every member of the Hungarian Legislature, exposing the iniquity of the false blood accusation at Tisza Eslar, and corresponded with Lord Beaconsfield and the present Prime Minister on the subject of the Jews of Roumania, whose condition he believed in vain to have been permanently regulated and improved by the Treaty of Berlin. Judith, Lady Montefiore, the dear companion of his travels, died in 1862. He built in her memory a college at Ramsgate, where rabbis maintained by his benevolence pass their days in prayer and study of the law. He also founded in her memory scholarships and prizes for girls and boys. The mausoleum at Ramsgate in which she at present lies alone is a model of the building called the tomb of Rachel on the road from Bethlehem to Jerusalem,
which he had often visited with her who was as dear to him as Rachel was to his ancestor.

Sir Moses's entry into his one hundredth year on the 8th of November 1883 (corresponding with 8th Heshvan, 5643), was celebrated as a public holiday at Ramsgate, where his liberal but discriminating charities, administered by the local clergy of all denominations, and his unfailing courtesy and hospitality, had made him most popular. The occasion became, by reason of the widespread public interest aroused, one of national significance, and the Queen herself telegraphed, "I congratulate you sincerely on your entering into the hundredth year of a useful and honourable life." The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the City of London, and hundreds of representative bodies sent similar messages. At Jerusalem and among the Jewish congregations throughout the world special prayers were offered up and services held. The Lord Mayor attended the special service held last year (26th October 1884) in London on the completion of Sir Moses's century of existence, and the commemorations at Ramsgate and throughout the country and the world in churches and synagogues were still more striking than that of 1883. The excitement of receiving so many congratulations was great for a centenarian, but on the whole it had a beneficial effect upon his health. Sir Moses had ardently desired to see his hundredth year, and that wish had been fulfilled.
In Lord Shaftesbury there has passed away the most eminent social reformer of the present century. It is not too much to say that he had acquired world-wide fame as a philanthropist, and that his name is inextricably interwoven with many of the most humane movements of two generations. Pre-eminently the friend of the poor, the degraded, and the outcast, his generous sympathies and his ceaseless efforts on behalf of the classes in whom he took so deep an interest have given him a high place in the illustrious roll of benevolent Englishmen. Whatever errors of judgment he may have committed during his long career, these are forgotten in the universal sentiment of regret which the announcement of his death will awaken. It is interesting and perhaps not a little singular to note that one of the most steadfast and powerful friends which the humbler classes have ever had, as well as one of the most trusted, did not belong to their own order of the commonalty, but to the privileged order of the aristocracy.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, K.G., D.C.L., seventh earl and a baronet, was born on the 28th of April 1801. Among those of his predecessors who held the title were two men of distinguished talents; these were the first and third earls respectively. The former, Sir Anthony Ashley, lived in the stirring times of the Commonwealth. He was an able though changeable statesman, for while in the outset he espoused the royal cause, he forsook this for that of the Parliamentarians, but subsequently reverted to Monarchical principles, and materially assisted in restoring the Monarchy under Charles II. Honours fell thick
and fast upon him for his services. He received two baronies, and in 1672 was created Earl of Shaftesbury. He was afterwards successively Lord-Lieutenant of Dorset, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord High Chancellor of England, and Lord President of the Council. As for his public acts, are they not written in the devious and tortuous records of history and diplomacy? The third Earl of Shaftesbury was Anthony of the "Characteristics," described by Voltaire as the boldest of English philosophers. The fourth and fifth earls were not notable men. The sixth, the immediate predecessor of the noblman now deceased, was for some time Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. He married a daughter of the third Duke of Marlborough, and died in 1851, in his eighty-fourth year.

The earl now deceased was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he obtained a first class in Classics in 1822, graduated M.A. in 1832, and was created D.C.L. in 1841. As Lord Ashley, he was first returned to Parliament as member for Woodstock in 1826. All through his political career he assumed an attitude of independence, and although he had a brief experience of official life, he had no desire for office, the details of which were somewhat irksome to him. On entering the House he gave a general but not a constant support to the Governments of Liverpool and Canning. His first considerable speech was delivered in 1828, in connection with the proposed provision for Canning's family, which he cordially supported. When the Duke of Wellington came into power, Lord Ashley accepted office as one of the Commissioners of the Board of Control. He was returned for Dorchester in 1830, and for Dorsetshire in 1831, which county he represented for fifteen years. He was returned for Bath in 1847, and sat for that borough until the year 1851, when he succeeded his father in the peerage. Lord Ashley had a second brief experience of office in 1834-35, when he was a Lord of the Admiralty in Sir Robert Peel's Administration. Peel again offered him a post in the Government in 1841, but Lord Ashley declined the offer on finding that the Premier's views would not allow him to support the Ten Hours Bill.

One of the greatest humanitarian movements with which the name of Lord Shaftesbury will be permanently associated is that which led to the beneficent legislation for the factory
EMINENT PERSONS

It was begun by Mr. M. T. Sadler and Mr. Richard Oastler in 1830, but when the former lost his seat in 1833, Lord Ashley became the Parliamentary champion of the cause. The evidence which he brought together in the latter year concerning the treatment of children in factories sent a thrill of horror through the length and breadth of England. Slavery in the West Indies had nothing worse to show in comparison with it. In the manufacturing districts wages were at a starvation rate, and the children were literally worked to death—murdered by inches. Mrs. Browning, in her pathetic poem, *The Cry of the Children*, did not exaggerate one whit the terrible condition of things which prevailed. There were everywhere a dreadful reality of oppression and a fearful sense of injustice, of intolerable misery and of intolerable wrongs, more formidable than any causes which ever led a people to insurrection. But although the main credit for the ameliorating measures which ensued rightly belonged to Lord Shaftesbury, he himself, in the preface to a volume of his speeches published in 1868, paid a generous tribute to the efforts of those who preceded him in the good work.

Lord Ashley went down to the factory districts to investigate for himself the condition of the operatives. Describing his visit many years afterwards, he said: "In Bradford especially the fruits of long and cruel toil were most remarkable. The cripples and distorted forms might be numbered by hundreds, perhaps by thousands. A friend of mine collected a vast number together for me; the sight was most piteous, the deformities incredible. They seemed to me, such were their crooked shapes, like a mass of crooked alphabets." While the factories were fearfully unhealthy for all, accidents thinned the ranks of the workers. The sympathetic nature of Lord Ashley was stirred to its depths, and accordingly in the session of 1833 he brought forward his Bill for shortening and regulating the employment of children in the factories, and for protecting them against maltreatment. But very little was done. The Bill was allowed to go to a second reading without opposition, the Government being determined to issue thereupon a Commission for further inquiry.

The Commission being carried on a division, and having reported after the delay of a few months, the House went into Committee on the Bill; but the first and most important clause
having been rejected, Lord Ashley threw the whole into the hands of the Ministry. The clauses underwent in consequence very serious modifications; but though the measure fell far short of what was intended, it yet contained several humane and highly useful provisions, while it established for the first time the great principle that labour and education should be combined. The question now slept for some years, but in the session of 1838 Lord Ashley raised it again. He showed by statistics that fifty-five per cent of those working in factories were females; that children were found travelling twenty miles a day to and from the mills; that in the factory districts as many persons died under twenty years of age as under forty in any other part of England; that in Manchester half the population died under three years of age; and that sixty clergymen had testified to the vicious and awful condition of the factory districts. But the Government of the day gave his lordship no support, and nothing was effected.

We get glimpses of Lord Ashley's attitude towards other questions at this time. Baron Bunsen, in his diary for February 1839, writes: "Ashley took me to a meeting whose tendency and significance made that day one of the most important of my life. He, and Sandon, and others desire a lay union for extension of Church rights, in order to call upon all lay Churchmen of England to stand up for two points—one, that the people shall have a regular education, in parish and commercial schools; the second, that the schools shall be under the clergy, directed by a diocesan Board, consisting of clergy and gentry, under the bishop." Bunsen also speaks of Lord Ashley's work among the thieves and with the ragged schools. On one occasion, together with Jackson, the city missionary, he met 270 thieves at their own wish to consult with them as to the means they could employ to lead better lives. He gained the hearts of the poor and the unfortunate in an almost unexampled manner. Nor should his efforts in connection with the abolition of slavery be forgotten.

Through the exertions of Lord Ashley a Commission was appointed in 1840 to inquire into the employment of women and children in mines and collieries. This was the second branch of his lordship's great remedial work. The report of the Commissioners was one of the saddest and most melancholy documents ever submitted to Parliament. It was shown that
children were consigned by their parents almost from the cradle to perpetual labour, at an employment entailing on them premature adolescence, disease, and misery, and amid scenes which ensured a moral degradation even worse than the physical suffering which accompanied it. With regard to the women, it was further established that they were compelled to work like beasts of burden in noisome caves where the sun never entered, surrounded by an atmosphere of vice and pollution which could hardly be depicted with decency, and under circumstances of coarse and loathsome exposure to which savage life scarcely afforded a parallel.

In June 1842 Lord Ashley moved for leave to introduce a Bill founded on the Commissioner's report, and restraining the frightful evils complained of. It seems incredible in a Christian country that such cruelties as he described could ever have been inflicted or borne. Women and children were harnessed with chains, like animals, in trucks, and pursued their labour under the most galling and painful conditions. Eighteen hours a day of the most distressing occupation physically, and the most disastrous morally, was of frequent occurrence. "In the West Riding of Yorkshire," said Lord Ashley, "it is not uncommon for infants of even five years old to be sent to the pit. About Halifax and the neighbourhood children are sometimes brought to the pits at the age of six years, and are taken out of their beds at four o'clock. Bradford and Leeds the same; in Lancashire from five to six. Near Oldham children are worked as low as four years old; and in the small collieries towards the hills some are so young they are brought to work in their bedgowns." Similar tales came from Scotland and Wales, and it is not surprising that in these hotbeds of horror and suffering all forms of disease and vice were rampant. The House of Commons was amazed and indignant at the harrowing details laid before it. By way of legislative provisions, Lord Ashley proposed—first, the total exclusion of female labour from all mines and collieries in the country; secondly, the exclusion of all boys under thirteen years of age; thirdly, the exclusion of all males under twenty-one years of age as engineers, youthful engineers being a fertile cause of accidents; and, fourthly, the abolition of apprenticeship. With some slight amendments only, this truly benevolent and salutary measure passed into law.
One of the ablest of Lord Ashley's Parliamentary addresses was delivered in February 1843, in connection with his motion for an address to the Queen, praying for the instant and serious consideration of the best means for promoting the blessings of a moral and religious education among the working classes. The mover strongly attacked the oppression and corruption which prevailed, and exposed the doings of those who ground the faces of the poor. He demonstrated by statistics that there were no fewer than 1,014,193 children capable of education and yet under no kind of educational influence. In the county of Lancaster alone the annual expenditure for the punishment of crime was £604,965, while the annual vote for education in all England was £30,000. The evils of the truck system, the payment of wages in public houses, and the bad state of workmen's dwellings were forcibly shown. All these things made it impossible for the adult to practise that morality of which he should be an example to his children. Lord Ashley's motion was agreed to, and it led to the Government of the day bestirring themselves in the important question of education.

The Ten Hours Bill controversy had now become a burning question, this and the Anti-Corn Law Agitation being the most pressing social movements of the time. The former had gone through many phases, and at length, in 1844, it threatened to wreck the Government of Sir Robert Peel. Sir James Graham brought in a Ministerial Bill placing further restrictions on labour in factories. Lord Ashley carried an amendment against the Government reducing the hours of labour to ten per day, and the question was further bitterly debated, the House deciding by a majority of three against the Ministerial proposition of twelve hours, and by a majority of seven against Lord Ashley's amendment of ten hours. Thereupon Sir James Graham withdrew the Bill and introduced another. The conflict was renewed at various stages, and upon the third reading Lord Ashley's proposal of ten hours was rejected by 297 to 159. As he could not get all he wished, Lord Ashley wisely took all he could get. The measure went to the Upper House, where it soon passed and became law. It contained many important provisions which had a strongly beneficial effect upon factory workers. Not long afterwards, Lord Ashley drew up an amending Bill, still in favour of the ten hours' limit. Having resigned his seat for Dorset, however, in consequence of his
conviction that he could no longer conscientiously resist the abolition of the Corn Laws, he entrusted the Bill to the care of Mr. Fielden. It was defeated by a majority of ten; but in 1847, Sir R. Peel having quitted office, another amending Bill to the same effect was brought in by Mr. Fielden, carried successfully through the House, and sent to the Lords. It became law, but its operation was greatly impeded by legal intricacies and every form of ingenious difficulty.

In 1848 Lord Ashley resumed charge of the measure, and "in 1850," as he himself afterwards wrote, "emerging from many struggles, it was reduced to good working order. One provision alone was wanting, the provision for confining the labour of children of tender years within the hours between six and six. This was effected in 1853 by Lord Palmerston, then Secretary of State for the Home Department; and since that day the Act has required neither impulse nor amendment." The Factory Acts have, nevertheless, since been extended and consolidated. Lord Ashley lived to see the day when those who had bitterly opposed his crusade personally thanked him for his efforts. He had taken up a task which seemed quite hopeless, and his unwearied exertions greatly interfered with his home life and his domestic happiness. But Lady Ashley cheered him in his laborious undertaking, and as some recognition of the efforts of the deceased on behalf of factory operatives, the Countess was presented with a bust of her husband on the 6th of August 1859. On this memorable occasion 7000 persons, belonging to the Manchester manufacturing district, insisted upon kissing Lord Ashley's hands. Such is a brief recital of one of the most arduous campaigns in English domestic legislation.

Another noble movement with which Lord Shaftesbury's name is inseparably connected was the establishment of ragged schools. He was, indeed, the life and soul of this enterprise. Alive to the necessity for laying hold of the waifs and strays of our great cities before they were manufactured into hardened criminals, Lord Ashley founded his organisation for the benefit of all outcast classes. The slums of London forty years ago were as dangerous as they were disgraceful. Certain districts the police only dared venture to explore in companies and strengthened with arms. It is stated that in one rookery in Marylebone there were 300 families found herding in 119
houses, young and old alike having the characteristics of savages. The purlieus of Drury Lane were equally bad, and in Wild Court nearly 1000 persons actually existed in fourteen houses. The life there was too horrible to be depicted. Ratcliff and Bluegate Fields were the synonym for all that was vile and abandoned. As was to be expected, juvenile crime increased at a rapid rate, and the cry arose for either more schools or more prisons. It seemed difficult to tell where to begin upon this mass of degradation and vice, and when the first advertisement in connection with the Field Lane Ragged School—the pioneer enterprise—appeared in the Times there were, doubtless, many prepared to smile over what looked like a Quixotic undertaking.

But Lord Ashley was as persevering as he was energetic, and again he set himself personally to examine into the condition of the classes he sought to benefit. The results of his investigations appeared in an article—which he contributed to the Quarterly Review in 1846. He dealt fully with the question of the danger threatened to the State by the criminal classes, which were increasing at a fearful rate, and, referring to the younger portion of these classes, he described them as "bold and pert and dirty as London sparrows, but pale, feeble, and sadly inferior to them in plumpness of outline." Holborn, the Strand, Whitechapel, Spitalfields, Lambeth, and Westminster all had their swarms of these evil and precocious children. "The stranger dives into the recesses from which they seem to issue, and there he sees before and behind, on the right hand and on the left, every form and character of evil that can offend the sense and deaden the morals." In thousands of cases they merely came up and perished as vermin. The districts in which they were reared reeked with filth and abominations of all kinds. The influence of their surroundings upon the young was shown in the fact that 14,887 persons under twenty years of age were arrested in London during the year 1845.

In 1848 Lord Ashley pleaded the cause of ragged children in Parliament, and from that time forward, on the platform and in the press, as president of the Ragged School Union, he laboured arduously and unceasingly for the movement. In a very short time he, and those who were associated with him in the work, had got hold of 10,000 children, snatched from the vortex of London. But the task was a very uphill one, and it
was only the indomitable spirit of Lord Shaftesbury which prevented the movement from collapsing. Speaking so lately as 1883 on the subject of the Ragged School Union his lordship said, "For thirty-nine years I have been president of this grand institution, and I have not missed one anniversary." And after dwelling on the necessity for the work, he added, "Did we not, during the palmy days of the ragged schools, pick up from the streets some 300,000 boys and girls, all of whom, if they had not been taken up, would have been found before long among the dangerous classes?" This army of children became good and industrious citizens, entering into trade and domestic service in England and the colonies. The Ragged School Union acknowledged their indebtedness to their president by presenting him with his portrait on his eightieth birthday in 1881.

Other philanthropic movements were greatly indebted to Lord Shaftesbury. There is, for example, the Shoeblack Brigade, which had its origin at the time of the great Exhibition of 1851. Beginning in a very small way, this movement prospered so that in thirty years from its foundation it numbered at one time 306 members, who earned nearly £12,000 in twelve months. The movement was intended to be a remedial and auxiliary one; and we find that in 1882 as many as 1619 new members entered the brigade in London, while 1584 left the ranks, 600 of them having been placed out in suitable situations. The Reformatory and Refuge Union was another benevolent organisation in which the deceased took a deep interest. The Union has now 589 homes, with accommodation for nearly 50,000 inmates.

It was owing to the intervention of Lord Shaftesbury that Lord Palmerston introduced his Bill for the Care and Reformation of Juvenile Offenders. Sanitary reform and the health of the people were also the objects of his solicitude. Time after time, and first in his speech on the Public Health Bill in 1848, he called attention to these questions, and on one occasion, in addressing the House of Lords, he affirmed that the horrible state of our towns and the condition of the dwellings of the people lay at the root of two-thirds of the disorders which afflicted the country. He held that good drainage, good ventilation, good and healthy houses, and an ample supply of good water would not only go far to extinguish epidemics and reduce fevers, but would have a great influence upon the moral habits
of the population. Lodging-house reform was another matter in which he rendered essential service, and among the measures passed by the Legislature at his instigation was a very necessary one for the registration and inspection of common lodging-houses. Charles Dickens described Lord Shaftesbury's Common Lodging-house Act as the best legislation that had ever proceeded from the English Parliament; and there is no doubt that it effected a complete revolution where one was strongly needed.

By the death of his father in 1851 Lord Ashley was called to the Upper House. In his new sphere, however, Lord Shaftesbury relaxed neither his legislative nor his philanthropic efforts. In the session of 1853 he introduced his Juvenile Mendicancy Bill, a measure called for by the public feeling of the time. But although spoken of in the warmest terms by Lord Brougham, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Grey, and others, the Bill met with many difficulties. A second Bill on the subject was introduced at the same time in the House of Commons by Mr. Adderley. In the end it was deemed advisable to withdraw both measures, and to press upon the Government the urgent necessity of dealing with the whole question. Lord Palmerston consequently introduced the measure referred to above. The chief effect of the new Act was that the reformatories established by philanthropic efforts in various parts of the kingdom were more distinctly than heretofore recognised by the Government, and received aid from the national funds.

For a professed philanthropist to receive a challenge to a duel is a singular circumstance, yet this actually occurred to Lord Shaftesbury in 1853. The affair arose out of the Juvenile Mendicancy Bill. In the course of a speech in the House of Lords, Lord Shaftesbury had cited the judgment of Lord Eldon in the case of William Pole Tylney Long Wellesley (Lord Mornington) in order to show that the proposed detention of children whose parents were immoral was nothing new in law. Lord Mornington resented this as an interference with his private affairs, and wrote to the Earl that he "must apologise or fight." Lord Shaftesbury, in answer, briefly defended his quotation from an ordinary legal authority, and, so far as the challenge was concerned, referred Lord Mornington to the magistrate at Bow Street or to his solicitors. Lord Mornington rejoined that this added to the original insult, and was besides "very absurdly
impertinent." Nothing further came of the affair, but it was not a little amusing that in reference to a case before the Lords Justices in Chancery, the same week, Lord Mornington wrote, "I have ever felt, as a peer of the realm, that I am more bound to respect the law than other men."

On the outbreak of the Crimean War Lord Shaftesbury initiated an important debate in the House of Lords on Christianity in Turkey. He denounced the assertion of the Russian manifesto that England and France were fighting for Mahomedanism and Russia for Christianity. This, he affirmed, was a repetition of the charge made by Mr. Cobden. The question was not one of religion but of justice, and he infinitely preferred the Turkish to the Russian civilisation. He showed that Protestantism was allowed a free field in Turkey, but in Russia no religious movement was permitted. The British Government was repeatedly compelled to interfere against the religious outrages of Russian agents; in fact, during twenty years Turkey had permitted more for the advancement of civilisation than Russia had during 400.

In 1857 Lord Shaftesbury caused great excitement throughout the country by a speech which he made at Wimborne in connection with the Indian Mutiny Relief Fund. He referred in pointed terms to the reserve exhibited by the Press in alluding to the cruelties practised on our children and countrywomen by the sepoys as tending to lessen the sympathy and assistance solicited. He had himself, he said, seen a letter from the highest lady then in India describing a case in which parents were forced to swallow portions of their own children previous to being burnt themselves over a slow fire. His lordship afterwards explained that he had not actually seen a letter from Lady Canning, but that he had heard of one referring to the above atrocities. Lord Shaftesbury's statement that mutilation had been frequently resorted to by the rebel sepoys led to a heated controversy in the newspapers. The result of the very careful inquiries instituted showed that, although a remorseless spirit had been shown so far as the destruction of life was concerned, mutilation could not be established to any considerable extent.

The Governor-General of India having issued a severe proclamation in Oude, Lord Ellenborough, the Minister for India, sent, unknown to his colleagues, a despatch severely censuring
this proclamation. The despatch became public and led to his resignation, and very nearly to the defeat of the Ministry, a vote of censure being moved in both Houses of Parliament, but not carried. Lord Shaftesbury moved the vote of censure on the Government in the Lords, taking the view that Lord Ellenborough's condemnation of the Governor-General was calculated to weaken the authority of the latter and to encourage those then in arms against the British power. A very exciting debate followed upon this motion, which was only lost by nine votes.

Lord Shaftesbury was the chief originator of the movement for holding religious services on Sundays in the London theatres. For a time the practice obtained a very considerable hold. But in the session of 1860 Lord Dungannon drew the attention of the House of Lords to the subject, and proposed a resolution to the effect that such services, being highly irregular and inconsistent with order, were calculated to injure rather than advance the progress of sound religious principles in the metropolis and throughout the country. The noble lord asserted the incompatibility between the associations of the theatre and those of religion, and declared that the movement was fraught with danger to the Church of England.

Lord Shaftesbury, in reply, admitted that he was the chief originator of the movement, and defended it in a speech of considerable ability and fervour. The motion was ultimately withdrawn. Not long before Lord Shaftesbury had also been called upon to draw up a measure in connection with the religious services at Exeter Hall. Eager, however, as Lord Shaftesbury was to spread the benefits of Evangelical religion among the lower classes, he was a very strong opponent of liberal theology. For example, when the widely-known work Ecce Homo appeared, he said, in a speech at the annual meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society: "Sir, how men are deluded, how they are misled by those who should be their guides! I confess I was perfectly aghast the other day, when, speaking to a clergyman and asking him his opinion of the most pestilential book ever vomited, I think, from the jaws of hell—I mean Ecce Homo—he deliberately told me, he being a great professor of Evangelical religion, that the book had excited his deepest admiration, and that he did not hesitate to say that it had conferred great benefit upon his own soul." In religious matters Lord Shaftesbury had a Shibboleth, and it
must be confessed that it was a somewhat narrow one, and one which prevented him occasionally from doing justice to the work and aims of men possessed like himself of an eminently religious nature, but whose views differed materially from his own.

One of the most interesting of Lord Shaftesbury's speeches was delivered in connection with the Elementary Education Act of 1870. Addressing the House of Lords, he denied the existence of a "religious difficulty." He did not believe that this difficulty had ever had any existence whatever, except as a euphonious term for the assault and defence, oftentimes not wisely conducted on the part of the defenders, and certainly not justly on the part of the assailants, of the Established Church. He showed the question of compulsion to be an exceedingly difficult one on the ground of the migratory character of the population. School accommodation would be required for about 400,000 children, two-thirds of whom belonged to a roving population. Lord Shaftesbury admitted that the tendency in England was towards rate-provided schools and the institution of secular education. But he did not expect very much from the Bill, for neither in Prussia nor in America had a similar system produced a moral, though it might have stimulated an intellectual, life. Nevertheless, the measure was a step in the right direction.

Lord Shaftesbury was presented with the freedom of the City of Glasgow on the 28th of August 1871, and on the same day he laid the foundation-stone of a new Convalescent Home for Glasgow at Lenzie Junction. The Home, which was erected at a cost of £5000, has accommodation for sixty-two convalescent patients. In addressing a meeting of the working classes of Glasgow on the 31st, his lordship reviewed the campaign in connection with the Factory Acts, maintaining that the Ten Hours Act was the greatest boon that was ever conferred, not only upon the operatives, but upon the proprietors and capitalists of the country. An address was presented to the speaker by the factory workers expressive of their gratitude for his exertions in their cause. At a later period Lord Shaftesbury was also presented with the freedom of the City of Edinburgh in recognition of his long-continued philanthropic efforts.

On the 3rd of August 1872 he laid the first stone of the new buildings on the Shaftesbury Park Estate, which had been
acquired by the Artisans', Labourers' and General Dwellings Company, for the purpose of laying out as a workman's city. The company was formed in 1867—in consequence of the destruction of houses by railroads, and for other public improvements—for the purpose of enabling workmen to erect dwellings combining fitness and economy with the latest sanitary appliances, and to become themselves the owners of these dwellings in the course of a stated number of years by the payment of a small additional rent. The houses were to be of three kinds, and were to be for the accommodation, not only of artisans, but of clerks, and each house was to form a distinct and separate tenancy. This estate, situate in Battersea, near Clapham Junction Station, was opened in July 1874. It contained 1200 houses, capable of accommodating about 8000 persons. In addition to the houses, the township included several special features, such as schools, an ornamental garden, a lecture-hall, co-operative stores and general stores, but there was no publichouse or pawnshop within its precincts. At the inauguration, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Granville, and other gentlemen made speeches, the Prime Minister expressing his warm sympathy with Lord Shaftesbury's endeavours to improve the condition of the working classes.

A severe affliction befell Lord Shaftesbury in 1872 by the death of his wife. This lady, who was mourned by all classes, was the eldest daughter of Lady Palmerston, by her first husband, Lord Cowper. Her Majesty the Queen wrote a most kind and touching letter to the Earl upon his bereavement, and referred to the character of his wife in the warmest and most affectionate terms.

On some public questions Lord Shaftesbury held very decided views. He was strongly hostile to the opening of the national museums and galleries on Sundays. On the passing of the Ballot Bill, while not counselling the Lords to reject it, he said that, by adopting the principle of secret voting, the nation inflicted upon itself a direct dishonour. It was an open avowal of cowardice and corruption. He predicted that the Bill would be altogether ineffective to put down intimidation, and it would make bribery ten times worse. In the debate on the Public Worship Regulation Bill, Lord Shaftesbury vehemently denounced Ritualism, and, with regard to the confessional, he affirmed that, if it were suffered to continue unchecked—and it
could not be checked by any ordinary legislation—it would produce an entire change in the spiritual, moral, and political character of the English people, and would sink the Established Church in inevitable ruin. Lord Shaftesbury was for some years a member of the Ecclesiastical Commission, and it is well known that during the premiership of Lord Palmerston he had considerable influence in the appointment of bishops.

When the lunacy laws of the country were in a disgraceful condition, Lord Shaftesbury took the initiative in amending these laws, and for upwards of fifty years he was chairman of the Lunacy Commission. Great reforms were effected in the treatment of the insane; indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that a revolution has been witnessed during the past half-century in the management of public and private asylums. In March 1884 Lord Shaftesbury was the guest of the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and we find him not long afterwards engaged in the congenial occupation of unveiling the statue to William Tyndale on the Thames Embankment. On that occasion he described Tyndale's greatest memorial as the English New Testament.

In June 1884 the freedom of the City of London was presented to the Earl in the Library of the Guildhall. The City Chamberlain, in enumerating the claims of the newest freeman, referred to his labours in connection with the Climbing Boys Act, the Factory and the Hours Act, the Mines and Colliery Regulation Acts, the establishment of ragged schools, training ships, refuges for boys and girls, and other philanthropic institutions. Allusion was also made to his lordship's share in striking the fetters from the slaves in the colonies and elsewhere; to his successful efforts for ameliorating the condition of lunatics; to his encouragement of city mission work in the courts and slums of the vast metropolis, and of the circulation of the Holy Scriptures in the various languages of the globe; and, lastly, to his active and useful sympathy on behalf of wronged and tortured dumb animals. Never was the freedom of the city more worthily bestowed, and space would fail us to enumerate the undertakings of a charitable or remediable nature in which the late Earl engaged. The British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London City Mission, the Sunday School Union, the Field Lane Refuges and Ragged Schools, the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, and a hundred
other excellent organisations were all indebted to him for active aid, sympathy, and advice. He seemed to be a connecting link between the highest and the lowest classes in the State. While he enjoyed the esteem and friendship of his Sovereign, he was also the friend of men in the humblest stations, down even to the costermonger and the chimney sweep. Wherever he appeared he invariably evoked enthusiasm and affection.

In person, Lord Shaftesbury was tall and somewhat imposing in appearance. His manners and speech were alike persuasive; and his personal character stood so high that he was warmly esteemed even by those from whom he most widely differed. As a landlord, he was just and yet generous, and fully alive to his great responsibilities. The village of Wimborne St. Giles, near his family seat of St. Giles, was transformed under his care into a model village. He built new labourers' cottages, each containing a front parlour and kitchen on the ground floor, with three bedrooms above, absolutely unconnected with each other. Every cottage has its apricot tree, its pump, its separate sanitary arrangements, its pigsty, and its quarter-acre allotment—the labourer paying for all these things only 52s. per annum. The tenants were never behind with their rents, but the Earl was content with a small percentage on his original outlay. The woods round Wimborne St. Giles are very large and not overstocked with game, for the late landlord held strongly to the principle that it was unfair to preserve too much. Alms-houses and other advantages are offered to those who are beyond work. Lord Shaftesbury spent some period every year upon the estate, although his numerous public undertakings made serious inroads upon his time. But amid all other engagements, he never forgot that charity which begins at home.
By the death of Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn, which took place yesterday at Paris, the English army loses one of its oldest members, and, notwithstanding the laurels gained by others on recent occasions, its most distinguished ornament. None of the brave leaders who became illustrious during the ordeal of the Indian Mutiny acquired a greater reputation than Sir Hugh Rose, and although it would be difficult and invidious to make any distinction in valour among those who played their part in different scenes of the same great struggle, few, probably, would be found to dispute that the Central Indian campaign provided Sir Hugh Rose with opportunities of evincing qualities of generalship which have not often fallen to the lot of an English commander. In the record of English warfare in India there are very few passages which will compare with the victorious march of Sir Hugh Rose from Mhow to Calpee and his recapture of Gwalior. Lord Strathnairn's career had been in other particulars distinguished; but it was the Central Indian campaign that entitled him to the rank of a great general, and it is upon that period of his military service that his biographer will naturally be most disposed to dwell.

Hugh Henry Rose was born in the year 1803. His father, Sir George Henry Rose, was Clerk of Parliaments, a post which his father had held before him. Lord Strathnairn entered in 1820 the army, for which his tastes most suited him. The long peace which followed Waterloo prevented his displaying any special qualities, and he had been twenty years in the service before any opportunity occurred to justify in active
employment the good opinion which his superiors had formed of his zeal and energy. In 1840, however, when Ibrahim Pasha, son of Mehemet Ali, had overthrown Turkish authority in Syria, and the English Government decided to afford the Sultan some assistance, Lieutenant-Colonel Rose was sent, with other officers, to organise the Turkish defence. Although the Egyptians were compelled by the force of our diplomatic opposition to halt in their advance, and shortly afterwards to retreat, there were several hostile encounters, and in one of these Colonel Rose greatly distinguished himself, for after a personal contest in which he was wounded, he took the commander of the Egyptian cavalry prisoner. The success was due to his admirable horsemanship as well as to his swordsmanship, and many of those who served under him later on will admit the applicability to him of the epithet of "the iron seat." For this exploit he received a sword of honour from the Sultan, and the Companionship of the Bath, as well as several Turkish Orders, showed how well he was considered to have acted during his semi-diplomatic, semi-military employment in Syria. Lord Palmerston, whose main object had been to checkmate French intrigue in Egypt, was so impressed by his actions that he made him Consul-General for Syria.

In the days of Louis Philippe Syria represented the focus of that intrigue which has always sheltered itself under the shade of the great Eastern Question; but when the opportunism of the Orleanists gave place to the aggressive bureaucratism of Napoleon the centre of political gravity passed from St. Jean d'Acre to Constantinople itself. Colonel Rose was then transferred from the shores of the Levant to be Secretary to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. During the absence of his chief in the critical winter of 1853-54 Colonel Rose acted as Chargé d'Affaires, and to him belongs the credit of having been one of the first to detect the schemes of the Tsar Nicholas. During the absence of the Great Elchi he took upon himself the responsibility, at the request of the Porte, of ordering the English Mediterranean fleet into Turkish waters, and, had he been able to execute his own policy, he would have ordered it into the Black Sea, when the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Synope, commonly called the massacre of Sinope, might have been averted.

During the Crimean campaign he acted as Principal Com-
missioner at the headquarters of the French army, and he was present at most of the assaults, being wounded on one occasion in the trenches, while at Inkerman he had two horses shot under him. When the war closed he was nominated a K.C.B., and the French commander specially recommended him for the Victoria Cross on account of his extraordinary gallantry. As no field officer can receive that decoration, it was found impossible to comply with the representation of Marshal Canrobert.

A short interval of rest followed the termination of the struggle with Russia, and then, in the autumn of 1857, Sir Hugh Rose was sent to Bombay to take his part in the heroic struggle of the English race to maintain their position in India against their enemies. At this critical point in his career Sir Hugh Rose had only shown that he possessed great energy and courage, and although he had attained the rank of Major-General he had never commanded any body of troops either in the field or merely on the parade-ground. Those who knew him were already convinced that the occasion had only to offer for him to show himself worthy of it. He arrived in India at the very moment when the worst of the mutiny had revealed itself and when we were beginning to see, not only how we should maintain our position, but how all that had been lost would be recovered. In these concluding operations Sir Hugh Rose was destined to take as prominent a part in Central India as Lord Clyde did in the region between Cawnpore and Lucknow, and no doubt the conspicuous part he was able to play must to a great extent be attributed to the fact that he was virtually independent and that he was supported by so strong-minded an official as Sir Robert Hamilton, at that time the Governor-General's agent in Central India.

The events in the Southern Mahratta country, and particularly in Indore, in the summer and autumn of 1857, had necessitated a campaign in Central India—that is to say, the reassertion of English power in the country between the Vindhya range and the Ganges. It was not until December of that year that Sir Hugh Rose took actual command of the Central India Field Force, which was composed of two weak brigades. Early in 1858 the force began its advance from Mhow, the military cantonment situated in proximity to the capital of Holkar. The town of Rathgarh, a place of no considerable strength, was the first object of attack. Sir Hugh
Rose appeared before its walls on the 24th of January, and siege operations at once commenced. The arrival of a relieving force threatened to arrest them, but Sir Hugh Rose met the new-comers, inflicted a severe defeat upon them, and the garrison, in a state of panic, evacuated their strong fort and fled. This success was achieved on the 29th of January, and on the ensuing day it was followed up by a victory on the Bina river. The immediate consequence of these preliminary measures was the relief of the garrison of Segore, which had been beleaguered for eight months. One week later the strong fort of Garhakot, which at an earlier period of the century had successfully resisted the efforts of a large Anglo-Indian force, was evacuated by its garrison.

The truly difficult part of the Central Indian campaign began on the 26th of February with the second advance from Segore. The capture of the fort of Barodia was the preliminary to the attack on the naturally strong passes of Maltun and Madanpur, and the English leader was only able to overcome the strenuous opposition of the rebel leaders by a flanking movement. The immediate results of this victory were very considerable, as several strong forts, including the residence of the rebel leader of Banpur, surrendered without resistance. This success was supplemented by that of the second brigade, which, under the command of Brigadier Stuart, captured the strong town of Chandairi, that had been described as a place of splendour from before the time of Akbar. The strongly-fortified town of Jhansi, defended by its heroic Ranee, formed the next obstacle in his path, and the capture of this place was one of the chief objects of the campaign.

At the moment when he had arrived within fifteen miles of Jhansi, a despatch was received by himself and Sir Robert Hamilton from both Sir Colin Campbell and Lord Canning, ordering him to postpone his march on Jhansi till he had relieved a place called Chirkari, about eighty miles out of his line of march. Sir Hugh Rose saw and protested against the folly of the order, but as a soldier he felt bound to obey; and had not Sir Robert Hamilton accepted the whole blame and responsibility in the matter, there is no doubt that the campaign in Central India would have assumed a different complexion from what it possesses in Indian history. The march on Jhansi was continued, and on the 21st of March the small English
force encamped outside that town. The position of Jhansi may almost be called formidable, and on this occasion it was held by a garrison of 11,000 men under the indomitable Ranee. Sir Hugh Rose's force numbered only 1500 men, of whom about one-third were English. The difficulty of the task was increased by the fact that the large city, four miles and a half in circumference, had to be taken before the fortress could be successfully approached. The bombardment had gone on for about a week, when the news arrived that a large relieving army was approaching, and the report proved true. Tantia Topi, who has been called the ablest of the rebel leaders, but who lacked the courage to support his craft, had, after his defeat at Cawnpore, raised a fresh force of 22,000 men, and with these he hastened to relieve the bravest of his confederates, the Ranee of Jhansi.

Under these circumstances most commanders would, at least, have relaxed their attack on Jhansi until they had dealt with the relieving army outside; but Sir Hugh Rose redoubled his, while with a chosen part of his small band he marched out to encounter Tantia Topi. A desperate combat ensued, but the very small English force, thanks to the skill of its leader in attacking the flanks of his assailant, proved sufficient to drive Tantia Topi's army from the field, with the loss of all its guns. It may be confidently asserted that this feat has never been surpassed in the annals of war. It was followed up by a still more strenuous attack on Jhansi, which, notwithstanding the strength of its garrison and the ability of its commandant, was carried by assault on the 3rd of April. After the capture of the palace and the destruction of several large bodies of troops, the Ranee evacuated the fortress in the night and fled with her bodyguard.

But, satisfactory as the capture of Jhansi was, the really remarkable achievement was the defeat of Tantia Topi and his 22,000 men in the open field under the eyes of the defenders of the town. The next and last object of the campaign was to gain possession of Calpee, whither the Ranee had retired, and which occupied an important strategical position on the Jumna south-west of Cawnpore. It was nearly the end of April before the English general approached the place where the Ranee and Tantia Topi had again set up their standard. The battle of Kunch proved a successful commencement for this later contest,
and the skilful manner in which the rebels retired from a disastrous field was no inappropriate precursor of the vigorous and original tactics shown by them at Calpee a few days later. The position of the rebels at that place was exceedingly strong, being protected by a succession of ravines, and the mutineers were the more desperate because they had no avenue of escape north of the Jumna, which defended the town on one side.

In her straits the bold idea had occurred to the Ranee of Jhansi to surprise her assailants by assuming the offensive. She began with a feigned attack in one direction while she concentrated all her efforts in a real attack from the opposite quarter; but fortunately Sir Hugh Rose realised the plan, and succeeded in baffling it. The combat proved extremely bitter, as the rebels fought with great courage, and the day was only turned by the English general bringing up and leading in person the camel corps. Then the victory was complete, and the loss of the mutineers was increased by their being driven into the ravines which had constituted their chief defence. The capture of Calpee was in a military sense of the highest importance, as it deprived the rebels of their principal arsenal. With its fall the Central Indian campaign was considered to have terminated, and as it was momentarily thought that both Tantia Topi and the Ranee had become fugitives without any followers, there seemed no reason why the Central Indian Field Force should not be disbanded.

Orders had, indeed, been issued to that effect, when the startling intelligence arrived that the vanquished had by some means gained possession of Gwalior, reputed to be the strongest fort in India. The desperation of their fortunes suggested to the Ranee, who was the bravest of the conspirators, the idea that by seizing Gwalior and rousing the subjects of Scindiah all might be retrieved. They proceeded to put their project into execution with the least possible delay, and they found no difficulty in overcoming the nominal resistance offered by Scindiah's troops. When Sir Hugh Rose was on the eve of quitting Calpee he learnt that those he had so recently defeated were again in arms, that they had collected another army, and gained a fresh arsenal and stronghold, and that one of the loyal princes had been expelled from his capital. It was necessary to again take the field. Technically speaking, Sir Hugh Rose was without a command, but the gravity of the situation set techni-
calities aside. He reassumed the command, and with all the troops fit to take the field he advanced in the direction of Gwalior. When he reached a place within a few miles of Morar he was joined by Brigadier Robert Napier, the present Lord Napier of Magdala. He then reconnoitred the rebel position in that cantonment, and, notwithstanding its strength, decided on an immediate attack, for, as he tersely expressed it in his report, "a prompt attack has always more effect on the rebels than a procrastinated one."

The battle of Morar, although marked by more than one unfortunate contretemps, resulted in the complete defeat of the Mahrattas, and the subsequent action at Kotah-ki-Serai completed the overthrow of the enemy. Perhaps the greatest result attained by these successes was the removal of the formidable Ranee of Jhansi, who, dressed as a man, was killed in the latter of these engagements. All the writers on this period of the Mutiny admit the ability and extol the courage of the Ranee. Lord Strathnairn declared that "of all the men among the rebels the Ranee was the best man of the lot." The attack on the town of Gwalior, and its capture, in spite of a vigorous defence, added another remarkable achievement to the list of those performed; and the campaign was brought to a glorious conclusion by the capture of the rock citadel of Gwalior by two officers and a mere handful of men. This summary of his Central Indian campaign may be ended appropriately with an extract from his final orders, in which he said: "Not a man in these forces enjoyed his natural health or strength; an Indian sun and months of marching and broken rest had told on the strongest. But the moment they were told to take Gwalior for their Queen and country they thought of nothing but victory." The credit of these brilliant successes must be shared with the troops who fought them, but no one can dispute the generalship which won the battle of Jhansi and carried the fortified positions at Calpee and Gwalior.

These brilliant services were rewarded two years after the recovery of Gwalior with the Indian Commander-in-Chiefship, on the return of Lord Clyde, and when Sir Hugh came himself to England in 1865 he was appointed to a similar post in Ireland. He was raised to the peerage as Lord Strathnairn of Jhansi in 1866, and eleven years later he received the much-coveted bâton of a Field-Marshal. During the trying arrange-
ments connected with the amalgamation of the Queen’s and Company’s military services he displayed much tact and patience, but he never again obtained the same opportunities of distinction as fell to his share in 1858, and his military career may be considered to have terminated on his retirement from the Irish command in 1870. This must be attributed rather to necessity than inclination, as he was to the last a keen observer of the latest phases of the Eastern Question, including its new development in Central Asia. The skill which he had shown in, an independent command against the two ablest native leaders produced by the Indian Mutiny, and under exceptionally arduous circumstances, justified the prognostication that he would worthily sustain the reputation he had won in leading larger bodies of men on a more important field, and had the Turco-Russian War of 1877-78 spread it is probable that he would have been provided with the fresh opportunity he so eagerly desired. But the occasion never came, and Lord Strathnairn will live in military history, not for what he might have done, but for what he actually accomplished in Central India as Sir Hugh Rose. During the last twenty years Lord Strathnairn has been known as a prominent member of society, and as occasionally taking part in debates in the Upper House on matters connected with India; but there was little to remind his acquaintances of later days of the energetic and intrepid leader who carried the strongest fortresses in India by escalade, and who routed in the field armies sometimes twenty times as numerous as his own. His admirers will regret that his opportunity of distinguishing himself in command came so late in life, and that it was never repeated; and there will be no difference of opinion as to the great qualities he displayed in his Central Indian campaign.
MR. FORSTER

Obituary Notice, Tuesday, April 6, 1886

It is with the deepest regret that we record the fatal termination of Mr. Forster's long illness. By a strangely dramatic fate he has been taken away in the very week which is to see the introduction of measures of which, if he were alive and well, he would be one of the most formidable opponents. His loss, which would have been felt at any time, is felt all the more painfully now. England mourns in him a strong and an honest man.

It is somewhat curious that Mr. Forster, who has for many years been identified with Yorkshire, and who has been considered by so many as the typical West Yorkshireman, was not really of Yorkshire birth. His father was William Forster, a member of an old Quaker family which had been long settled at Tottenham, and his mother was Anna Buxton, sister of the first Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. Both father and mother were remarkable people. William Forster, who was born in 1784, was throughout his life an example of that intense spirituality which was and is the mark of the finer natures among the Society of Friends. Without a particle of cant or hypocrisy, he was, as his early journals show, given over from his boyhood to good works and to seeking after perfection, as the Friends understood it. He was intended to join his father in the business of a land agent, but the attractions of the life of preacher and teacher were too strong for him, and by the age of two-and-twenty he was recognised as one who had devoted his life to this work. His memoirs describe him as spending the next ten years in travelling all over Great Britain "confirming the churches."
In 1816 he married Anna Buxton. She, too, was a member of the Society, but had not been brought up according to its straitest sect. Her parents, who lived near Weymouth, had encouraged her to see something of the world, and King George III., who was a frequent visitor to the Dorset coast, distinguished the handsome and elegant girl with his especial notice. But some time before her marriage she, too, became "serious," and finding a kindred spirit in William Forster she joined hands with him in 1816 in the Friends' meeting-house at Shaftesbury. They settled at Bradpole, in Dorset, where William Forster intended to devote himself to the duties of his ministry. "Our cottage," he writes to a friend, "is a plainly-built stone house with thatched roof and casement windows. In front we have a neat fore-court, at the back a small orchard, and at the other end I hope to make a good garden. The only objection is the distance of one and a half mile from meeting."

In this cottage at Bradpole was born their only child, William Edward Forster, on 11th July 1818. He was brought up, as was to be expected, in the beliefs and in the discipline of the Quaker body, and, as has been so often the case with remarkable men, his character received a strong and indelible impress from his admirable mother. When the time came to send him to school he went back to the family home at Tottenham and attended the Friends' school. There he received and assimilated a good and solid education, which in later years he largely supplemented by a careful study of wide departments of English literature. On leaving school he was put into business, and in due time became a manufacturer at Bradford, ultimately being taken into partnership by Mr. William Fison, and becoming joint owner of the great worsted and alpaca mill at Burley-in-Wharfedale.

His first public act of importance was to accompany his father on a visit to the famine-stricken districts of Connemara in the winter of 1846-47, as distributor of the relief fund collected by the Friends. Of the second part of this visit he wrote an account which was printed at the time, and which not only is one of the best descriptions of those terrible scenes that have been preserved, but throws a strong light upon the writer's character. "At Westport," he writes, "we saw a strange and fearful sight, like what we read of in beleaguered cities." At Leenane "I was struck by the pale, spiritless look of the boat-
men, so different from their wild Irish fun when I went the same excursion before.” At the village of Cleggan “I was quickly surrounded by a mob of men, women, and children, more like famished dogs than fellow-creatures, whose looks and cries all showed that they were suffering the ravenous agony of hunger.” Then summarising the results of what he had observed, he proceeds, “Like a scourge of locusts ‘the hunger’ daily sweeps over fresh districts, eating up all before it; one class after another is falling into the same abyss of ruin;” and he ends with the expression of his own deeply-felt practical conclusion: “The result of our social system is that vast numbers of our fellow-countrymen—the peasantry of one of the richest nations the world ever knew—have not leave to live. . . . No one of us can have a right to enjoy either riches or repose until to the utmost of his ability he strive to wash himself clean of all share in the guilt of such inequality.”

The time was to come when the writer of these words would have the opportunity of directing from a position of authority a policy which should aim at making the recurrence of such scenes impossible, and of doing as much as one man could to strike at the root of the evils of Irish misgovernment. The result to himself was that during two years of the most single-minded and self-denying labours he was attacked more fiercely and unscrupulously by the representatives of Ireland than ever Chief Secretary had been attacked before, and that in the end he was obliged to retire from office, because his colleagues would not consent to arm him with those exceptional powers for the repression of disorder which two weeks later a ghastly tragedy showed to be absolutely necessary.

Although Mr. Forster seems to have always looked forward to a Parliamentary career, he did not for some time to come take any active part in public affairs. In 1849 we find him venturing into the field of literature. A new edition of Clarkson’s Life of William Penn was called for, and Mr. Forster prefaced it by a long and very able defence of Penn against the charges which had lately been levelled at his character by Macaulay. It is curious that he should have entered the lists in defence of the Quaker hero at the very moment when he was about to leave the connection.

In 1850 he married Jane Martha, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, a lady whose high, clear intelligence
and lofty character proved in after years to be of the greatest value to him throughout his political career. A marriage with one who was not a Friend ipso facto excluded him from the Society; but that the formal excommunication was accompanied with no bitterness and no loss of affection was evident from the beginning. It is said that a little while after his marriage two grave and reverend Quakers, commissioned by the Society, called upon Mr. Forster to announce his expulsion; that they delivered themselves of their errand in dignified language, and then shook hands and stayed to luncheon. From that time Mr. Forster acted consistently as a member of the Church of England, and, as every one remembers, at the time of the education controversies the Dissenters commonly charged him with being even too loyal to that Church. But he never ceased to regard with a certain tenderness the Society in which he had been brought up, and to continue on terms of closest friendship with most of the prominent members of that dwindling band. It may be added that some years after his marriage, in 1859, his wife's youngest brother, William Delafield Arnold, the brilliant young Director of Public Instruction in the Punjab, died on his way from India, having lost his wife a few months previously, and that, as they had no children of their own, Mr. and Mrs. Forster at once adopted his two sons and two daughters.

As his fortieth year approached Mr. Forster began to take an active part in public affairs, and to speak and lecture in his own neighbourhood. A lecture that he delivered in 1858 before the Leeds Philosophical Institution, "How we Tax India," is worth reading even at the present day, if only as a clear and painstaking résumé of the statistics of the subject, combined with an enlightened statement of Indian financial policy. In the next year he came forward with Mr. Baines as an advanced Liberal candidate for Leeds, but he was beaten after a close contest by his Conservative opponent. The numbers were: Baines, 2343; Beecroft, 2302; Forster, 2280. The election showed that he was already highly esteemed in the West Riding, and it was not surprising that on a vacancy occurring in the representation of Bradford, in 1861, he should be invited to stand, and should be returned without opposition, thus beginning that political connection with the town of Bradford which continued without a break, although not without
an occasional difficulty, until the end of his life. The new member pleased his constituents so well that he was again returned without opposition at the general election of 1865. In 1868 he was returned at the head of the poll in a contest in which all the three candidates—himself, Mr. Ripley, and the late Mr. Edward Miall—were Liberals, Mr. Miall's candidature in this election being the first sign of the hostility with which the more active section of the Nonconformists had come to regard Mr. Forster.

Meantime he was working hard in Parliament, and gaining very considerable position in the opinion both of the House and of the country. He took an especially prominent part in the discussions that were then being held as to the Civil War in America and as to the duty of England at that crisis, and it need hardly be said that the son of William Forster, who had literally sacrificed his life to the cause of Abolition, ranged himself from the outset on the Northern side. His platform speeches on this subject were numerous, and we find him often bringing it forward in Parliament, as when, in 1863, he vigorously denounced the imprudence of allowing Alabamas to be built in English dockyards.

Lord Palmerston's death in 1865 led to a reconstruction of the Government under Earl Russell, the lead of the Lower House being intrusted to Mr. Gladstone. It was at this time that Mr. Forster first took office, becoming Under-Secretary for the Colonies, with Mr. Cardwell for his chief. It was to the large experience which he gained during his eight months of office as Under-Secretary that Mr. Forster used to attribute much of that deep interest in all colonial questions which filled so large a part of his later life. His fondness for the Imperial idea in its widest and truest sense, his desire that the England of the future should be not one of many independent English-speaking communities, but the centre of a vast federated empire, had before this been half instinctive; but from the time of his service at the Colonial Office it became a matter of reasoned conviction. It is only lately that the phrase "Imperial federation" has found its way into the ordinary political vocabulary, but to Mr. Forster the idea, if not the expression, was long ago familiar.

It is not a little curious to notice that when in 1875 he was invited to deliver an address to the Edinburgh Philosophical
Institution he chose for his subject, "Our Colonial Empire." The address is, in fact, a formal statement of the arguments against separation and a formal answer to the arguments on the other side which had captivated so many Liberals a few years before, when stated by that brilliant master of paradox, Goldwin Smith. "I believe," said Mr. Forster, "that our union with our colonies will not be severed, because I believe that we and they will more and more prize this union, and become convinced that it can only be preserved by looking forward to association on equal terms." The programme of colonial federation, as it is now understood both here and in the colonies, was, in effect, laid down almost for the first time in that Edinburgh address.

The session of 1866 was given over almost entirely to the question of Parliamentary reform. The Government had to fight, not only Mr. Disraeli and the Conservatives, but also the body of still more dangerous enemies which had started up amid their own ranks. In the end, as every one remembers, the strength which Mr. Lowe and the Adullamites lent to the Opposition proved fatal to Mr. Gladstone; but this was not before a series of debates had taken place which make the oratorical mock combats of 1884 seem pale and shadowy. As was to be expected, Mr. Forster took a valiant part in this combat of heroes, his principal speech being delivered in the great eight nights' debate on the second reading of the Bill. A great part of it was devoted to a clear and manly statement of his belief in the political capacity of the working classes as a whole, and though his language was far less incisive than Mr. Lowe's, though it was wanting both in fervid eloquence and in epigrammatic point, it still had weight as the language of one who spoke from his own experience and observation, and who might be thoroughly depended upon for meaning what he said.

But, besides this, Mr. Forster's speech was interesting as containing something like a political programme of his own. He was not content to regard Parliamentary reform as an end in itself. With that eye for the practical effect of measures for which he was always remarkable, he looked forward to what was to come after reform. "If I were looking," he said, "merely to the interests of Radical reform, I should be very easy about the result of this debate. The cause of Radical reform will not suffer from the rejection of this Bill; but we
have other things to do besides extend the franchise. We want to make Ireland loyal and contented; we want to get rid of pauperism in this country; we want to fight against a class which is more to be dreaded than the holders of a £7 franchise—I mean the dangerous class in our large towns. If we can get into Parliament those who are more immediately above them, we shall be able to legislate more efficiently for them. We want to see whether we cannot make for the agricultural labourer some better hope than the workhouse in his old age. We want to have Old England as well taught as New England."

The last words were prophetic, and if in the twenty years that have elapsed since Mr. Forster used them England has approached in the matter of elementary education to the standard of America, it is to him more than to any other single man that the change is due. Since 1870 Mr. Forster has had work to do more personally perilous and more difficult than the work of carrying an Education Bill, and as the reviled and persecuted Chief Secretary for Ireland, he has, perhaps, filled a larger place in the public eyes than he did as Vice-President of the Council, but all the same the great work of his life and the work by which history will chiefly remember him, was that of carrying through the House of Commons the Bill which gave England the first system of national elementary education that was at all worthy of the name. The nickname of "Education Forster," which used to be given him for some years after 1870, expressed a truth that history will repeat. For some time previously he had been endeavouring to touch the education question practically. The whole country, indeed, had become alive to the necessity of founding a national system of instruction for the poor, and all the world had begun to see that it was nothing less than insanity to put the political destinies of the country into the hands of the working classes without taking what care one could that their children should be sent to school. "We must induce our masters to learn their letters" had been the memorable words of Mr. Lowe; and Mr. Bernal Osborne had expressed the feelings of the country when he said that the Reform Bill had made it necessary to change Sir Robert Peel's cry of "Register! register! register!" into "Educate! educate! educate!"

Accordingly, after Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill had become
law, various bodies throughout the country began to take the question of education seriously in hand. In a short time these bodies concentrated themselves into two—the Education Union, which had its headquarters at Manchester, and the League, which met at Birmingham. Characteristically enough, the great difference between these two bodies was not strictly an educational but a religious difference, the Union inclining to a system which should preserve the various denominational interests, especially that of the Church of England, and the League endeavouring to protect the Dissenters against the machinations of the Church by making all rate-aided education secular. We shall see in a moment to what lengths the contest proceeded after the Ministerial Bill had got fairly under way. Mr. Forster and Mr. Cardwell—being then in opposition and merely private members—brought in Education Bills in 1867 and 1868; not, of course, with the intention of carrying them, but rather with the view of provoking discussion.

At last, in November 1868, the Liberal party found itself returned to Parliament with a firm and compact majority, pledged to the redress of many grievances and to a course of what has been sometimes disrespectfully called "heroic legislation." Lord Russell announced his intention of retiring into private life, and Mr. Gladstone became Premier, charged with carrying out the mandates of the reformed constituencies. Mr. Forster's claims to high office were admitted, and the nature of the work to be assigned to him was shown by the fact that he was appointed Vice-President of the Council, the main part of his duties being identical with the work of a Minister of Education. In the first session of the new Parliament Mr. Forster was not called upon to take a very prominent part in the work of the House, though he took his share in the animated debates on the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Among the varied functions of the Vice-President, as they then were, was included the duty of looking after the cattle plague, so that not only the work of superintending the collection of educational statistics from all over the world, but also the duty of deciding between rival methods of extirpating a cattle disease and that of reconciling the claims of landowners and county ratepayers in assessing damages were imposed, in true English fashion, upon a Bradford manufacturer. The autumn of this year was spent in preparing the Education Bill.
The third week in February 1870 witnessed the introduction of both of the measures which were to make the session memorable. Mr. Gladstone brought in his Irish Land Bill on 15th February, and Mr. Forster followed two days later with his Elementary Education Bill. His speech on introducing the measure was a much more important utterance than any that he had hitherto made. It was singularly careful in form, it was full of striking and easily apprehended details, it revealed a profound study of all the intricacies of the question, it was conciliatory in tone, and it was warmed throughout by a genuine enthusiasm for the cause which the Minister had taken in hand. The House was taken aback by the demonstration that, in a country which professed to stand in the forefront of civilisation, no less than 1,100,000 children were receiving no instruction at all, and, moreover, that of those who did attend school a very large number were irregular in their attendance, and were in the habit of leaving before their twelfth year. In other words, about one-quarter of the youth of England was growing up without any education, and this at a time when our industrial supremacy was already being seriously threatened by foreign rivals, and when, as was to be shown beyond question a few months later, the new methods of warfare were certain to place military supremacy also in the hands of the best educated people.

Mr. Forster proceeded to ask the question, "How can we cover the country with good schools?" and he answered it in the spirit which might have been expected from an English Liberal Minister—that is to say, he repudiated altogether the idea of making the State, as such, directly responsible for the provision of such schools, while reserving to it the right of seeing that they were provided. Where the existing schools were adequate they were to be left practically alone; where they were inadequate their work was to be supplemented by schools established through a new local authority. This local authority was the School Board—at that time a new creation altogether, now one of the most familiar facts in our administration—a body which was to be regularly elected, and which, when elected, was to have the power of providing necessary school accommodation, and of directing its own schools, subject, of course, to the ultimate control of the Education Department. Mr. Forster's first proposal was that the Boards should be elected by the Town Councils or the Vestries, excepting in
London, where popular election was to be resorted to; it is well known that the method finally adopted was that of direct popular election in all cases.

Thus far the Bill contained little that could be made matter of controversy. But the real difficulty was to come, and, as is always the case where elementary education is concerned, it hinged upon religion. The strength and the bitterness of the feeling aroused took quiet observers somewhat by surprise, but it is not difficult to account for it. The Dissenters had had their appetite whetted by a successful attack upon the Irish Church Establishment, and they were in no mood to allow, without a vigorous protest, the passing of a Bill which, as they thought, would perpetuate the supremacy of the Establishment in England. Moreover, they had calculated upon Mr. Forster's Quaker training, and had regarded him as more one of themselves than the event proved him to be. They were not satisfied with the strong conscience clause contained in the Bill; they believed that any clergyman or manager who chose to do so could easily set it aside. Above all, they regarded the famous "25th clause" as an insidious but most dangerous attack upon themselves—the clause permitting School Boards to pay the fees of needy children at denominational schools out of the rates. The Nonconformist opposition to the Bill grew apace.

For a few days after the first reading nearly every newspaper in the country was full of praise of Mr. Forster and of the new Bill, but presently the Birmingham League settled down upon the religious shortcomings of the measure, and around these there speedily arose a controversy which by the time of the debate on the second reading, on 14th March, had assumed most threatening proportions. All the substantial gains of the measure, the promise that it offered of putting English elementary education on a level with that of the United States, or Holland, or Germany, were forgotten, and, as Mr. Lowe happily said, Church and Dissent began to behave like a fine herd of cattle in a large meadow which had deserted the rich grass spread all around them and had begun to fight desperately over a bed of nettles in a corner. The opposition came to a point in an amendment moved to the second reading by Mr. George Dixon, Liberal member for Birmingham, and chairman of the Education League, to the effect 'that no measure for the elementary education of the people could afford a permanent satisfactory
settlement which left the important question of religious instruction to be determined by the local authorities." In other words, the League desired Parliament should absolutely prohibit all religious education in the Board schools—a truly remarkable aspiration on the part of a number of religious men, and only to be explained on the supposition that, though the sects love religion much, it is only, to adopt the words of a German Volkslied, religion as they see her.

The Government having made the rejection of the amendment a Cabinet question, Mr. Dixon withdrew it, and, when the Bill went into Committee some three months later, the Prime Minister announced that the Government was ready to accept the amendment of Mr. Cowper-Temple, the effect of which would be "to exclude from all rate-aided schools every catechism and formulary distinctive of denominational creeds, and to sever altogether the connection between the local School Boards and the denominational schools, leaving the latter to look wholly to the central grant for help." As a consequence of this, the share of the total cost of education payable by the central department, which had originally been fixed at one-third, was raised to one-half, and it was on this basis that the thorny question of religious education was settled. The Bill passed without much further difficulty, in spite of the opposition of such Conservatives as Lord Robert Montagu, the Dissenters led by Mr. Winterbotham, and that most redoubtable of free lances—he was not yet a member of the Government—Mr. Vernon Harcourt. The Bill passed, though Mr. Dixon declared that the Government had roused the suspicion, distrust, and indignation of some of their most earnest supporters, and though Mr. Gathorne Hardy, in language still less measured, accused them of "inaugurating a system of hypocrisy, treachery, and baseness." Surely there never was a more signal instance of "the falsehood of extremes." The invective of both classes of irreconcilables was mercilessly poured out upon Mr. Forster, but time was on his side, and here in 1886 we are able to sit and contemplate a system of national education which, with all its imperfections, has succeeded in "covering England with good schools," and which, as experience has shown, leaves little room for that struggle between Church and Dissent which, according to the League and to Mr. Gathorne Hardy, was to make the successful working of the measure impossible.
Mr. Forster's next important task was to carry the Ballot Bill. Introduced in 1871 and passed through the House of Commons in July, this measure was rejected by the House of Lords on the familiar ground that it came up too late for their lordships to consider it adequately. The real truth was that the House of Lords, having in the two previous sessions been forced to swallow the Irish Church Bill and the Irish Land Bill, and having in the session of 1871 been compelled to give up the cherished principle of purchase in the army, determined to make what stand they could against the ballot. The only result was to give Mr. Forster the trouble of doing his work all over again, and to consume three valuable months of the session of 1872. We have since that time become too painfully familiar with obstruction to make anything of the kind surprising, but it must be owned that the spectacle of the House spending three months on the details of a Bill which it had passed the year before is not a little curious. Mr. Forster, however, played his hand well; and it was generally admitted that his conduct of the Bill in the teeth of the opposition of the whole Tory party, as well as of malcontent Liberals like Mr. Vernon Harcourt, showed great tactical ability.

We may pass very rapidly over the next eight years, during the last six of which Mr. Forster was in opposition. He had been returned for Bradford at the head of the poll in 1874, in spite of the hostility of the Dissenters, who could not forgive him the Education Act. He took in all the great debates of the next few sessions the part that is expected of an Opposition leader, and his political reputation stood so high that when, early in 1875, Mr. Gladstone retired from the leadership of the Liberal party, Mr. Forster was seriously spoken of as his successor. He publicly declined, however, to be put in nomination, and the choice of the party fell upon Lord Hartington. It is a curious and little known fact that at the preliminary meeting held to decide what name should be submitted to the party, all the aristocratic Whigs voted for Mr. Forster and all the Radical manufacturers for Lord Hartington. In the same year Mr. Forster was elected an F.R.S., and later was chosen Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, where he delivered an interesting address in the beginning of 1876. Meantime foreign affairs were looking threatening and the Eastern Question was looming large. In the autumn Mr. Forster paid a visit to
Servia and Turkey, and on his return made a speech to his constituents that had been anxiously waited for. Like many other utterances of his, it was too moderate, too carefully balanced, to please either party; but the evident desire of the speaker to come at the facts of the situation, the desire to see and state the truth, made the speech perhaps more valuable than many an address more passionate and popular. In the subsequent debates in the House of Commons on the Eastern Question, Mr. Forster, while agreeing generally with Liberal opposition to Lord Beaconsfield's policy, took care never to incur the reproach of want of patriotism.

Mr. Forster took his due share of the electoral campaign of 1880, and on the accession of Mr. Gladstone to power he was appointed to the difficult and dangerous post of Chief Secretary for Ireland, with Earl Cowper as Lord Lieutenant. His first important duty was to introduce the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, which was carried through the Commons, but rejected in the Lords by the enormous majority of 282 to 51. A few days after this defeat Mr. Forster made a moderate speech in the Lower House, "deeply regretting" the loss of the Compensation Bill, and appealing to the good sense and good feeling of all classes in Ireland to help the Government in its difficult task. But the excitement caused in Ireland by the conduct of the Lords was great; the Land League, which during the whole of the spring and summer had been steadily extending its power over the country, used the fate of the Disturbance Bill as a fresh weapon of offence both against the landlords and the Government; the statistics of agrarian outrage became more and more alarming week by week, and the despatch of additional troops to Ireland within a fortnight of the Lords' decision bore fresh witness to the seriousness of the situation. Meanwhile, as the session dragged to its end, the Parliamentary difficulties connected with the Government's Irish policy became more and more marked; the Irish members became more insolent and unmanageable, and the Lords, by their rejection of the Irish Registration Bill, provoked an indignant protest on the part of the Irish Secretary against the "contemptuous indifference" shown by the Peers to the wishes and demands of the representatives of the people.

A few weeks later Mr. Forster was in residence at the Chief Secretary's Lodge in the Phoenix Park, there to pass the gloomy
autumn and winter of 1880-81. The ghastly murder of Lord Mountmorres in the last week of September made a fitting prelude to the outburst of crime and savagery with which the Irish Executive had to contend during those long winter months. The leading events of the time are fresh in the memory of us all—the growth of the Land League "terror"; the impunity enjoyed by the murderous "village tyrant" whom no witness would accuse and no jury convict; the incendiary speeches of the Land League agitators; the sinister and well-founded rumours of dissensions in the Cabinet which gathered strength during the recess; the courageous but abortive State Trials by which the Irish Executive endeavoured to grapple with an organisation much too strong for any such cumbrous and antiquated methods of repression as they were alone able to employ. Through it all Mr. Forster showed the most indefatigable energy and devotion. The actual physical labour of the life was enormous; the actual physical risks of it, as everybody but himself was aware, were great. But his strong constitution, his unbounded power of work, and a personal nerve and courage which was instinctive and part of the man's fundamental constitution, never failed him. The sorely-tried and hard-worked officials about him, though they might often criticise his decisions, were soon full of admiration for his personal quality and spirit, while his liking for the Irish character and his enjoyment of whatever could be enjoyed in the Irish life were of the greatest use in maintaining his own cheerfulness and that of those about him during one of the severest struggles ever waged by a Government.

Parliament assembled on the 6th of January, nearly a month before the usual time, the reason for the early meeting being the state of Ireland. The debate on the Address lasted for ten nights. At last, on the 24th of January, Mr. Forster rose to introduce the Bill which had been announced in the Queen's Speech, the Bill for granting "additional powers necessary in the Queen's judgment, not only for the vindication of order and public law, but likewise to secure on behalf of her subjects protection for life and property and personal liberty of action." Mr. Forster's speech, which made a great impression on the House and the country, was a plain, unvarnished statement of the dreary truth that agrarian outrages had increased to an extent which made it inevitable for the Government to claim
new powers unless it was to abdicate its functions altogether. "The chief characteristic of these outrages," said Mr. Forster, "is intimidation, and the object is obedience to certain commands, especially commands not to take farms and not to pay rent, which have been issued by the Land League. Their effect is fear and terror, and submissive obedience to these orders of the Land League." Towards the end of his speech Mr. Forster uttered some words which those who knew his character felt to be spoken from his heart. "This," he said, "has been the most painful duty I ever had to perform. I never expected it, and if I had thought that this duty would have devolved on me, I certainly should not have been Irish Secretary. Indeed, I think I may go further, and say that if I had foreseen that this would have been the result of twenty years of Parliamentary life, I think I should have left Parliamentary life alone. But," he added, "I never was more clear in my life as to the necessity of a duty."

The Bill was carried, and received the royal assent early in March, but it need hardly be said that it did not pass the House of Commons without the most strenuous opposition, direct and indirect, from the Irish party. Every device that their newly-developed genius for obstruction could suggest was put in practice; every opportunity was taken of arguing at great length questions that were only remotely connected with Ireland, and of prolonging the debate upon the Irish Bill till the patience of the House and the country were alike exhausted. In the end, however, the Government got its way, and Mr. Forster was able to exert those powers which it had cost him so much to ask for. The main provision of the Act, and the point in which it chiefly differed from the Crimes Act of the following year, was that it enabled the Irish Government to arrest without trial persons "reasonably suspected" of crime or conspiracy.

In a short time some 900 men were imprisoned under this clause, for Mr. Forster and his advisers firmly believed that it was only by widespread action of this kind that the active agents of the League terrorism could be restrained. It is possible that among the 900 suspects there may have been a small number of men who were innocent of outrage, and even of active incitement to outrage; but to represent the matter, as the Land League orators and some Radicals in England were fond of doing, in the light of an odious and vindictive assertion
of force in order to silence mere political opponents, is simply to state what is false. The mass of men imprisoned were those “village ruffians” of whom Mr. Forster had spoken in Parliament, men of bad character in every way; men who were positively known to the police to have been either concerned in outrage or to be plotting outrage; men like the murderers of Lord Ardilaun’s bailiffs, and men of another class, who confined their activity to secret incitements to murder.

The Protection Act became law on 2nd March. By the end of March some thirty or forty men had been arrested “on reasonable suspicion” of complicity in outrage or intimidation. April was marked by the fiery speeches of Mr. Dillon, who seemed to have been driven into frenzy by the first batch of arrests, and who was himself lodged in Kilmainham Gaol early in May in consequence of a series of inflammatory harangues, such as no Government, under the circumstances, could have allowed to go on unchecked. In June Mr. Foster had to meet a first attack upon his administration of the new Act—an attack which was conducted with the most passionate hostility on the part of the Parnellites, and was followed by a still fiercer onslaught two months later. Meanwhile the Irish Secretary hurried backwards and forwards from London to Dublin, responsible in Ireland for the whole conduct of the campaign against crime and anarchy, and charged in London with the heavy and monotonous task of defending every act of Irish administration against the onslaughts of a body of men whose chief object in life at that moment was the harassing of Mr. Forster.

The Irish “questions” of 1881 were, perhaps, the leading feature of the Parliamentary year. They were the chief means which the Irish members enjoyed of at once baiting the Chief Secretary and attracting the attention of their sympathisers in Ireland and America, and they used them to the utmost. An Irish member of the present day is reported to have said that the Irish party would remain unmanageable in Parliament until they were confronted with a Chief Secretary possessing “the heart of an iceberg and the hide of a rhinoceros.” Certainly these qualifications, whatever might be his courage and strength, were not qualifications of Mr. Forster. The “questions” told upon him, as later on they told, in due process of time, upon Mr. Trevelyan. His scrupulous conscientiousness, his over-
anxious desire to meet every lawful claim, availed him nothing with his antagonists. There was something in his rugged English personality which after a time roused the special antipathy of the Irish benches, and with each month that passed the strain upon nerve and faculty, both in and out of the House, became constantly more intense. During this harassing summer, too, Mr. Forster was not only administering the Protection Act with one hand and protecting the administration of it with the other against the incessant attacks of the Parnellites; he was also taking an active part in the intricate Land Bill debates, the interest of the labourers under the Bill being at one or two points specially entrusted to him.

When Parliament rose in September there was no rest for the Chief Secretary. The months that followed were some of the most arduous and eventful of any in his memorable term of office. On 13th October, at the Guildhall, Mr. Gladstone announced the arrest of Mr. Parnell, an arrest followed by those of Messrs. Sexton, Quinn, O’Kelly, O’Brien, and others, and finally by the suppression of the Land League as an illegal and treasonable association. It was on the 20th of October that the League was suppressed by proclamation, and two days before the Dublin Correspondent of the Times reported: “Mr. Forster drove in his brougham to the Castle under an escort of mounted police. This is the first time he has been so protected.” Thenceforward, until his resignation in the following May, the Chief Secretary was in constant personal danger of a more or less urgent kind.

Nothing happened during the early months of 1882 to vary the history of Mr. Forster’s Irish administration. The principal “suspects” were still in prison, and the Assistant-Commissioners were working the Land Act in different parts of the country, to the small satisfaction of the landlords. Outrages continued, though not in so great a number as in the previous year. At last, early in March, Mr. Forster took the bold step of personally visiting some of the worst districts, and at Tullamore he addressed a crowd from a window of the hotel. The subject of his speech was the outrages, and he denounced the people for the want of moral courage which prevented them from combining to say, “We don’t choose to be threatened, we don’t choose to be bullied.” He urged the people of Ireland to help the Government; but, he added, “whether you do so or not it is the duty of the
Government to stop the outrages; and stop them we will." The courage shown in thus venturing into the country unprotected was fully appreciated in England, and even in Ireland Mr. Forster's "pluck" obtained its meed of admiration.

But it was not till the revelations of Carey and others at the Phœnix Park trials that the extent of his personal danger, then and at all times during this winter and spring, was fully understood. From that evidence it appeared that the "Invincibles" had marked him down for destruction; that several attempts upon his life had been organised; and that they had only been frustrated by a series of the merest accidents. On one occasion the appointed signal failed to be given; on another, Mr. Forster's intending murderers were waiting for him at the railway station, and actually looked into the carraige where his wife and adopted daughter were sitting, while he had unintentionally escaped them by driving over to Kingstown.

The time of trial, disappointment, and danger was however about to close. On Tuesday, 2nd May, Mr. Gladstone announced that Lord Cowper and Mr. Forster had resigned their positions as Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary, and that it was the intention of the Government forthwith to release Messrs. Sexton, O'Kelly, and Mr. Parnell, from Kilmainham. On the following Thursday Mr. Forster made a memorable speech in the House of Commons, explaining the reasons of his resignation. Stated shortly, they were that one of the following three conditions was, in his view, indispensable to the release of the prisoners— "a public promise on their part, Ireland quiet, or the acquisition of fresh powers by the Government." The promise had not been given, Ireland was not quiet, and the Cabinet would consent to ask for no fresh powers. Therefore, with great reluctance, Mr. Forster resigned, and Lord Cowper with him, to be succeeded by Lord Spencer and Lord Frederick Cavendish. What happened on the following Saturday in the Phœnix Park has burnt itself into the memory of England. The new Chief Secretary, who had that day landed, bringing a message of peace to Ireland, was murdered with Mr. Burke by the same gang who had so often sought Mr. Forster's life. This was on 6th May; on 11th May Sir William Harcourt brought in the Prevention of Crimes Bill; and on 12th May Mr. Forster addressed his constituents at Bradford, and added to the explanation of his position which he had already given. "I left the Government,"
he said, "with the greatest possible pain, because I could not believe that it was a wise or, under the circumstances, a right thing to release the three members of Parliament without having reasonable belief that they would not or could not, when they were released, do the things for which we had to shut them up."

That, however, the three members had not been released without some kind of arrangement, understanding, or whatever vaguer word may be chosen, became evident soon after from the debates in Parliament on what was known as the Kilmainham Treaty. It is not necessary to reopen the controversies to which that famous understanding gave rise. Enough to say that Mr. Parnell wrote from Kilmainham to Captain O'Shea on 28th April a letter, in which he stated that, if the arrears question were settled upon the lines indicated by himself and his friends, he "had every confidence—a confidence shared by his colleagues—that the exertions which they would be able to make strenuously and unremittingly would be effective in stopping outrages and intimidation of all kinds." The letter was read in the House of Commons, but not absolutely as it had been written. A sentence was omitted in which Mr. Parnell said that the accomplishment of the programme he had sketched out would "enable him to co-operate cordially for the future with the Liberal party in forwarding Liberal principles;" and, unfortunately for the party, it was only by the intervention of Mr. Forster himself that this significant and damaging sentence became public. It may be imagined that the love which was felt for him by the thorough-going partisans among the Liberals did not become any the warmer after this episode. But those who saw in Mr. Forster's intervention a desire to avenge himself upon the party which had deserted him totally misunderstood his character. Here, as in the hundred other instances, he took the step complained of because he thought that truth was more important than a momentary party advantage.

The passing of the Crimes Act, which was not accomplished without considerable difficulty, and the passing of the Arrears Act marked the termination of the next stage of Irish policy. Mr. Trevelyan was installed at the Chief Secretary's lodge, and one of the few faults that the country had to find with his administration of the new Acts was that he was a little too slow to recognise the fact that it was Mr. Forster who had borne the burden and heat of the day. Mr. Forster himself took advan-
tage of his hard-earned leisure to recruit his health, and during the autumn of 1882 he appeared little in public. But the following winter brought him once more very prominently into notice, for the revelations of Farrell and Carey at the Dublin trials brought home to the mind of the country how unrelenting had been the conspiracies against his life and how constant his danger. His popularity, especially in the north, was greatly increased, and he could not show his face, whether at Leeds and Bradford, or at busy Whitehaven or quiet Ambleside, without receiving an ovation. The meeting of Parliament was marked by a debate on the Address of unprecedented length and bitterness, the most notable episode in which was the tremendous attack delivered by Mr. Forster upon Mr. Parnell and the Land League. It is a curious instance of the difference in point of effect between facts and charges printed in a pamphlet, and the same facts and charges urged in Parliament by a prominent politician, that the statements made in the pamphlet The Truth about the Land League had been for a long time before the public, and had made comparatively little impression, but that when Mr. Forster took them up and drove them home in the House of Commons the whole country rang with them. Quoting many violent speeches by Messrs. Brennan, Boyton, Sheridan, and Redpath, all men of high authority in the League, and then quoting many passages from United Ireland, of which Mr. Parnell and Mr. Justin McCarthy were part proprietors, Mr. Forster proceeded:

"I will repeat again what the charge is which I make against the hon. member for Cork. Probably a more serious charge was never made by any member of this House against another member. It is not that he himself directly planned or perpetrated outrages or murders, but that he either connived at them or when warned——"

At this point Mr. Parnell broke in with the words "It is a lie!" Mr. O'Kelly shouted out the same sentence three times, and was, consequently, suspended. But the member for Cork attempted no answer at the time. Some hours afterwards he moved the adjournment of the debate, and next day, in the presence of a House crowded to suffocation, he delivered his reply, which was no reply, but, instead, one of those bitter attacks upon Mr. Forster's administration of which the House had heard so many and was to hear so many more. With this
incident we may leave Mr. Forster's connection with Ireland, for nothing that occurred later was of equal importance.

The other public questions with which he most identified himself during this and the next two sessions were those of the colonies and Egypt. In his views on colonial questions he had, as we have said already, always agreed with those who advocate a close union between the mother-country and the British settlements beyond sea. Accordingly it was not surprising that he should be among the first to take up and actively to favour the plans of the Imperial Federation League. He presided at several of its meetings, he spoke and wrote in its favour, and during these years he constantly acted as a kind of unofficial guide and champion to all leading colonists who were endeavouring to bring the colonies into a nearer relation with England.

The South African problem was the special object of his study. An inherited interest in the welfare of the black races combined with a profound distrust of the Boers, a respect for treaties, and a belief in the governing capacities of Englishmen to make him support all measures that promised to ensure British rule over the black tribes. He was strongly in favour of Mr. Mackenzie's appointment as Resident in Bechuanaland and of Sir Charles Warren's expedition. As regards Egypt, too, he was among the strongest advocates of the policy of accepting our engagements and not shrinking from responsibility. His attitude towards the Liberal Government on this question was, all through 1883, 1884, and up to the fall of Khartoum, an attitude of severe criticism. On each of the votes of censure in 1884 he spoke condemning the vacillation and delay which had marked the government policy as regards the Soudan, declaring that "the battle of Tel-el-Kebir ought not to have been fought" unless we were prepared to take the consequences, and scotching the notion of governing an Oriental nation by means of good advice. But during that session Mr. Forster never went so far as to vote against the Government. His part of "candid friend" was, he thought, sufficiently well played if he spoke against their past policy, but gave them the benefit of the doubt for the future. But in 1885, after the fall of Khartoum, he once joined Mr. Goschen in recording his vote against them. This was on the 27th February, after the debate on Sir Stafford Northcote's motion, when the Government were only saved by fourteen votes.
Mr. Forster took a prominent part in the debates on the County Franchise Bill, always speaking and voting in favour of the measure; and he attended the great open-air meeting at Leeds on 6th October 1884, in condemnation of the action of the House of Lords. He was, in fact, a consistent supporter of the widening of the franchise; but of the peculiar development of democracy known as the Caucus he was an equally consistent opponent. In the early days of Mr. Chamberlain's Liberal federation he had a sharp passage of arms with the newly-constituted Liberal association of Bradford, and flatly refused to submit his claims to represent the constituency to them for approval. The soreness thus created never wholly disappeared, though Mr. Forster continued to command the confidence both of all the moderate, Liberals of the upper classes and of the great majority of the workmen. The Redistribution Act broke up Bradford into three divisions, and consequently Mr. Forster had to take his farewell of the united constituency. This he did in a striking speech delivered in the Bradford Town Hall on the 1st of last August; and on the dissolution he became a candidate for the central division of the borough. After some difficulties with the Liberal association he was accepted by them as candidate, and at the election—when he unfortunately lay sick at his house in Eccleston Square—received the support of the party against a Conservative opponent. His success was never in doubt, and he was returned in his absence by a majority of over 1500. Unhappily, he was never able to take his seat in the new Parliament, for the creation of which he had worked so hard, and his presence in which would have been so highly valued by the country.
At a critical moment in the development of the Eastern Question, and amid events which may at any moment force the most important decisions upon the statesmen of Austria-Hungary, we have to chronicle the somewhat sudden death of the man who, more than any other, is identified with the existing constitution and the actual position of the Dual Monarchy. Count Frederick Ferdinand von Beust was born in January 1809, and was consequently far advanced in his seventy-eighth year. Since May 1882, when he retired from the post of Austrian Ambassador in Paris, and also from the diplomatic service of his country, he has not figured prominently upon the political stage. On that occasion the Emperor Francis Joseph addressed to his old servant a graceful letter, recognising and warmly thanking him for the distinguished services he had rendered to Austria, especially during the eventful years when, as Chancellor of the Empire and Minister for Foreign Affairs, he directed the immense changes necessitated by the crushing disasters of the Seven Weeks' War.

The Austrian public apparently have short memories for services of the kind, for our Vienna Correspondent relates that when last he saw Count Beust he complained that, on the anniversary of Austrian constitutionalism, he had not received a single acknowledgment of the great part he played in liberalising Austrian institutions and reconstituting the shattered monarchy. Gratitude in this case is, however, inevitably alloyed with other feelings. The man who welds together, however skilfully, nationalities which refuse to amalgamate,
COUNT BEUST

cannot in the nature of things obtain that hearty and enthusiastic recognition which belongs to one who like Prince Bismarck effects the unification of a people. Austria and Hungary, although yoked together, maintain their individual interests, which are so far from being identical that the points in Count Beust's work which commend themselves most to one may be precisely those which are most grudgingly acquiesced in by the other. There is considerable difference of opinion, as our Correspondent reminds us, not only between Austrians and Hungarians, but between Austrians and Austrians, as to whether the means employed by the Chancellor were the best that could have been devised. His answer would probably have been that they were the only ones open to him. The Hungarians led by Francis Déák were not in a very tractable mood, and were much more concerned to obtain the concessions dictated by a somewhat irritable and exigent patriotism than to co-operate dispassionately for the construction of a new political entity. The difficulties of the task were enormous, and, whatever judgment may be passed on its execution in the light of after knowledge, it is probable that as Count Beust was the only man capable of accomplishing it, so was the way he actually chose the only one possible in the circumstances.

As a Saxon Minister, Count Beust had played a distinguished part in European politics and had made himself a brilliant reputation when the battle of Sadowa destroyed at a blow the whole political stage on which he worked. The great blemish of his career is that he totally failed to divine the nature of the upheaval that was being prepared at Berlin. The permanence of the Germanic Confederation appeared to him so necessary and so satisfactory that up to the very moment of its final disappearance he laboured assiduously for its maintenance. Beside Austria and Prussia, whose accustomed relationship seemed part of the order of the universe, it was his dream to construct a third and independent power, consolidated out of the remaining German States.

It was Prince Bismarck's great merit and his strength that he saw clearly the past, present, and the inevitable futility of the attempt to bind these jealous and irresponsible States into any kind of solid unity by mere parchments. The long primacy of Austria had left Germany a geographical expression and made the fields of the Fatherland the battle-ground of foreign intrigues.
Prince Bismarck saw that salvation could be found only in a totally new organisation, knit together mit Blut und Eisen, and he saw, too, that Prussia alone was in a position to secure it. Count Beust saw neither the need nor the possibility, nor did he ever realise the displacement of effective authority brought about by the labours of the series of Prussian statesmen who, on the morrow of Jena, began the work of reconstructing their country. Hence we find him in 1864 endeavouring, as representative of the Bund, to control the settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty at the London Conference, and two years later, when that obscure and thorny question issued in war between Austria and Prussia, he was engaged in marshalling the forces of Saxony to take part with the Kaiser. A peremptory demand from Berlin for a statement of his intentions was followed in two days by the occupation of the Saxon capital, and the 30,000 Saxon troops who started to join the Austrians in Bohemia shared in the crushing defeat of Benedek. In a few days the whole political edifice wherein Beust had been born, had lived and worked, and to the maintenance of which he had undoubtedly given his great abilities, had crumbled about his ears. There was no longer a Confederation; there was hardly even an Austria. Germany lay at the feet of Prince Bismarck, and the occupation of the Saxon Minister was gone.

Such a blow was hard to bear and hard to forgive. For ten years Count Beust had been the foremost antagonist of the great statesman whose daring conceptions were realised with such tremendous completeness, and the chief exponent of a theory of German political life which vanished like a dream. It is not, perhaps, wonderful that he never could forgive Prince Bismarck, or that he failed to do justice to the great qualities which brought about his own discomfiture. But this overpowering calamity was really the beginning of his own greatness. Fighting a lost cause and championing an impossible idea, his labour was doomed to sterility; yet to that cause and that idea he would doubtless have remained faithful to the end. The Seven Weeks' War—virtually decided in about as many days—freed him from the trammels of an overmastering prepossession, and transferred him to a sphere in which his great constructive abilities found play.

He was called to Vienna to reconstruct the shattered Monarchy of the Hapsburgs, and in the performance of that task he found
the opportunity to build up a solid reputation and to leave his mark upon the politics of Europe. In Saxony he had been a Reactionary, or at the lowest a very Conservative Minister. In Austria he recognised as promptly as if to the manner born that safety could be found only in extensive and far-reaching Liberal reconstruction. He made great concessions to the Hungarians, got the Emperor crowned King of Hungary at Pesth, and then set to work with equal energy and enlightenment to reorganise the whole internal polity of the Empire. The removal of religious disabilities, the separation of Church and State, the abrogation of the Concordat of 1855, the establishment of civil marriage, the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and the relaxation of the stringent Press laws formerly in force were among the measures due to his exertions. He was not less careful to reorganise the finances of the Empire and to provide for its defence.

For all this part of his work the Austrians owe him a deep debt of gratitude; and his claims would be higher still could he have succeeded in throwing off with his Saxon Conservatism his prejudices in foreign politics. But he could never bring himself to be quite cordial towards Germany, and, while disclaiming all idea of revenge, he favoured an alliance with France in 1870, and at least once declined distinct overtures of alliance from Berlin. In 1871 he resigned his post as Chancellor, undoubtedly because it was felt that he was not the man to cultivate those cordial relations with Germany which are essential to Austria's wellbeing, if not to her very existence. He became Ambassador to England, and subsequently to France, but his career as a statesman may be said to have closed when he gave place to Count Andrassy. The political structure he reared is now undergoing a strain of extreme severity, and his successors have to tread a path in which pitfalls are numerous, but the difficulties of the Dual Monarchy must be regarded as inherent in the nature of the materials with which he had to deal rather than as due to the arrangements of Count Beust.
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